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THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER

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[Translated by George L. Howe]

I

THE Frankfort diligence stopped at the 'Geist.' A German student set down his luggage, astounded the innkeeper by refusing dinner, and rushed toward the Cathedral like a madman. The sextons, as they watched him climb the tower, looked at each other anxiously. He was handsome and well dressed, but his gesture was wild and he muttered to himself.

The gabled roofs, in waves, topped the dry, the pure lines of the castle of the Rohans. Under the noon sun flashed the Alsatian plain, pricked with villages and vines. At the very moment, in every hamlet, girls were dreaming, women hoping. As he looked at the virgin canvas, where already his desire sketched so many various and happy visions, he sipped the joy of amorous hope, the expectation sweet and vague, so keen in youth, so obstinate in age.

He often returned to the tower. The roof overhung its supports. He might have been floating in the blue. At first there was a little dizziness. Still morbid and nervous from a sickly boyhood, he dreaded heights, and noises,

and the dark. He must cure his weakness.

The vast plain was a tablet without message for his heart, but slowly it marked out memories and names. Now, at a glance, he saw Zabern, where Weyland had brought him, and Drusenheim, whence stretches, on lovely meadow, the path to Sesenheim. And there, in a peasant parsonage set among gardens and smothered in jasmine, lived charming Frederica Brion.

Behind the castle turrets, behind the hills, off on the horizon, the dark clouds were heaping. The student's eye descended to the moving figures which wound through the alleys a hundred yards below. How he longed to penetrate their lives! Outwardly, to be sure, they were different lives, but inwardly they joined in mysterious unions. To lift the roofs from the houses! To be the unseen witness of those surprising secrets by which man can alone be understood! The day before, at the Marionetten-Theater, he had seen the legend of Doctor Faust. Now, as he watched the hurrying clouds climb the

steeple above him, it was as if Faust himself were snatching him up.

'What should *I* do? If the Devil offered me power, and treasures, and women, in change for the oath, should I sign?' And, trying his conscience freely and briefly, 'I should not sign,' he whispered, 'to own the whole world, but to Understand — yes, I should sign. My friend, you are too inquisitive.'

It began to rain, so he went back to the narrow winding staircase. 'Write another Faust? There are lots of them already. But Spiess and poor old Widmann are not much good. Their Faust is a cheap rascal, damned by his baseness from the start. Hell is cheated, for it would have got him anyway. But mine — mine would be great. He would be a sort of Prometheus. He might be beaten by the gods, perhaps, but at least he would have tried to grasp their secret.'

Below, the glass poured into the Cathedral a sombre and velvet light. Here and there a woman knelt in the shadow. Vaguely, touched by a gentle hand, murmured the organ. Goethe looked up at the vault. He felt often that he was one with a beautiful tree, that he entered its perfect scheme, and his thoughts would rise like sap, spread to the branches, break forth in leaves, in flowers, in fruit. The vast unanimous arches of the nave called up the same manifold and magnificent fancy.

'Everything here has its purpose, its proportion, as in the work of Nature. Ah! to write books like cathedrals! If only you could utter all that you feel! If you could fix upon paper that fire which courses through you!'

As soon as he drew back thus within himself, lo! here was a whole world. He had just discovered Shakespeare; he admired him as a man measures his rival. Why should he not be the German Shakespeare? He had the genius; he knew he had the genius. But how

could he chain it, or to what shap could he force the spirit? He longed to see his emotion captive at last, firm as the mighty vaults. Their architect too, long before, had doubted and despaired among those dream cathedrals which precede the true.

He would not lack subjects: the story of Chevalier Götz von Berlichingen, Faust again, idylls, German and rustic, in the tone of a modern Theocritus. . . . Perhaps a Mahomet. . . . Perhaps a Prometheus. Any hero would suit through whom he could challenge the world. Nor did he dread the titanic task of copying his heroes from himself, or giving them life with the breath of his own spirit. . . . Perhaps a Cæsar.

One life would not be enough for so many plans. Herder, the Master, had told him he had the 'character of a fluttering bird.' But to fill out the beautiful empty frames one needed memories and passions. One must live, and live a thousand lives. 'Not the being,' he repeated to himself, 'but the becoming, the becoming *everything*.'

Not to *be* anything? Not even husband of the charming Frederica? . . . No, not even that.

Then he thought of her tears. After all, had he the right to leave her when he had shown the world that he would marry her? When even her father, the pastor, had welcomed him as a son?

'The right? All is fair in love. After all, the adventure was as amusing for her as for me. She must have known that Councilor Goethe's son could never marry a pretty farm-girl. Does she think my father would ever have consented? Could she have been happy in a sphere so different from her own?'

'Sophistry! Betray her, but betray her frankly. The Councilor's son is no better than the pastor's daughter. My mother was poorer than Frederica. And as for the "different sphere," she

as superb this winter when she danced on the waxed floors of the ballrooms of Strassburg.'

'You are right, but what is there to do? I cannot, no I cannot marry her. I should imprison myself. One's first duty is to develop one's character and capacities. I must remain Goethe. And when I speak that name I mean all that it prophesies. My virtues, my failings, all of them are good, because they are all natural. I was right to love Frederica, because then love was in my heart. But if one day I must escape, to better myself, escape will still be Goethe, and will still be right.'

At that he thought of Frederica, crying by the road, and himself, his head sunk, riding off without daring to look back.

'What a scene for a *Faust!*' he thought.

II

A parchment with a red seal made a lawyer of the student. Frederica, who had been deserted, wept. Doctor Goethe's horse trotted toward Frankfort, where skating and philosophy would quiet his uneasy conscience. When spring came round, Herr Councilor Goethe felt that a bench in the Imperial Tribunal at Wetzlar would be the final crown to his son's legal studies.

The chief princes of Germany maintained embassies to this pompous and sordid ghost of an oracle, and thus created in its provincial town a small, a pleasant, and an idle society. When Goethe reached the Kronprinz Inn, he found a table d'hôte noisy with young attachés and secretaries. From their first words he found himself among the mental scenery that was dear.

Europe was passing through one of its crises of intellectual unrest. For nine years its kings had lived in peace; its antique constitutions were still able to avert revolt. But from the contrast

between the yearnings of the young and the stagnation of the old was springing a wave of impatience and disgust, that melancholia of the eras of peace and transition which was called then, as it is called now, the Curse of the Age. The young attachés of Wetzlar were afflicted like all their contemporaries. They sought in their numerous books, in Rousseau, in Herder, the course their hearts should follow. And while they waited for the answer, they drank.

Doctor Goethe delighted them. He was like them, but superior to them. Like them, he repeated at every turn, 'Nature. Respect Nature. Live in Nature.' For Nature was the keyword of the time, as Reason had been in the generation before; as Liberty, then Sincerity, then Violence, then Justice, were to be in the generations ahead. But to Goethe Nature was more than a word. He lived in Nature, he joined himself to her, and received her with a sort of reckless joy. While his new friends, the diplomats and lovers of letters, locked themselves in their rooms to pretend, at least, to work, Goethe, boldly publishing his contempt for the Imperial Tribunal and his firm purpose of learning the Common Law only from Homer and Pindar, set out each morning with a book under his arm for the fair meadows of Wetzlar. The spring was divine. On the fields and in the lowlands the trees were great nosegays of white or pink. Lying in the tall grass beside a brook, Goethe dreamed about the countless little plants, the insects, or the blue sky. After the torments of Strassburg, the hesitation and remorse of Frankfort, suddenly came an astounding calm, an unheralded vigor.

He opened his Homer. The modern, the human side of the tale absorbed him. Yonder girls round the fountain were Nausicaa and her virgins. A woman

was cooking green peas and beef in the kitchen of an inn; that was the banquet of the suitors in the kitchen of Penelope. Men do not change; heroes are not marble. Their skin is hairy and furrowed, their hands are swollen and mobile. Within the hands of the Olympians, we, like the godlike Ulysses, drift at sea, hung in a little skiff above the gulf. How fearful that thought, yet how sweet, when you lie on your back amid the caressing grass, and search heaven with your eyes!

Soon it became the great delight of the Kronprinz Table Round to hear Doctor Goethe tell the day's discoveries. There might be a verse of Pindar, or the laborious sketch of a country church, or the beautiful lindens of a village square, or some children, or a pretty farm-girl. He had the gift of charging his stories with an almost childlike excitement which made the smallest detail interesting. As soon as he entered, the pace of Life seemed to grow fast. Conversation so wild and so impetuous would be unbearable from anyone else, but how could they resist this torrent or withstand this whirlwind? 'Ah, Goethe,' one of the young men told him, 'one is forced to love you.' Before long all Wetzlar wished to know him.

Two of the secretaries, bachelors, dwelt at the outer borders of the Table Round. One, a youth of great beauty, whose eyes were blue, and soft, and sad, bore the name of Jerusalem. He kept himself aloof, they said, because of an unlucky love for the wife of one of his colleagues. Once or twice he called on Goethe, who was interested in his pessimism. But Jerusalem was so very reserved as to prevent any lasting friendship.

The other hermit was Kestner, from the embassy of Hanover. When his friends spoke of him, they always called him 'The Fiancé.' In fact, he

passed as being engaged to one of the girls in town. He was extremely serious: his chief thought well of him, and, in spite of his youth, left him large responsibility. So he could not often come to dine at the Kronprinz. At first, because the wits of the diplomatic circle lauded the newcomer, Kestner mistrusted Goethe. But on a day when he happened to be walking through the country with a friend, they found Goethe under a tree. At once the conversation became profound, and after two or three meetings even Kestner owned that he had met a genius.

Admired by his comrades, free of temporal or scholastic care, enraptured by the beauty of the spring, Goethe was happy. As a shiver skims a quiet lake, sometimes a fleeting trouble touched his delight. Frederica? No, it was not the memory of her that passed over the quiet warmth of his thought. It was, again, an expectation, an anxiety. He gazed at Wetzlar from the hills, as once, from the Cathedral, he had gazed at Alsace. 'Will it come to me to tremble one day when I open a door? Shall I ever forget the verses I read in the vision of a distant face? Under the moonlight, when I say farewell, will absence ever seem too long, or dawn too far away? Yes, all that will come, I know. . . . And yet . . . Frederica.'

He noted down something he remembered: 'In the days when I was little, I chanced to plant a cherry tree. I loved to watch it grow. Then the spring frost killed its buds. I had to wait for another year before I could see ripe cherries on my tree. Next the birds ate them, then a greedy neighbor. And yet, if ever I have another garden, I shall plant a cherry tree again.'

That is how Doctor Goethe roamed beneath the buds, afire with his new love. He knew all about it, except the lady's name.

III

In the fine weather the young people at the legations would organize barn dances. Some came on horseback, others drove the damsels of Wetzlar to the village inn where they were to meet. The first time Goethe was invited to one of these festivities it was agreed that he and two girls should stop for Fräulein Charlotte Buff, whom they all called Lotte. She was the daughter of old Herr Buff, officer of the Teutonic Order. She lived in the pleasant white cottage where the Order had its headquarters.

Goethe got out of the carriage, passed under the stone doorway, and crossed an almost baronial courtyard. Since no one was about, he went into the house.

A young girl was standing among a group of children. She was giving them tarts. She was blue-eyed and blonde, but her features were not regular. A strict judge might hardly have found her pretty. But all his life a man pursues among the race of women the type which, however mysterious the reason, alone can move him. What struck Goethe was a rustic grace, a sort of intimate and domestic lightness. From Strassburg, Frederica had already proved a bucolic muse. Now Nausicaa, laundress and princess, might likewise continue that virginal prolific lineage.

What Charlotte said on the way out, her response to the presence of Nature, her childlike pleasure at the dance, and the competence with which, during a storm, she calmed her companions by little games, completed her conquest of the Doctor. To his delight he recognized that he had just found the woman he had loved for a fortnight. Lotte, too, saw that she had pleased him, and was happy. For a month her friends had spoken of no one but this magnificent Intelligence. She was the

flirt an honest woman alone can be — a dangerous flirt.

Later on in the evening Kestner, who, as usual, had been delayed by his work, — for he was meticulous, copying every letter and never letting the Hanover post go without reading over and signing his dispatch, — rode out to join his friends. By his attitude and the girl's, Goethe understood that Lotte Buff was the famous fiancée. The discovery took him aback, but he mastered himself and continued to dance and to amuse himself and the others.

The dance lasted till sunrise. Goethe brought his three companions back in silence, across misty woods and fields refreshed from the storm. The others slept, but Charlotte and he sat erect. 'But please,' she begged, 'don't put yourself out for me.'

He looked at her. 'While I see your eyes open,' he answered, 'I can never close my own.'

After this they did not speak. When Goethe moved, he would brush the girl's warm knees, and the slight contact was one of the greatest pleasures he had ever known. The beauty of the dawn, their astounding happiness, and the somewhat absurd slumbers of the others made them feel like confederates in some delightful plot.

'Unquestionably,' thought Goethe, 'I love her. But how is that possible? Even now, at Sesenheim — What of that? One love withers, another blooms, and it is Nature's course. But if she is Kestner's fiancée, what hope have I? Do I even need hope? Seeing her, watching her move among the children, speaking to her, hearing her laugh — that would be enough. What will come of it all? Who can say? And why try to foresee the end of anything? One must live like a running brook.'

Finally, when the carriage stopped before the Order's headquarters, he was bewitched.

IV

The next day he called on Nausicaa and made the acquaintance of Alcinous. Old Herr Buff had lost his wife a year before, but he had eleven children, over whom Lotte exercised a benevolent tyranny. As might have been expected, Goethe won the hearts of the patriarch and his children at this very first visit. He told stories, he invented new games. In all that he said or did there was something boyish and persuasive which captivated them.

When he left, all the little clan begged him to come back soon. A smile from Lotte confirmed the invitation. Goethe returned the next day. He had no office to keep him away. There was no greater joy than the presence of Lotte and he was not the man to refuse pleasure when he could take it. They saw him morning and evening. In a few days he became a permanent guest at the house.

Charlotte's life did make a spectacle worth watching. Goethe found in her just what he had so liked in Frederica: an energy practical because of its purpose and poetic because of a sort of easy lightness in all that she did. She worked from morning till night. She washed the small ones, she dressed them, she taught them games, at the same time that she directed, ably and modestly, the studies of the older ones. She took Goethe into the orchard to pick fruit; she set him to work shelling peas and stringing beans. At sunset all the family met in the living-room, where, at Charlotte's command, — for she never left her friends uselessly idle, — Goethe tuned the harpsichord.

Lotte was not sentimental. She was sensitive, but was too busy to have either time or desire to toy with sentiment. Her talks with Goethe were instructive and serious. He spoke of his life, of his religious beliefs; sometimes, too, of

Homer or Shakespeare. She was w enough to see the merit of the companion who had attached himself to her daily life. In all that he said she sensed emotion and even love. That pleased her, but did not disturb. She knew that her own heart was fixed.

As for The Fiancé, he was a little sad. His devotion to diplomacy kept him away almost all day long. When he did reach Lotte's house, there was Goethe sitting at her feet and holding a skein of wool. Or else he would find them in a corner of the garden, choosing flowers for a bouquet. They picked on energetically and included him in their conversation. Nor did his arrival even produce the silence of guilt. Nevertheless, Kestner divined that Goethe was not overhappy to see him. *He* would rather have stayed alone with Charlotte, but Goethe, fortified by a standing invitation, was in no hurry to go. Since they were philosophers and friends, they hid this deplorable feeling, but each of them was on his guard.

Kestner was the more dismayed because he was modest. He admired his rival greatly. He considered him handsome and witty. What was worse, Goethe had leisure, and it is a great advantage in the eyes of those eternal hermits of the home to be always at hand to save them from restlessness and fret.

The Fiancé would have been assured if he could have read the secret thought of his rival. Ever since his first visit he had known he would never be loved. A woman like Lotte does not sacrifice a Kestner to a Goethe. He could count on amusing them; that was a good deal. What else could he have asked? To marry her? That, to be sure, would make happiness certain. But it was a happiness he did not envy. No, he was satisfied as he was. In sitting at Charlotte's feet, in seeing her play with her young brothers, in

pecting her smile when he had done a word or turned a phrase, in getting a little tap, light as a caress, when he had ventured too bold a compliment — in all the ordered, the limited life, he found a joy that had no limit.

The spring was warm. Everyone lived in his garden. In Goethe's diary all the incidents of this calm and pure love appeared as little scenes from an idyll. He was building up. Not the masterpiece, perhaps, not the cathedral, but charming little Greek temples, strewn on a lovely landscape. What would come of it all? He had rather not think. More and more he accepted his own conduct as a natural phenomenon.

The evenings became even milder. When Kestner came the three friends would sit on the terrace and talk late into the night. Sometimes they walked under the moonlight through the orchards. They had attained that quality of perfect trust which gives such charm to conversation. No subject seemed trifling. They had for each other that affection, that mutual regard, which alone excuses naïveté.

Goethe talked most. Kestner and Lotte basked in the brilliance of his wit. He described his friends at Frankfurt, Fräulein Von Klettenberg and Doctor Merck, a strange man, of evil eye and oily tongue, who dived for formulæ in the books of the mystics. He told how they had read the alchemists together and peopled the universe with sylphs, and water nymphs, and salamanders. A long time ago he had admired the Pietists. They had seemed less bound to vain rituals, more eager than others for a real and intimate faith. Then he had tired of them. 'They are people of mediocre intelligence who imagine nothing but religion exists because they are ignorant of the rest of life. They are intolerant; they wish to make other people's noses like their own.'

Goethe himself held there was no truth in the theory of an external God: 'Believe that God is always beside you? That would embarrass me. I should feel as if the Great Elector were always there. I believe that God is inside me.'

Next to love, religion is the favorite topic of women. Lotte followed these conversations with a lively interest.

Often, after having left their friend at her house, Goethe and Kestner roamed on through the empty streets of Wetzlar. The moon threw down its hard shadows. Toward two in the morning Goethe, sitting on a wall, would declaim the most insane of verse. Sometimes they heard footsteps, and a moment after caught sight of Jerusalem. Slowly, alone, his head bent, he tramped along.

'Ah!' said Goethe. 'The Lover!'
And he burst out laughing.

V

Spring gave place to summer and tenderness to passion. Lotte was too lovable, Goethe was too young. As they trod the narrow alleys of the garden, sometimes, for a moment, their bodies touched. Sometimes, as they unwound a skein or picked a bud, their hands met. The memory of such moments kept Goethe awake through long nights. He could hardly wait for the morning, which would lead him back to her. In every subtle shade of their sympathy he repeated the tremors he had once suffered from Frederica, and this returning calendar of love dismayed him.

'When love comes back, it destroys its own quality, which is the expression of the Eternal and the Infinite.' Since they too would come back, the life of man was only the comedy of a weary mortality.

When the heavy days of August cut

short their little common tasks and left him for long hours at Charlotte's feet, he grew bolder. One day he stole a kiss. Like an impeccable fiancée, she told Kestner.

The grave and tender secretary was in a hard position. He might have lost all by rebuking Lotte's unconscious flirtation, by misplacing a single word. But Kestner, with the last perfection of a lover, could be tactful. He merely put his trust in Charlotte and left her, as she herself asked, the duty of leading Goethe back to the paths of propriety. That evening she begged the Doctor to stay after Kestner and warned him not to mistake her sentiments. She still loved her betrothed. She would never love another. Kestner, waiting for Goethe, saw him come sadly out, with head hanging, and felt that he was very happy, and very good, and very merciful.

From then on a strange and sweet confederacy united the three friends. Like Goethe, who repeated everything, Kestner and Charlotte began to disclose their feelings with the greatest liberty. Goethe's love for Lotte was the topic of long and delightful chats on the terrace. They spoke of it as a phenomenon of Nature, at once dangerous and exciting. Goethe's birthday was the same as Kestner's. They exchanged presents. Kestner gave Goethe a little pocket Homer; Lotte gave him the pink ribbon she had worn at her bosom the day they met.

Kestner had considered sacrificing himself. He did not mention his scruples to the others, but noted them in his diary. Goethe was younger and more handsome and more brilliant than he. Perhaps he could make Lotte happier. But Lotte herself had sworn that she preferred him and had felt that Goethe, with all his spectacular charms, was hardly made to be a husband. And doubtless Kestner would

not have dared, for he was deep in love.

Behind his gay and carefree air, Goethe suffered. His conceit smarted at her clear and immutable choice. Under the long temptation of their common life, his desire awoke. In moments of violent passion, even before the indulgent Kestner, he would seize Charlotte's hands and cover them with kisses and tears.

But in the darkest moments of despair he knew that under this zone of heartfelt sorrow slumbered deep layers of calm where one day he might take refuge. As a man beaten by storms still knows that the sun is bright above the clouds and still reserves the coming of its ray, Goethe in his torment foresaw that soon he would conquer his woe, and even, in recalling it, would thrill to some bitter and sombre joy.

VI

The evenings became shorter and cooler. The rose of September fell. Goethe's satanic friend, the brilliant Merck, came to Wetzlar. He met Charlotte and found her charming. But he did not tell Goethe so. With a shrug of indifference, he counseled flight to other loves. The Doctor, a little nettled, agreed that the time had come to tear himself from a fruitless and waning passion. To the man it was still delightful to live in Charlotte's shadow, to feel the rustle of her dress at night, to win from her tiny proofs of affection stolen under the silent vigilance of Kestner, but the artist was sated with his redundant emotion. He had drawn spiritual riches from his sojourn; he had collected some lovely landscapes full of sentiment, but the lode was exhausted, the harvest reaped, and he must go.

'Must I depart? I change my mind like the vane on the steeple. The world is so fair! Happy he who can savor it

without effort. Often I regret that I cannot, and preach myself sermons on the art of enjoying the present.'

But the world called him: the world, of infinite promise. 'Do not try to be anything; try to become everything.' He had his work to do, his cathedral to build. What would it be like? The answer did not come. It was veiled in the mists of the future. And it was to this uncertain image that he was to sacrifice his present joy! He forced himself to choose the day of departure. His decision being fixed, he could abandon himself with delicious fury to his passion.

His friends had agreed to meet him in the garden after dinner. He waited for them on the terrace under the chest-nuts. They would come with gayety and friendliness; they would treat this evening like an ordinary one. But it was the last! Goethe, Captain of Fates, had decided; nothing could change his decree. It was painful to go, but it was sweet to find one's self inflexible.

From his mother he had inherited so intense a horror of scenes that he could not bear the idea of a formal good-bye. He wished to pass this last evening with his friends in a calm and sober gayety. He savored in advance the pathos of their conversation, where two, in ignorance of the real situation, would unwittingly wound the third, who, being alone aware, could alone be hurt.

He had been drifting among such fancies for some time when he heard on the sand the steps of Charlotte and Kestner. Running up to them, he kissed her hand. They walked together to a dark pocket of verdure which terminated the alley, and sat down in the dark. Under the pale moonlight, the garden was so beautiful that for a long time they were silent. Then Charlotte said, 'I never walk in the moonlight without thinking of death. I believe that we shall rise. But, Goethe, shall

we meet? Shall we know each other? What do you think?'

'What are you saying, Charlotte?' he answered, in agony. 'We shall meet. In this life or the next we shall meet again!'

'Do the friends that we have lost,' she pursued, 'know anything of us? Do they realize all that we feel as we think of them? My mother's face is always before me in the evening as I sit peacefully among her children, among *our* children, and they cluster round me, as they did round her.'

She went on in a voice soft and tender as the night itself. Goethe wondered if this unfamiliar melancholy were due to some strange foreboding. He felt the springing of his tears. The emotions he had tried to suppress seized him. Disregarding Kestner's presence, he seized Charlotte's hand. What matter? It was the last day.

'We must go in,' she said gently; 'it is time.'

She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it forcibly.

'Let us agree,' said Kestner brightly, 'that the first of us three who dies shall send the two survivors news of the other world.'

'We shall meet,' said Goethe. 'In whatever body, we shall meet. Farewell, Charlotte. Farewell, Kestner, we shall meet again.'

'To-morrow, I suppose,' she said with a smile.

She rose and turned toward the house with her fiancé. For a few seconds Goethe still saw the white gown gleaming in the shadows of the lindens, then everything faded. For some time after Kestner had gone the Doctor wandered alone in the lane from which the front of the house could be seen. He saw a window light up. It was in Lotte's room. A little later the window grew black again. She was asleep. She knew nothing. Romance was satisfied.

The next day, when Kestner went to his house, he found a letter from Goethe:—

He has gone, Kestner; when you read this message, he will have gone. Give Lotte the note I enclose. I was adamant. But your words yesterday tortured me. For a while I can tell you nothing. Had I stayed with you a moment longer, I could not have borne it. Now I am alone and to-morrow I depart. Oh! My poor head!

Lotte, I do hope to come back, but only God knows when. Think what my heart suffered, Lotte, when you spoke! It knew I was looking on you for the last time. But I have gone. What led you to such a topic? . . . Now I am alone and can weep. I leave you happy, and I linger in your

hearts. Yes, we shall meet. But to-morrow never comes. Say to my rascals, 'I has gone.' I cannot go on.

Early in the afternoon Kestner brought this letter to Lotte. All the children of the family echoed sadly, 'Doctor Goethe has gone.'

Lotte was sad, and tears rose to her eyes as she read.

'It is best that he should go,' she said.

Kestner and she could talk of nothing but him.

Some visitors came. They were astonished at Goethe's sudden departure and condemned his rudeness. Kestner hotly defended him.

(To be continued)

THE JOINTS OF TIME

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

THE reason that the year begins on January 1 is a 'pretty reason,' as Lear's poor fool would say. Julius Cæsar, when he reformed the calendar in the year 46 B.C., evidently had in mind to begin the year with the shortest day. The winter solstice at Rome occurred in that year on the twenty-fourth of December of the Julian calendar; consequently the first day of the year would have fallen on December 25. But he delayed it seven days out of regard for prevailing customs and the superstitions of the people. As they had been accustomed to a lunar calendar, they would be better satisfied if the first year of the new calendar came

in with the new moon. Accordingly the mean new moon was carefully computed and the new calendar had its beginning on the first of January, 45 B.C., at sixteen minutes past six in the afternoon.

Among all peoples, in all ages, it has been the custom to start the year, whether civil or ecclesiastical, with either the winter or summer solstice or the vernal or autumnal equinox. These times seem to mark the natural beginnings for reckoning the circuit of the seasons. The result of Cæsar's little stroke of diplomacy is that our year now has no relation to astronomic fact or logical reason. It has relation only

, superstitions and political considerations which no longer exist.

That this year is 1926 A.D. is an opinion that would be questioned by few. But there is very good reason to feel dissatisfied with these figures. The church chronologist who set to work one day in the sixth century to find out how far back it was to the birth of Christ made a mistake of about four years.

The custom of numbering the years in the present manner did not, of course, begin immediately upon the birth of Christ. His birth and life made so little impression upon the world in general that the Greeks continued to count the years from the time of the first Olympic games, and the Romans from the mythical date when their city was founded. These dates represented their ideas as to what constituted the most memorable events in their history. As the centuries passed the world's ideas changed; and in 527 A.D. Dionysius Exiguus, who compiled the first regular ecclesiastical code for the Western Church, conceived the idea of dating time with reference to the birth of Christ. In this connection an error was made. Herod died in the seventieth year of his age and in the very year in which Jesus of Nazareth was born; and this has been discovered to have occurred four years earlier than the date from which our chronology is reckoned, or the year 4 B.C. It seems rather inconsistent to say that Christ was born in the fourth year B.C.; but chronologists quite generally agree that such was the case. The present number of the *Atlantic* pretends to be making its appearance in 1926. It ought to be dated 1930.

If both the year and the epoch are so open to question, we need hesitate no longer to ask what is the matter with the months. What happened to them that some should have thirty-one days,

while others have thirty, and one veers between twenty-eight and twenty-nine?

Here also there is a reason. The Romans believed there was luck in odd numbers; and seven of the months have thirty-one days each out of a desire to have as much good luck as possible. When Cæsar abolished the old lunar calendar and established in its place the form of calendar which we now have, he was adopting the absolute solar calendar of the Egyptians. In this calendar the year was made up of twelve months of thirty days each; and a supplementary period of five days, which was accounted a time of festival, completed the 365 days. To the Roman mind, here were twelve unlucky months. In their old, or lunar, calendar, which was supposed to observe carefully the phases of the moon, all the months but one had been given an odd number of days. They had twenty-nine or thirty-one days each; and this in spite of the fact that the moon knows nothing whatever of a thirty-one-day period of revolution. They had tried to disagree with Nature for the sake of good luck; and the final result was such utter chaos and confusion in the keeping of time that they had to throw over the lunar scheme entirely and try the calendar of the Egyptians. As this was one hundred per cent unlucky, they proceeded to alter the month-periods somewhat to correspond to the old calendar. They took the five festival days and distributed them among the months so as to give five of them thirty-one days each. Then two more lucky months were created at the expense of February, thus making the number of thirty-one-day months which we now have. They did not hesitate to reduce the Egyptian number of thirty days to twenty-eight in the case of February because that had always been an unlucky month with them. It had originally been left

with only twenty-eight as a matter of arithmetical necessity in making all the months odd.

There were two months to which the odd number of days was most important — July and August. July was named in honor of Julius Cæsar; and he saw to it, of course, that that month was made lucky. His successor, Augustus Cæsar, needed to have a month named for him; his birth-month was therefore called August and given thirty-one days. Not a great while after this distribution of days was made it was found that there was too great a disparity between the quarters of the year; and in the new shifting about to remedy this defect it was proposed to take a day from August. Augustus Cæsar put his foot down promptly on the idea. He would have no unlucky month named after him. Consequently a day was taken from September, which had been given thirty-one in the first distribution, and transferred to October. It is because of such considerations as these that seven of our months have thirty-one days each, and four of them thirty, while February 'hath but twenty-eight.'

Openly and flagrantly wrong, or else mysteriously mistaken, are the names of the months. September is the ninth month; but a little knowledge of Latin is sufficient to inform us that it lays claim to being the seventh — from *septem*, seven. Likewise October, November, and December announce themselves as being the eighth, ninth, and tenth months respectively; all of which they are not.

The reason for this discrepancy between name and number is that the old Roman year, having some regard for the spring equinox, began in March. When the calendar was changed, and a new sort of year was begun, the old months continued to run in their accustomed succession, and mostly with

their old names. The new solar year breaking in at a certain stage of the moon, fell on the first day of their eleventh lunar month, which was January. January thus became the first month of the newly adopted year. February had been their twelfth month under the lunar calendar; and it was because it occupied this position that it lost its days. When days were needed by the other months, it seemed logical to pick them off the end of the year.

Our months are not lying to us; they are simply remembering the truth as it was in the old lunar calendar. While our present calendar, in all its various details, comes down to us from the forty-sixth year before Christ, the names of the months and their relative places run back to a time still more remote — so ancient, in fact, that it is a most uncertain period of history.

The month of January was named in honor of Janus, the god of beginnings. He is the god of two faces, looking behind and before. All gates and doors were under his sacred jurisdiction; so were the morning, the opening of all solemnities, the month of January, and beginnings generally. Of his two faces, one is youthful, the other aged. The aged countenance, looking behind, reflects upon the past; the youthful one looks forward and smiles, seeing happiness in the future. How appropriate to have the first month of the year named after such a god! It is a most striking symbolism, perfect in its poetry.

The reader who has been watching my statements closely will note in this connection that they do not hang together very well. Did I not say that January came from the old Roman year, and that it was the eleventh month of that year? How then do I get this artful appositeness to the beginning of the year?

This is just one more thing that

was a reason. The month was originally dedicated to Janus because the labors of the husbandman in Southern Italy began anew at that time. This was a beginning that was quite as important as the beginning of the year. And so it becomes evident that the one month of our year whose name seems perfectly appropriate is only so by chance. In the very places where the calendar seems to run with an oily smoothness the time is most sadly out of joint.

When the sun was made the standard of measurement of the year, the moon, along with the lunar year, was thrown utterly aside. Since that time she has been wandering through the months in the lost and aimless way that is familiar to anyone who refers to the calendar on the wall. The ancient Greek or Jew or Roman had a much easier time with the moon than we have. The new moon always fell on the first; and the full moon came in on the fourteenth. These facts, written as plainly on the sky as print on paper, constituted the calendar itself. Nowadays it takes an expert to tell us on which days of the month the principal phases of the moon are going to occur. And in consequence of this abandonment of the moon to her own peculiar notions of timekeeping, those church festivals whose dates are determined by the phases of the moon have had to go wandering with her. Hence the Movable Festivals.

Easter, in reference to which all the other movable festivals are determined, comes on the Sunday following the first full moon of spring — which is to say, the first full moon after the twenty-first of March. The Book of Common Prayer, in those first few pages which contain all that a rector needs to know about arithmetic, tells us about the Golden Number, the Dominical Letter, and the Epact, and furnishes

therewith a table by which to ascertain the time of that first full moon of spring. And, strange to say, the results are usually wrong when compared with any reliable calendar. In this connection the prayer book makes mention of a fact which would seem important to take heed of: 'But *Note*, That the Full Moon, for the purposes of these Rules and Tables, is the Fourteenth Day of a Lunar Month, reckoned according to an ancient Ecclesiastical computation, and not the real or Astronomical Full Moon.'

It is not the actual moon in the heavens, nor yet the mean moon of the astronomers, that determines the time of Easter; though it is theoretically so. It is an altogether imaginary moon. But yet it is not wholly arbitrary when you consider that it comes in two or three days after the real full moon.

The reason — or at least one reason — for this way of computing the phases of the moon was to keep Easter from falling on the same date as the Jewish Passover. In an early day the Eastern Church contended that Easter had the same date as Passover, and they celebrated Easter as if the two holidays were identical; but the Western Church did not approve of this practice. The authorities favored the observance of the Sunday following the full moon which marked Passover. It was no doubt necessary in an early day to take some step to keep converts from getting the two festivals and their significance confused.

The Jewish Passover comes in on the fourteenth day of the month Nisan, which date, being the middle of a lunar month, marks the time of the full moon. It is the first full moon of spring. So it would seem that the early Church, by setting Easter for the Sunday *following* the springtime full moon, would be effectually avoiding the

Jewish holiday for all time. But it so happens that if the Christians were to go by the regular astronomical calendar while the Jews continued (as they still do) to go by the old lunar, or Metonic, calendar, Easter would frequently fall on Passover in spite of such arrangement; hence the following of the ancient Ecclesiastical rule which pays little attention to the real moon in the sky. Notwithstanding all this care, the two festivals sometimes occur together. They will come on the same date in 1927, on the seventeenth of April. After that they will not come together again till 1981.

I think I have now said enough about the calendar to satisfy, or rather to dissatisfy, any rational reader. Certainly anyone must have come to the conclusion by this time that the calendar is in need of reform. And there is such a large element of human nature in it, rather than mere arithmetical error, that reform would seem to be the right word for what is needed.

II

But what man or body of men is going to decide what changes are advisable, among the many plans proposed, and then enforce observance upon the nations? Heretofore the sweeping changes of calendar correction have been accomplished only under some supreme mental or military authority of general acclaim. The Metonic calendar came in with Pericles; the solar calendar found its sponsor in Julius Cæsar; the corrected solar calendar was proclaimed by Gregory, a still powerful Pope. These names stand for the Golden Age of Greece, the Golden Age of Rome, and the great intellectual reawakening of the Renaissance. They are the high points in history. There seems, indeed, to be that in the nature of the calendar which

requires for its making and its adoption all the activities and forces of a people at their best. War, conquest, mental and material progress — and then, at a point or pause in history when peace and prosperity give opportunity for intellectual stock-taking, and the times are dominated by some vigorous character or new racial spirit, a new calendar is born. But these are not the days of universal empire or of nations knit together by sentiment or religion. What would be needed now would be a congress of nations; or some body of men, not merely scientific or political, but of general prestige. Put in that way, the question suggests its own answer — the League of Nations.

That calendar reform should come under such jurisdiction would seem inevitable; and such is the case with the calendar at the present time. The League of Nations, acting through its Economic Section, which has been working in coöperation with the International Chamber of Commerce and taking advice from ecclesiastical authorities who are versed in the requirements of the church calendar, has been making progress toward some final recommendation in regard to calendar reform.

The League began with a Calendar Inquiry Committee appointed in 1922; and this committee confined its activities in 1923 chiefly to consultation with officially appointed representatives of ecclesiastical authority — Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, and Anglican. The year 1923 was made notable in calendar history by the decision of the Russo-Greek and other Eastern Orthodox authorities to forsake the old-style Julian calendar and adopt the one in general use in the rest of the world. Russia, clinging religiously to the Julian calendar, was thirteen days behind the rest of the world. Commercial transactions and

communications between Russia and other countries had to be carried on under a double set of dates. The official church sanction of the change came subsequent to the decision of the Russian (Soviet) Government to abolish the much-cherished old calendar, regardless of its effects on saints' days, and adopt the corrected form. Accordingly, September 30, old style, was immediately followed by October 14, new style. Thirteen uneventful days had brought themselves to pass in one night, and thirteen needless numbers were dropped quietly overboard upon 'the sea of time'! Thus was healed a great cleavage in chronology, and the Gregorian calendar, already adopted in China and Japan, has become almost universal. The Soviet Government, if it has nothing else to its credit, may be said to have put Russia in step with the sun.

The League invited proposals for calendar reform to reach Geneva by March 1, 1924. Of nearly one hundred proposed plans, from twenty nationalities, which were carefully grouped and analyzed in the following three months and largely rejected by the committee as being manifestly impractical, two seem to have taken the ascendancy; and these two are now making rival claims for final approval.

The so-called Astronomer's or Swiss Plan, taking account of the fact that our year consists of fifty-two weeks and one day, abolishes the one day, or keeps it out of the reckoning, by making it January 0. By this simple step the week days are kept from rotating through the year. The same day of the week occurs on the same day of the month every year, which at present it does not.

As the calendar now is, every year ends on the same day of the week that it began on. This is due to the one day over the fifty-two weeks. As a conse-

quence, each regular year begins a day later in the week than the one before, and is, of course, different all the way through. And as every fourth year, or leap year, has still another day at the end, the days of the week rotate through the years in a still more complicated way. But if the year consisted of an unbroken number of weeks, each year would begin on the same day of the week and thus be the same all the way through; and the calendar in that regard would become perpetual. The extra day of leap year would be taken care of by inserting it to follow June 31 as a summer holiday. As such it would be given a name but no date.

Another advantage of this plan would be to make the year divisible into exact quarters, not only in days but in unbroken weeks. With 365 days in the year and our present distribution of thirty- and thirty-one-day months, this is not the case. A year consisting of fifty-two weeks is exactly divisible by four, giving quarter-years of thirteen weeks each. The fifty-two weeks contain 364 days, and this number of days is exactly divisible into quarters of ninety-one days. The next problem is to divide the months of the year into quarters that shall be equal. As this ninety-one-day period could be made up of two thirty-day months and one of thirty-one days, it is proposed to adopt such a uniform distribution of month-lengths and do away with our present illogical system. It is considered desirable to have the year begin on Monday, which it would do if it were inaugurated, for instance, in 1928. This calendar could be printed in such form as to be perpetual. The equal quarters would present a desirable mathematical ideal for the purposes of the business man, accountant, or renter, or whoever has to do with quarter-years.

An objection to the plan is that it

does not meet the ideal of having the month made up of a certain number of unbroken weeks. Like the present calendar it breaks up the weeks in relation to the beginning and end of the month. Another undesirable feature, especially from the religious standpoint, is that, by setting aside the extra days of the year and making a fiction of them, the continuity of the weeks, which has so long been kept inviolate, would be broken.

In this plan it is also proposed to revert January 1 to the time of the winter solstice. Beginning the year with December 22 would cause the seasons and the quarters to coincide more exactly than they do now. Julius Cæsar, had he not been preoccupied with public sentiment toward the moon, would no doubt have given January 1 a different position with regard to the seasons, reverting the date to the time of the shortest day. This new beginning of the year would be ideal from the astronomer's standpoint, but it would have no practical advantages to recommend it very strongly to the business man or the general public; and it is doubtful whether this break with the past would not make it unwelcome to the nations. However, the rest of the plan does not necessarily include this. The other features may be considered upon their own merits.

The other plan, which has strong partisans in both America and Europe, is known as the International Fixed Calendar, or the Equal-Month Calendar. Here we have thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, accounting for 364 days of the year. The extra day of the regular year would be put down as January 0 or considered simply as an international Sabbath or stock-taking day. Leap year would have a mid-summer holiday with no name; that is, it would come in between two regular week-days — like Capulet's daughter

it would 'stand in number, though in reckoning none.'

In this plan the calendar for each month would be the same as for every other month throughout the year. The whole nature of the plan, with its more apparent advantages, may be seen at once by looking at its model month: —

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

The advantages claimed for it are as follows: (a) In every year, each of the 365 dates would recur on the same day of the week as in every other year. (b) Yearly, half-yearly, and quarterly events could be permanently fixed on recurring dates. (c) The year's fifty-two weeks would be twenty-six in each half-year and thirteen each quarter-year. (d) Appreciable economy would be gained in printing and circulating calendars.

In explaining the Astronomer's Plan I pointed out that the dropping of one day from the regular year not only made the year divisible into quarters of equal length but also caused each year for all time to begin on some certain day of the week.

The present plan, by having months of equal length, and with no remainder of broken weeks to lap over from one month to another, carries this advantage even further. Supposing the year to begin on Monday, every week, every month, and every quarter-year would begin on Monday for all time. If the reformed year came in on some other day, a corresponding consistency would hold. As for the claim of economy in the printing of calendars, I think this needs no emphasis. It is likely that most of us would have the simple scheme of the month so thoroughly memorized that reference to a printed

calendar would be hardly necessary. For the consolation of the printing fraternity it is pointed out that diaries would continue to be used. But as no one keeps a diary very long, and a new one has to be bought every year under the old system, this consolation is of little avail. The same diary would do for any year.

The principal objection to this plan is that thirteenth month. Human nature does not take readily to such radical invasions upon long-established custom. And when it is found that a transposition table (which has already been worked out) will be needed to put the time into joint again and show us our true relation with any former date, the people might rebel. Furthermore it is feared by those who have this plan in mind that the world may not take kindly to the number thirteen! Whether this will be enough to stop the League of Nations I cannot say; but it would be enough to give a Cæsar pause.

That the calendar could be improved is a growing opinion among business men belonging to associations affiliated directly or indirectly with the Economic Section of the League. 'The International Chamber is on record favoring reform of the calendar, including a fixed date for Easter.' So the secretary of the American section of that organization informs me. The matter has been given favorable consideration by the United States Chamber of Commerce. There are, too, societies in this country and Europe organized purely upon the basis of calendar reform.

What, let us now ask, are the prospects that some final solution of this perplexing problem will be arrived at? Are we the generation of generations to whom future peoples will look back when they tell the story of the calendar?

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III

The question leads us to a reconsideration of certain fundamental facts. The history of the calendar is a struggle between human nature and arithmetic, the former not wanting to give in to the conclusions of the latter. This history, philosophically considered, not only serves to give us our bearings with regard to the problem of time measurement, but is a subject of considerable interest in itself.

A year consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 45.51 seconds. From the standpoint of one who is trying to equip the universe with some practical system of time measurement, this sort of year is manifestly ridiculous. In a practical system of measurement each larger unit should be exactly divisible by the smaller unit next below it.

A month has a mean length of 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, and 2.7 seconds. This is equally absurd. We cannot very well deal with months and years which begin and end with such utter disregard of the smaller units that we have these fractions of a day on our hands.

What, then, is a day, let us ask. That it is not an acknowledged part of a month or a year is a fact which the above figures make sufficiently plain. Nature did not intend it to be such. A day is a day. It is sufficient unto itself, and it is wholly unconcerned about any other unit of time.

In a foot there are a certain number of inches of equal size; and in a bushel the pecks are of like content. But what is a month? There are said to be twelve months in a year, but this statement means little when you consider that the months do not fit into the year except by being altered to a variety of sizes!

As man did not make days, months, and years he is not, of course, to be

held accountable for them. But he did make hours, minutes, and seconds, and so it would seem that as a matter of convenience and common sense he would have chosen such smaller time units as would fit in with and be a common divisor of the units already established. And no doubt he would have done so if he could. But evidently there were difficulties in the way; for when we state the length of a year or of a month in fractions of a second we are simply saying that these larger units are not divisible into any sort of time that man has been able to discover or invent.

Doing as best he could, man divided the day into parts which were equal but which fitted nothing further; and while his work might seem careless, inconsistent, and entirely incompetent, it is not so bad by comparison. For neither do days fit into months, nor months into years, nor years into any astronomical cycle which the heavens exhibit. It is all as bad as our English system of weights and measures; and the whole world knows how illogical and inconsistent and altogether incompetent that is.

Contrary to what any mortal member of any Academy would expect, the heavens are *not* constructed on the metric system! They do not countenance or make possible any such mechanical notions of perfection upon the part of man. Consequently the time is out of joint; and as man is a measuring and record-keeping animal there has been constant challenge to his intellect to set it right.

The whole truth of the matter is that Nature has offered us three different standards of time measurement — the day, the month, and the year. We have got to make a choice and abide by it. We may not accept them all as if they were harmonious facts and parts of a heavenly clockwork. That is just

what they are not. Sun and moon revolve and rotate as they please; each is true to its own appointments. But the sun takes no care that years shall be divisible into months; and neither does the sun or moon time its evolutions to fit in with that standard of measurement which we call a day.

And this is a fact which is totally unacceptable to the mind of man. There is something about it which is obnoxious to human nature. If man, instead of God, had made the universe he would surely have made months that were exactly divisible into the year. This is a safe assertion in view of the fact that for ages he stuck to the moon as a standard of measurement while at the same time he tried to drive the chariot of the sun. We like to think that the universe is all working together, cogged and clocklike, with wheels that are proper multiples of one another — the whole acting as one big time system. If it is not so, then it ought to be so, and it is for us to bring the stars into harmony.

Of course there is but one way. That is to assume that they rotate and revolve thus and so. Consequently we have made the year a convenient length; and we have invented a system of leap years, leap months, and leap centuries to put us periodically into step with the facts. Finding ourselves compelled to deal in fractions of a day, we borrow from time, or extend credit to it, and then set things approximately right on a clearing-house system. We save up our scraps of time till we have enough to make a day, and we add it to a year; but as this is too liberal we pause once in a hundred years to take a day back; and as this is just a little too parsimonious we remember every four-hundredth year not to take the day that was coming to us. And for this temporizing with time we are hardly to be blamed. For the day and the

year are each important to us; and when each insists upon being the sole standard of measurement, what else are we going to do about it?

Up to the time when our present form of calendar was adopted, all peoples, with the exception of the Egyptians, went strictly by the moon. A month was a month, an average duration of $29\frac{1}{2}$ days; and it was of no very vital concern to them that twelve of those months amounted to only 354 days instead of a proper year.

To a people adopting a form of calendar the exact length of the year seems to be of no great importance. The year, with its four seasons, is supposed to bring a progressive change of climate; but when we consider that mere spells of weather make interruptions upon the seasonable climate and set the year backward or forward by days and weeks, an astronomer's information as to the exact number of days in a year would seem to be of mere academic interest.

But an exact foreknowledge of the phases of the moon is of immediate and practical importance. Besides lighting the way for travelers and holy pilgrims, and thus making itself of prime importance in the regulations of religion and commerce, the moon was so obvious a timepiece, and so easily determined in its comings and goings, that it naturally became the first standard of measurement. A discrepancy of a week or two between twelve lunar months and the length of a solar year would appear to make no great difference in practical life.

But such a discrepancy is cumulative. The error keeps growing; it adds to itself year after year; and pretty soon it amounts to months. The inevitable result is that the months rotate through the seasons. And no people, whether herdsmen or planters, can afford to go by dates that are com-

pletely out of harmony with the solar year.

It was a puzzling prospect that opened up before the eyes of our forefathers when, after much effort to construct a satisfactory calendar, they discovered the true nature of the difficulty. They made use of months that lasted from moon to moon; but no particular number of moons fitted into a year! When they tried twelve there was a considerable remainder of time which that twelvemonth did not fill out; consequently, their first month of the year, starting eleven days before the actual solar year was ended, would cause a falling behind of the season with regard to the supposed date. Each year would fall farther behind, the result being that the months revolved rapidly through the year. The practical effect of this was that a winter holiday, such as our Christmas, would get around to midsummer; and all the while they were carefully observing its month and date! And a summer festival would work its way, perforce, to the middle of winter! This was very embarrassing. It not only made an undesirable state of affairs with regard to religious and other holidays, but it was confusing to the planter, a certain day of the month meaning nothing in his line of endeavor.

This harassing state of affairs prevailed among the early Greeks and Romans and troubled the mind of the world generally. It continued to work confusion at Rome up to the time the present form of calendar was adopted. When Julius Cæsar took over the solar year from the Egyptians, computed time at Rome had gained eighty days on actual time. And yet the priests had been accustomed to throwing an extra month into the year whenever it seemed to need it, after the manner of a crew dressing the ballast in a ship.

One might easily suggest that, if a

lunar twelvemonth is eleven days short of the actual year, it would only be necessary to add these eleven days to the end of the year or distribute them among the months. This suggestion is really foolish. It would put the month out of step with the moon; and what use would a lunar calendar be in that case? It must be borne in mind that a calendar must go absolutely by the moon or absolutely by the sun, else it will run completely astray and be no calendar at all. The ancients managed very cleverly so far as the moon was concerned. A complete lunation is approximately $29\frac{1}{2}$ days. Their months therefore had twenty-nine and thirty days alternately. By following this rule strictly they struck an average that kept in close step with the moon and only needed a day thrown in at long intervals to correct the slight error. This was the practice of the Greeks. The problem was to find a way to correct this calendar to correspond with the annual journey of the sun and yet not get out of step with the moon. They could have lunar months which rambled through the seasons in a most confusing way, or they could have a year which was fairly true to the sun, but with months that had no relation to the moon. And it is not in human nature to be satisfied with either.

It was a great day in the history of humanity when the astronomer Meton, of Athens, made his observation that once in nineteen years the sun and moon come round to the same relative position in the heavens. This means that the new moon, or any other phase of the moon, falls upon the same time or season that it did nineteen years before.

Here was an astronomic fact that was due to be taken advantage of. In this total time of nineteen years he counted just 235 lunations. This was a happy coincidence for the purposes of a

lunar calendar. At last it was found that the sun does do something, complete, in exactly the same time that it takes the moon to do it. As a matter of fact, the 235 lunations take nineteen years and two hours; but the coincidence was sufficient for the purpose.

The problem had always been to get the moon into step with the sun without breaking a month to do it, and thus getting out of step with the moon. And when it is noted that any certain number of lunations equals any certain number of solar years, the problem is on its way to solution.

The period consisted of 6940 days. All that remained was to divide this period into years of twelve and thirteen lunar months. As twelve lunar months are less than a solar year, and thirteen are in excess of a solar year, either one is approximately correct. And the problem was to mix these years in such proportion that their total would come out even with the luni-solar period. It was found that by having seven of these thirteen-month years, or leap years, distributed among the nineteen the proper total was made up. Through all these years, whether of twelve or thirteen months, the moon was strictly followed by the alternation of twenty-nine-day and thirty-day months, except at intervals when an extra thirty-day month was used by way of correction.

To the modern mind such years would be far from satisfactory; for twelve of them in each nineteen-year period had 354 days, while the seven leap years had 384 days, due to the extra thirty-day month. But they were not trying to have solar years. This is a mathematical impossibility so long as you are observing lunar months. Their problem was simply to have a system of correction, on a true astronomical basis, which would hold them in an approximate relation to the sun and

would keep their months from rotating through the seasons.

Heretofore a month had been but an uncertain craft for a man to trust himself to upon the sea of time. It had a way of floating clean off its bearing so that man and month were lost together. And when the date belied the season there was no certain and set formula to bring them into some recognized relation again. But this nineteen-year coincidence — a recurring basis of correction — was like having a row of stakes driven for you all across the blue of eternity. It was only necessary to figure out a formula for getting from one to the other; and this was done by having the thirteen-month years to hold the months and the seasons in approximate relation till the nineteen-year goal was reached. After that the formula could be repeated, and the problem was solved forever!

This calendar, a memorable invention, was made public at the Olympic games on July 16 of the year 432 B.C. and acclaimed by the people. Thereafter the number of each year, from one to nineteen, was engraved 'on pillars of marble in letters of gold'; and in church calendars after the beginning of the Christian era the Metonic number of each year was printed in golden ink. It is the same Golden Number which we find in the modern prayer-book in connection with the rule for finding the date of Easter. The calendar-maker could hardly get along without it.

The Jewish calendar is essentially the same as this old Greek calendar, being based upon the Metonic cycle and the alternating months of twenty-nine and thirty days. It differs a little in the management of the leap years and common years, there being three lengths of each; but the end attained and the principle are the same. The Mohammedans cling to it religiously.

The Romans, if they had strictly observed the rules of the Metonic calendar, instead of altering figures upon the basis of superstition, would no doubt have found it fairly satisfactory. But they made a complete mess of it; and Julius Cæsar solved the problem by adopting the Egyptian method, which makes the sun the standard. When this was done the moon was cast utterly aside — necessarily. A solar calendar cannot serve two masters.

In establishing the solar calendar Cæsar took advice from the astronomers at Alexandria and made the length of the year $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, which is slightly in excess of the true period. In 1582 the error of about eleven minutes per year had accumulated until it amounted to ten days. This shifting of the date away from the season became undesirable because it brought Easter and all the other movable festivals at a wrong time. Pope Gregory XIII corrected it, making the fifth of October the fifteenth, 1582. And in order that the error might not grow to such size again he ordained that every year of even hundreds should not be counted a leap year, excepting every four-hundredth, beginning with the year 2000. In Catholic countries the change was promptly adopted; but in the Protestant world the people refused to take advice from the Pope even though he was dealing with a mere matter of arithmetic. It was not till 1751, after nearly two centuries of inconvenience, that Great Britain and her dependencies gave in. By that time the error was eleven days; and September 3, 1752, was called September 14.

IV

Viewing our present proposals for calendar reform in the light of history, we cannot but be struck by the fact that there is no call for astronomical

correction. Our scheme of time measurement, substantially the same as it was in the year 45 B.C., and only slightly corrected in 1582, is astronomically perfect.

When Julius Cæsar made months of thirty-one days purely upon a basis of superstition, it really was no great matter from a scientific standpoint. The month was no longer an astronomical unit; the moon had utterly passed out as a standard of measurement. Of our present proposed plans, that known as the Astronomer's has great standing in Europe; and that has a thirty-one-day month in every quarter. Its advantage over the present calendar is that a difference of from one to two days in the lengths of the quarter-years is done away with; and that is all. It is a difference which would probably be taken account of by statisticians or in certain business transactions. While many of the features of calendar reform win our assent at once, we scarcely know what attitude to take when we find the continuity of the week broken into and our relations with the past again put out of joint. The length of the month is of no importance astronomically; it is purely a matter of taste or business convenience. Astronomically the calendar is perfect; and it was made so by astronomers who had no observatories in the modern sense, and who made all their discoveries with the naked eye.

Of the great naked-eye astronomers I hardly know whether to give my admiration to Meton, who made the moon practical for human use, or to Hipparchus or to Copernicus. Meton was very useful to the world, but beyond his connection with the lunar calendar we know little about him. Hipparchus, who lived in the second

century before Christ, was the first of whom we have reliable record; and he is accounted the founder of scientific astronomy. He explained the precession of the equinoxes, and was the first to discover from direct observation of the sun that the length of the year is somewhat less than $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. Copernicus was of the modern speculative type, which strikes out and concerns itself with God's own business. Purely in his mind's eye, and with no proof beyond appearances that were open to all, he saw a world-machine which, as was proved by later discovery, was very much like the one which God Himself had invented.

We are so accustomed to think of astronomy in connection with the modern observatory that when we read of Copernicus and his discoveries we naturally see him viewing the heavens through a telescope—forgetting, of course, that he never heard of such a thing. It is difficult for us to imagine an astronomer as mere 'unaccommodated man' standing forth and searching the sky on his own two feet, as it were. Even the astronomers who helped Gregory XIII to correct the system of leap years in 1582, when Shakespeare and Cervantes were living and Luther had not long been dead, had no notion of such a thing as a telescope. Their only lenses were the ones God gave them; and so it was with all the great astronomers who lived and died before them.

Consider well, then, the calendar on the wall. It came down to us, just as it is, from the days of paganism! It owes little to modern astronomy and nothing whatever to the telescope. And, except for the fact that Cæsar did not start it on the day of the winter solstice, it is astronomically perfect!

TAKING THE PROFIT OUT OF WAR

BY BERNARD M. BARUCH

[The February issue of the *Atlantic* for 1925 carried a paper by Mr. Sisley Huddleston dealing with the general subject of 'taking the profit out of war,' which Mr. Huddleston called 'An American Plan for Peace.' The first-quoted phrase was put into the language by the War Industries Board toward the close of the World War through its efforts to eliminate all war profits. Mr. Huddleston's article came to the attention of Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board and administrator of the non-profit plan, and (as he writes us), since it seemed to indicate a growing interest in the idea, induced him to invoke practical means to bring about a full comprehension of taking the profit out of war in the various great countries of the world. To this end he responded to a suggestion of Mr. Owen D. Young, of the Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University, that he establish a course of lectures there to expound the War Industries Board plan in detail. Later he will proceed to make similar arrangements at leading universities in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan. Agreeing with Mr. Baruch that the subject calls for public knowledge and discussion, it was natural for the *Atlantic* to turn to him for the following paper. — THE EDITORS]

I

WAR was once described as Prussia's most profitable industry.

It needs only a scant examination of history to learn that other countries were open to the same indictment. The methods of the Robber Barons did not pass with the end of feudalism. Annexation by conquest did not cease. But when America entered the World War, President Wilson fathered a doctrine that shall always govern us — that never a foot of territory would be added to our boundaries by force.

So, as America has taken the lead toward making impossible national profit through war, it too may be America's privilege to point the way toward making impossible individual profit through war. To take the profit out of war is to take a long step toward

creating an economic detestation of war. The experience of the United States in the World War affords a basis for the belief that the plan herein discussed is practical. In fact, it is more than a belief — it is a certainty, although not widely known.

The world is such a busy place, and the radius of human activity has been so greatly enlarged because of modern inventions, that it is not strange that there are but few people who are conversant with what was quietly but effectively taking place in this country in the mobilization and use of its material resources in the World War — a process that would have eventually eliminated all improper profits.

Strength is given to the public advocacy of industrial mobilization made

by both President Harding and President Coolidge — Mr. Coolidge as recently as last October in his Omaha speech to the American Legion — by the fact that the plan they advocated as a part of the regular national war-agencies had once been set up and successfully operated under the War Industries Board.

Preceding the President's recent clear exposition of this subject, some degree of public interest had been engendered by an exchange of letters between Owen D. Young (of Dawes Plan fame), in behalf of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations, and the writer. The correspondence resulted in the establishment of lectures at the Page School (of Johns Hopkins University) on this theme. Previously the *Atlantic Monthly* printed an article by Sisley Huddleston, who pointed out that Europe saw great strides toward peace in the American idea of 'taking the profit out of war' in a systematic way. His basic reference was to the plan of the War Industries Board.

The resources of a country might be referred to as the five M's: (1) man power; (2) money; (3) maintenance or food; (4) material resources (including raw materials, manufacturing facilities, transportation, fuel, and power); and (5) morale. The intelligence with which the first four are directed and coördinated as a whole will determine the fifth, the morale of the community.

In the war emergency it early became evident to those who were charged with the responsibility of mobilizing the resources that there was a just sentiment among the people against profiteering. Profiteering might be willful and profit-making might be involuntary; but, whatever its form, there was a just determination it should cease. So it became necessary to fix prices where the supply was limited.

Wherever the Government created a shortage by its demands, prices were fixed, not only for the Army, Navy, and the Allies, but for the civilian population as well. And, in addition to price-fixing on war essentials (such as steel, wool, copper, and so forth), the balance, after the war programme had been filled, was rationed or distributed according to the priority needs of the various civilian demands. In other words, where the price of the product of an industry was fixed, that industry had to deliver the part which the Government did not need to the civilian population, not in the way the industry chose, but as the Government directed.

It must be remembered that when the war came there was no adequate preparation. Indeed it is doubted by the best authorities whether any effective form of preparation then known would have been of much avail in view of the widespread and engulfing results of the war and the lack of knowledge of the various instruments of destruction which were being devised and which it became necessary to combat.

Our own Army had several divisions competing one with another for materials, transportation, housing, and so forth; on top of that there prevailed the demands of the Shipping Board, with the slogan that ships would win the war, and of the Food Administration, with the slogan that food would win the war; further, there was the Railroad Administration with its need for matériel and labor; and finally there was the feverish quest for labor and supplies on the part of the munitions-makers—all competing for labor, money, materials, transportation, fuel, power, and each insisting on the greater importance of its activity. All this while the labor supply was being lessened by the flow of men into the Army.

While an endeavor was being made to bring order out of chaos, the great

undertaking had to go on. Men, ships, munitions, food, matériel, had to be provided. Old organizations, bureaus, and traditions had to be met and changed, but not destroyed until the new was set up. The wonder of it all is, not that there were so many mistakes, but that so much was accomplished.

At the time we entered the war, prices were at their peak, and tending higher because of the war's insatiable demands. The problem was not alone to secure the materials and labor and to stop the confusion, but to do it in such a way that the morale of the people would be maintained. The prices of some things, like steel and copper, were fixed far below prevailing rates, and the wages of labor in those industries were standardized. The more highly organized an industry, the easier it was to arrange. Order did not commence to appear until the Army funneled its needs through one man sitting with a section of the War Industries Board, and until the Navy, Shipping Board, Allies, and Railroad Administration did likewise. Each department satisfied its requirements through a central authoritative body. This was called the War Industries Board, controlling and directing all materials and coördinating through its chairman the whole system of governmental and civilian supply and demand. It was created by executive order in March of the year 1918.

Briefly, this Board endeavored to mobilize the industries of America so that the fighting forces of the Allied and Associated nations could draw from the United States — the last reservoir of men, materials, and money — the things needed for the winning of the war at the time the things were needed and with the least dislocation of industry and the least disturbance of the civilian population.

II

The War Industries Board was organized like any other supervisory committee, with a chairman, vice-chairman, members in charge of various activities, bureau chiefs, and subordinate workers. It surveyed and sought to arrange the whole industrial war-field under the plenary powers conferred by the President and the Congress. How well it did this is a story for others to tell. What it did is the basis of the plan I am here drawing.

It was comparatively easy to fix prices and to distribute materials, and indeed to stabilize the wages of labor in those industries in which prices were fixed. The labor situation, however, became increasingly difficult, particularly when General Crowder found it necessary to withdraw men for the proposed campaign of 1919 after 4,000,000 soldiers had already been taken.

Much has been said about the profiteering of labor. It is an unjust accusation. It is only fair to say that this condition was primarily brought about through the inexperience of the organization within our own governmental departments and by the furious bidding of munitions-makers and shipbuilders for services. That situation, together with the increased prices of the things that labor had to buy with the results of its work, made it inevitable that labor must get higher wages.

So it became evident that the price-fixing programme had to go even further, and the War Industries Board, when the Armistice came, was proceeding with a campaign to fix the prices of all the basic things that labor had to buy. Some had previously been fixed. I speak of labor in a much broader sense than manual labor, for the unorganized so-called 'white collar' part

of our community — clerks, teachers, government employees, professional men — were less able to meet the situation than labor in the narrower sense. For the protection and relief of such groups certain plans were devised. To illustrate: —

One of them provided that manufacturers, jobbers, and retailers of shoes could make and sell shoes only of a specified quality at a fixed price, effective July 1919. No one who did not have a card of the War Industries Board in his window could sell shoes, and only the standardized shoes could be sold. No jobber or manufacturer would sell shoes to anybody who did not have this card. The shoes were to be stamped Class A, B, or C, and had to be of the quality prescribed and sold at the price fixed. The country was so organized in every district that there could be immediately reported to Washington the name of any shoe retailer who did not carry out the regulations of the War Industries Board as to price and quality. Through restrictions on his labor, money, raw materials, and transportation, no manufacturer would have been permitted to sell to any dealer violating the regulations. The Armistice stopped the execution of this plan.

Another plan of this nature: the manufacturers of men's and women's wearing-apparel had in 1918 been called to Washington, together with the retailers of various goods, and notified that regulations would have to be made in regard to retail prices and standardization of clothing.

The rulings by the Board were made known through the issuance of official bulletins at irregular intervals, and were widely distributed by the press, which coöperated in this most necessary work with a whole-hearted purpose that gave to the orders of the War Industries Board the instant and broad circulation they required.

Mr. Hoover already was doing much to perfect his control of food products and prices. There was also talk of fixing rents, and in some cities this was done.

If we were to start, in the event of another war, at the place where we were industrially when the World War ended, the President, acting through an agency similar to the War Industries Board, would have the right to fix prices of all things as of a date previous to the declaration of war when there was a fair peace-time relationship among the various activities of the nation. It would be illegal to buy, sell, serve, or rent at any other than these prices. Brakes would be applied to every agency of inflation before the hurtful process started. An intelligent control of the flow of men, money, and materials would be imposed, instead of having the blind panic heretofore ensuing on the first appearance of the frantic demands of war. The Draft Board would have before it the rulings of the Priority Committee, together with the estimated needs of every business and profession in its relationship to the conduct of the war, and men would be selected accordingly. The Draft Board could more intelligently decide, with the advice of the Priority Committee, many of the problems with which it would be faced. There would be no sending of men to the trenches who were needed for expert industrial war-work and then bringing them back again. Businesses not necessary to the winning of the war would be curtailed. The Draft Board would have that information before it.

The prices of all things being fixed, the Price Fixing Committee would make any necessary adjustments, as was done during the war. Under the system used in 1918 these prices were made public and adjusted every three months, so that any consumer or

producer had his day in court when he considered prices unfair. Those who complained that during the war prices were too high had this ready recourse to hand.

In the meantime all the industries of the country would have been mobilized by the formation of committees representative of each industry, as was done in the World War. Over them would be placed a government director or commodity chief. The various government departments would appoint committees representing their requirements, so that on one committee the resources of the nation would be represented and on the other the demands of the Government. The government director would stand between to decide, in conjunction with the Priority Committee, to what department supplies should go.

Money would be controlled and directed like any other resource. 'Taking the profit out of war' is not synonymous with 'conscription of wealth,' as it is sometimes regarded. The latter is a theoretical project, prohibited by our Constitution, contrary to the spirit of our social and political institutions, and impossible in practice. Taking the profit out of war is an orderly and scientific development of the economics and conduct of modern war, necessary to the effective mobilization of national resources and indispensable to equalizing the burdens of war among the armed and civilian population. Born of experience and proved by practice, it removes some of the most destructive concomitants of modern war — the confusion and waste incident to war-time inflation.

This term 'conscription of wealth,' used by so many, has created a hope among those of socialistic tendencies, and a fear among those who, like me, believe in our system based upon personal initiative and reward, of a taking of money, without payment, for the

use of the State. Neither the hope nor the fear is justified by the recommendation herein contained or by our experience in the war. The use of money should be controlled and directed in a national emergency. A man should no more be permitted to use his money as he wishes than he should be permitted to use the production of his mine, mill, or factory except through the general supervising agency. This was being done toward the end of the war.

During the final phase of the World War no man or corporation or institution could raise money without the approval of the Capital Issues Committee of the Treasury Department, which committee in turn would not permit the borrowing of money unless the War Industries Board approved the use to which it was to be put. Thus the City of New York was not permitted to spend \$8,000,000 for the building of schools. The City of Philadelphia was prevented from making improvements that in peace time would have been necessary but in war time were not. Various states, counties, and cities, and a vast number of private concerns, were denied the use of money and materials for purposes not necessary for the winning of the war. Each part of the community had to adjust its wants to the whole great undertaking.

III

There have been a great many bills introduced into Congress on the subject of industrial mobilization, some sponsored by great organizations like the American Legion, and others by newspapers and publicists; but it is surprising how little knowledge there was, on the part of those who drew up the bills, of the practicability and feasibility of so mobilizing our resources that it would be impossible to make as much profit in war as in time of peace.

Take into consideration the fact that the following things were being done in 1918:—

General Crowder, who was in charge of the draft, had asked the chairman of the War Industries Board where he could obtain additional men needed for the Army in France with the least possible dislocation of the war-making industrial civilian machinery, and we were in the process of replacing male labor with women. By a system of priorities, the Board was allocating to our own Army and Navy, to the Allies, and to the essential war-industries, the things they required. It was making priority rulings as to transportation, and they were being followed out by the Railroad Administrator. The Fuel Administrator distributed fuel only on the rulings of the War Industries Board. The Board was engaged in disentangling and removing the many conflicts and competitive efforts involved in labor and buildings that had previously occurred because of lack of any coordinating agency. It was allocating power and making regulations for the hitching-up of scattered units of power. It was changing munitions orders from congested to less congested districts. It had actually carried into effect an order that no building involving \$2500 or more could be undertaken without the approval of the War Industries Board. No steel, no cement, no material of any kind could be used for any purpose whatsoever unless the War Industries Board permitted it. No steel company could sell over five tons of steel unless approved by the Director of Steel. The Treasury would not permit the raising of money for any industrial or financial operation unless it was approved by the War Industries Board. The President issued an order that no commandeering should be done by the Army, Navy, Shipping Board, or Food Administration without

the approval of the chairman of the War Industries Board. Every raw-material industry, and indeed practically every industry in the country, was organized through appointment of committees, and none of these industries would do any business except under the rulings promulgated by the Board. Standardization in every industry was rapidly proceeding. These rulings were made known through the issuance of official bulletins at irregular intervals, and were distributed by the press. We were endeavoring to arrange it so that the fighting forces were to receive those things which they needed and no more, so that whatever was not actually required at the front was left to civilian purposes. Industries were curtailed, but never destroyed; skeletonized, but never killed. Indeed, the use of men, money, and materials was rapidly being brought into exactly that condition which I have previously stated to be necessary in case of another war.

If, in addition to this, the President in the future has the authority to fix prices and distribution of materials and labor, rent, and the use of man-power, transportation, fuel, and all the things necessary for the conduct of the war, any rise in prices will be prevented, even in anticipation of war. There are many who claim that war is caused primarily by the desire of profit. I am not one of those; but if there is anything in this contention this plan will remove the possibility of anybody urging war as a means of making profits. Even if there are no men who desire war as a means of making profit, the fact that profits would be less in war than in peace, and wealth and resources would be directed by the Government, might have some active deterring influence on men of great resources. Instead of being passive, they might become active advocates of peace.

There are many people who are, for various reasons, afraid to discuss the subject during peace time, and prefer to wait for war. There are also some great manufacturers who oppose any such plan because they were seriously interfered with during the war time. Indeed it has been the experience of some of those responsible for the industrial mobilization in the World War to remain the objects of venomous attack begun during the time that the necessities of the nation made it imperative to control activities and profits. Some critics were prominent manufacturers who said: 'Tell us what the Government wants, and we will fill the orders; but don't interfere with the sale of the part of our product that the Government does not want to use.' That was unthinkable. President Wilson decreed that fair prices for the Government were fair prices for civilians. I must say, however, that the vast majority of American manufacturers rose to the situation in such a splendid way as to bring the following commendation from Woodrow Wilson: 'They turned aside from every private interest of their own and devoted the whole of their trained capacity to the tasks that supplied the sinews of the whole great undertaking. The patriotism, the unselfishness, the thoroughgoing devotion and distinguished capacity that marked their toilsome labors day after day, month after month, have made them fit mates and comrades to the men in the trenches and on the seas.'

There are many men who are afraid that the adoption of this plan by Congress would give an impetus to socialism or communism or sovietism or whatever they may call it, because, they say, 'if you show it can be done in war time, there will be a demand that it be done in peace time.' It cannot be done in peace time. There can be no great undertaking without a strong moving cause. In peace time the

moving cause is personal initiative and payment for services performed. The substitute for that in war time is the common danger.

The War Industries Board was the foremost advocate of price-fixing and distribution, and it had great power in this field; but when the Armistice came it recognized that peace conditions were being restored, and it was the first to change the war-time order of things and to leave to the people themselves the readjustment of their affairs. I am satisfied that it is impossible for the Government to do in peace time what I am advocating, although it becomes absolutely necessary in order to conduct a modern war successfully and to conduct it on a non-profiteering basis.

The application of this plan, besides making the nation a coherent unit in time of war, would impress upon every class in society a sense of its own responsibility in such event. If it were known that this universal responsibility would be enforced, no class — social, financial, or industrial — could fail to understand that, in case of war, it would have to bear its fair share of the burdens involved, and would have to make sacrifices of profit, convenience, and personal liberty correlatively with those made by the soldiers in the field. To this extent the plan would act as a positive deterrent to any hasty recourse to force in an international controversy.

One thing that has definitely come from the war is the necessity of arranging affairs so that a portion of the population shall not be sent to the front to bear all the physical hardships and their consequences while others are left behind to profit by their absence. If applied at the outbreak, the War Industries Board (as it was functioning at the close of the World War) would prevent this, and lessen, if not remove, the social and economic evils that come as the aftermath of war.

NOTES ON THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

BY E. M. FORSTER

First Note. I had better let the cat out of the bag at once and record my opinion that the character of the English is essentially middle-class. There is a sound historical reason for this, for, since the end of the eighteenth century, the middle classes have been the dominant force in our community. They gained wealth by the Industrial Revolution, political power by the Reform Bill of 1832; they are connected with the rise and organization of the British Empire; they are responsible for the literature of the nineteenth century. Solidity, caution, integrity, efficiency. Lack of imagination, hypocrisy. These qualities characterize the middle classes in every country, but in England they are national characteristics also, because only in England have the middle classes been in power for one hundred and fifty years. Napoleon, in his rude way, called us 'a nation of shopkeepers.' We prefer to call ourselves 'a great commercial nation,' — it sounds more dignified, — but the two phrases amount to the same. Of course there are other classes: there is an aristocracy, there are the poor. But it is on the middle classes that the eye of the critic rests — just as it rests on the poor in Russia and on the aristocracy in Japan. Russia is symbolized by the peasant or by the factory worker; Japan by the samurai; the national figure of England is Mr. Bull with his top hat, his comfortable clothes, his substantial stomach, and his substantial balance at the bank. Saint George may caper on banners and in

the speeches of politicians, but it is John Bull who delivers the goods. And even Saint George — if Gibbon is correct — wore a top hat once; he was an army contractor and supplied indifferent bacon. It all amounts to the same in the end.

Second Note. Just as the heart of England is the middle classes, so the heart of the middle classes is the public-school system. This extraordinary institution is local. It does not even exist all over the British Isles. It is unknown in Ireland, almost unknown in Scotland (countries excluded from my survey), and though it may inspire other great institutions — Aligarh, for example, and some of the schools in the United States — it remains unique, because it was created by the Anglo-Saxon middle classes, and can flourish only where they flourish. How perfectly it expresses their character — far better, for instance, than does the university, into which social and spiritual complexities have already entered. With its boarding-houses, its compulsory games, its system of prefects and fagging, its insistence on good form and on esprit de corps, it produces a type whose weight is out of all proportion to its numbers.

On leaving his school, the boy either sets to work at once — goes into the army or into business, or emigrates — or else proceeds to the university, and after three or four years there enters some other profession — becomes a barrister, doctor, civil servant, school-master, or journalist. (If through

some mishap he does not become a manual worker or an artist.) In all these careers his education, or the absence of it, influences him. Its memories influence him also. Many men look back on their school days as the happiest of their lives. They remember with regret that golden time when life, though hard, was not yet complex; when they all worked together and played together and thought together, so far as they thought at all; when they were taught that school is the world in miniature, and believed that no one can love his country who does not love his school. And they prolong that time as best they can by joining their Old Boys' society; indeed, some of them remain Old Boys and nothing else for the rest of their lives. They attribute all good to the school. They worship it. They quote the remark that 'the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton.' It is nothing to them that the remark is inapplicable historically and was never made by the Duke of Wellington, and that the Duke of Wellington was an Irishman. They go on quoting it because it expresses their sentiments; they feel that if the Duke of Wellington did n't make it he ought to have, and if he was n't an Englishman he ought to have been. And they go forth into a world that is not entirely composed of public-school men or even of Anglo-Saxons, but of men who are as various as the sands of the sea; into a world of whose richness and subtlety they have no conception. They go forth into it with well-developed bodies, fairly developed minds, and undeveloped hearts. And it is this undeveloped heart that is largely responsible for the difficulties of Englishmen abroad. An undeveloped heart — not a cold one. The difference is important, and on it my next note will be based.

For it is not that the Englishman

can't feel — it is that he is afraid to feel. He has been taught at his public school that feeling is bad form. He must not express great joy or sorrow, or even open his mouth too wide when he talks — his pipe might fall out if he did. He must bottle up his emotions, or let them out only on a very special occasion.

Once upon a time (this is an anecdote) I went for a week's holiday on the Continent with an Indian friend. We both enjoyed ourselves and were sorry when the week was over, but on parting our behavior was absolutely different. He was plunged in despair. He felt that because the holiday was over all happiness was over until the world ended. He could not express his sorrow too much. But in me the Englishman came out strong. I reflected that we should meet again in a month or two, and could write in the interval if we had anything to say; and under these circumstances I could not see what there was to make a fuss about. It was n't as if we were parting forever or dying. 'Buck up,' I said, 'do buck up.' He refused to buck up, and I left him plunged in gloom.

The conclusion of the anecdote is even more instructive. For when we met the next month our conversation threw a good deal of light on the English character. I began by scolding my friend. I told him that he had been wrong to feel and display so much emotion upon so slight an occasion; that it was inappropriate. The word 'inappropriate' roused him to fury. 'What?' he cried. 'Do you measure out your emotions as if they were potatoes?' I did not like the simile of the potatoes, but after a moment's reflection I said, 'Yes, I do; and what's more, I think I ought to. A small occasion demands a little emotion, just as a large occasion demands a great one. I would like my emotions to be

appropriate. This may be measuring them like potatoes, but it is better than slopping them about like water from a pail, which is what you did.' *He* did not like the simile of the pail. 'If those are your opinions, they part us forever,' he cried, and left the room. Returning immediately, he added: 'No — but your whole attitude toward emotion is wrong. Emotion has nothing to do with appropriateness. It matters only that it shall be sincere. I happened to feel deeply. I showed it. It does n't matter whether I ought to have felt deeply or not.'

This remark impressed me very much. Yet I could not agree with it, and said that I valued emotion as much as he did, but used it differently; if I poured it out on small occasions I was afraid of having none left for the great ones, and of being bankrupt at the crises of life. Note the word 'bankrupt.' I spoke as a member of a prudent middle-class nation, always anxious to meet my liabilities. But my friend spoke as an Oriental, and the Oriental has behind him a tradition, not of middle-class prudence, but of kingly munificence and splendor. He feels his resources are endless, just as John Bull feels his are finite. As regards material resources, the Oriental is clearly unwise. Money is n't endless. If we spend or give away all the money we have, we have n't any more, and must take the consequences, which are frequently unpleasant. But, as regards the resources of the spirit, he may be right. The emotions may be endless. The more we express them, the more we may have to express.

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away,

says Shelley. Shelley, at all events, believes that the wealth of the spirit is endless; that we may express it copiously, passionately, and always;

and that we can never feel sorrow or joy too acutely.

In the above anecdote, I have figured as a typical Englishman. I will now descend from that dizzy and somewhat unfamiliar height, and return to my business of note-taking. A note on the *slowness* of the English character. The Englishman appears to be cold and unemotional because he is really slow. When an event happens, he may understand it quickly enough with his mind, but he takes quite a while to feel it. Once upon a time a coach, containing some Englishmen and some Frenchmen, was driving over the Alps. The horses ran away, and as they were dashing across a bridge the coach caught on the stonework, tottered, and nearly fell into the ravine below. The Frenchmen were frantic with terror: they screamed and gesticulated and flung themselves about, as Frenchmen would. The Englishmen sat quite calm. An hour later the coach drew up at an inn to change horses, and by that time the situations were exactly reversed. The Frenchmen had forgotten all about the danger, and were chattering gayly; the Englishmen had just begun to feel it, and one had a nervous breakdown and was obliged to go to bed. We have here a clear physical difference between the two races — a difference that goes deep into character. The Frenchmen responded at once; the Englishmen responded in time. They were slow and they were also practical. Their instinct forbade them to throw themselves about in the coach, because it was more likely to tip over if they did. They had this extraordinary appreciation of *fact* that we shall notice again and again. When a disaster comes, the English instinct is to do what can be done first, and to postpone the feeling as long as possible. Hence they are splendid at emergencies. No doubt they are brave, — no one will deny

that, — but bravery is partly an affair of the nerves, and the English nervous system is well equipped for meeting a physical emergency. It acts promptly and feels slowly. Such a combination is fruitful, and anyone who possesses it has gone a long way toward being brave. And when the action is over, then the Englishman can feel.

There is one more consideration — a most important one. If the English nature is cold, how is it that it has produced a great literature and a literature that is particularly great in poetry? Judged by its prose, English literature would not stand in the first rank. It is its poetry that raises it to the level of Greek, Persian, or French. And yet the English are supposed to be so unpoetical. How is this? The nation that produced the Elizabethan drama and the Lake Poets cannot be a cold, unpoetical nation. We can't get fire out of ice. Since literature always rests upon national character, there must be in the English nature hidden springs of fire to produce the fire we see. The warm sympathy, the romance, the imagination, that we look for in Englishmen whom we meet, and too often vainly look for, must exist in the nation as a whole, or we could not have this outburst of national song. An undeveloped heart — not a cold one.

The trouble is that the English nature is not at all easy to understand. It has a great air of simplicity, it advertises itself as simple, but the more we consider it, the greater the problems we shall encounter. People talk of the mysterious East, but the West also is mysterious. It has depths that do not reveal themselves at the first gaze. We know what the sea looks like from a distance: it is of one color, and level, and obviously cannot contain such creatures as fish. But if we look into the sea over the edge of a boat, we see a dozen colors, and depth below depth,

and fish swimming in them. That sea is the English character — apparently imperturbable and even. The depths and the colors are the English romanticism and the English sensitiveness — we do not expect to find such things, but they exist. And — to continue my metaphor — the fish are the English emotions, which are always trying to get up to the surface, but don't quite know how. For the most part we see them moving far below, distorted and obscure. Now and then they succeed and we exclaim, 'Why the Englishman has emotions! He actually can feel!' And occasionally we see that beautiful creature the flying fish, which rises out of the water altogether into the air and the sunlight. English literature is a flying fish. It is a sample of the life that goes on day after day beneath the surface; it is a proof that beauty and emotion exist in the salt, inhospitable sea.

And now let's get back to terra firma. The Englishman's attitude toward criticism will give us another starting-point. He is not annoyed by criticism. He listens or not as the case may be, smiles and passes on, saying, 'Oh, the fellow's jealous'; 'Oh, I'm used to Bernard Shaw; monkey tricks don't hurt me.' It never occurs to him that the fellow may be accurate as well as jealous, and that he might do well to take the criticism to heart and profit by it. It never strikes him — except as a form of words — that he is capable of improvement; his self-complacency is abysmal. Other nations, both Oriental and European, have an uneasy feeling that they are not quite perfect. In consequence they resent criticism. It hurts them; and their snappy answers often mask a determination to improve themselves. Not so the Englishman. He has no uneasy feeling. Let the critics bark. And the 'tolerant humorous attitude' with which he

confronts them is not really tolerant, because it is insensitive, and not really humorous, because it is bounded by the titter and the guffaw.

Turn over the pages of *Punch*. There is neither wit, laughter, nor satire in our national jester — only the snigger of a suburban householder who can understand nothing that does not resemble himself. Week after week, under Mr. Punch's supervision, a man falls off his horse, or a colonel misses a golf ball, or a little girl makes a mistake in her prayers. Week after week ladies show not too much of their legs, foreigners are deprecated, originality condemned. Week after week a bricklayer does not do as much work as he ought and a futurist does more than he need. It is all supposed to be so good-tempered and clean; it is also supposed to be funny. It is actually an outstanding example of our attitude toward criticism: the middle-class Englishman, with a smile on his clean-shaven lips, is engaged in admiring himself and ignoring the rest of mankind. If, in those colorless pages, he came across anything that really was funny — a drawing by Max Beerbohm, for instance — his smile would disappear, and he would say to himself, 'The fellow's a bit of a crank,' and pass on.

This particular attitude reveals such insensitiveness as to suggest a more serious charge: is the Englishman altogether indifferent to the things of the spirit? Let us glance for a moment at his religion — not, indeed, at his theology, which would not merit inspection, but at the action on his daily life of his belief in the unseen. Here again his attitude is practical. But an innate decency comes out: he is thinking of others rather than of himself. Right conduct is his aim. He asks of his religion that it shall make him a better man in daily life; that he shall be more kind, more just, more merciful, more

desirous to fight what is evil and to protect what is good. No one could call this a low conception. It is, as far as it goes, a spiritual one. Yet — and this seems to me typical of the race — it is only half the religious idea. Religion is more than an ethical code with a divine sanction. It is also a means through which man may get into direct connection with the divine, and, judging by history, few Englishmen have succeeded in doing this. We have produced no series of prophets, as has Judaism or Islam. We have not even produced a Joan of Arc, or a Savonarola. We have produced few saints. In Germany the Reformation was due to the passionate conviction of Luther. In England it was due to a palace intrigue. We can show a steady level of piety, a fixed determination to live decently according to our lights — little more.

Well, it is something. It clears us of the charge of being an unspiritual nation. That facile contrast between the spiritual East and the materialistic West can be pushed too far. The West also is spiritual. Only it expresses its belief, not in fasting and visions, not in prophetic rapture, but in the daily round, the common task. An incomplete expression, if you like. I agree. But the argument underlying these scattered notes is that the Englishman is an incomplete person. Not a cold or an unspiritual one. But undeveloped, incomplete.

The attitude of the average orthodox Englishman is often misunderstood. It is thought that he must know that a doctrine — say, like that of the Trinity — is untrue. Moslems in particular feel that his faith is a dishonest compromise between polytheism and monotheism. The answer to this criticism is that the average orthodox Englishman is no theologian. He regards the Trinity as a mystery that it is not his place to solve. 'I find difficulties

enough in daily life,' he will say. 'I concern myself with those. As for the Trinity, it is a doctrine handed down to me from my fathers, whom I respect, and I hope to hand it down to my sons, and that they will respect me. No doubt it is true, or it would not have been handed down. And no doubt the clergy could explain it to me if I asked them; but, like myself, they are busy men, and I will not take up their time.'

In such an answer there is confusion of thought, if you like, but no conscious deceit, which is alien to the English nature. The Englishman's deceit is generally unconscious.

For I have suggested earlier that the English are sometimes hypocrites, and it is now my duty to develop this rather painful subject. Hypocrisy is the prime charge that is always brought against us. The Germans are called brutal, the Spanish cruel, the Americans superficial, and so on; but we are perfide Albion, the island of hypocrites, the people who have built up an Empire with a Bible in one hand, a pistol in the other, and financial concessions in both pockets. Is the charge true? I think it is; but while making it we must be quite clear as to what we mean by hypocrisy. Do we mean *conscious deceit*? Well, the English are comparatively guiltless of this; they have little of the Renaissance villain about them. Do we mean *unconscious deceit*? Muddle-headedness? Of this I believe them to be guilty. When an Englishman has been led into a course of wrong action, he has nearly always begun by muddling himself. A public-school education does not make for mental clearness, and he possesses to a very high degree the power of confusing his own mind. We have seen this tendency at work in the domain of theology; how does it work in the domain of conduct?

Jane Austen may seem an odd authority to cite, but Jane Austen has, within her limits, a marvelous insight into the English mind. Her range is limited, her characters never attempt any of the more scarlet sins. But she has a merciless eye for questions of conduct, and the classical example of two English people muddling themselves before they embark upon a wrong course of action is to be found in the opening chapters of *Sense and Sensibility*. Old Mr. Dashwood has just died. He has been twice married. By his first marriage he has a son, John; by his second marriage three daughters. The son is well off; the young ladies and their mother — for Mr. Dashwood's second wife survives him — are badly off. He has called his son to his death-bed and has solemnly adjured him to provide for the second family. Much moved, the young man promises, and mentally decides to give each of his sisters a thousand pounds; and then the comedy begins. For he announces his generous intention to his wife, and Mrs. John Dashwood by no means approves of depriving their own little boy of so large a sum. The thousand pounds are accordingly reduced to five hundred. But even this seems rather much. Might not an annuity to the stepmother be less of a wrench? Yes — but though less of a wrench it might be more of a drain, for 'she is very stout and healthy, and scarcely forty.' An occasional present of fifty pounds will be better, 'and will, I think, be amply discharging my promise to my father.' Or, better still, an occasional present of fish. And in the end nothing is done, nothing; the four impecunious ladies are not even helped in the moving of their furniture.

Well, are the John Dashwoods hypocrites? It depends upon our definition of hypocrisy. The young man could not see his evil impulses as they

gathered force and gained on him. And even his wife, though a worse character, is also self-deceived. She reflects that old Mr. Dashwood may have been out of his mind at his death. She thinks of her own little boy — and surely a mother ought to think of her own child. She has muddled herself so completely that in one sentence she can refuse the ladies the income that would enable them to keep a carriage and in the next can say that they will not be keeping a carriage and so will have no expenses. No doubt men and women in other lands can muddle themselves, too, yet the state of mind of Mr. and Mrs. John Dashwood seems to me typical of England. They are slow — they take time even to do wrong; whereas people in other lands do wrong quickly.

There are national faults as there are national diseases, and perhaps one can draw a parallel between them. It has always impressed me that the national diseases of England should be cancer and consumption — slow, insidious, pretending to be something else; while the diseases proper to the South should be cholera and plague, which strike at a man when he is perfectly well and may leave him a corpse by evening. Mr. and Mrs. John Dashwood are moral consumptives. They collapse gradually without realizing what the disease is. There is nothing dramatic or violent about their sin. You cannot call them villains.

Here is the place to glance at some of the other charges that have been brought against the English as a nation. They have, for instance, been accused of treachery, cruelty, and fanaticism. In these charges I have never been able to see the least point, because treachery and cruelty are conscious sins. The man knows he is doing wrong, and does it deliberately — like *Tartuffe* or *Iago*. He betrays his friend because he

wishes to. He tortures his prisoners because he enjoys seeing the blood flow. He worships the Devil because he prefers evil to good. From villainies such as these the average Englishman is free. His character, which prevents his rising to certain heights, also prevents him from sinking to these depths. Because he does n't produce mystics he does n't produce villains either; he gives the world no prophets, but no anarchists, no fanatics — religious or political.

Of course there are cruel and treacherous people in England — one has only to look at the police courts — and examples of public infamy can be found, such as the Amritsar massacre. But one does not look at the police courts or the military mind to find the soul of any nation; and the more English people one meets the more convinced one becomes that the charges as a whole are untrue. Yet foreign critics often make them. Why? Partly because they fix their eyes on the criminal classes, partly because they are annoyed with certain genuine defects in the English character, and in their irritation throw in cruelty in order to make the problem simpler. Moral indignation is always agreeable, but nearly always misplaced. It is indulged in both by the English and by the critics of the English. They all find it great fun. The drawback is that while they are amusing themselves the world becomes neither wiser nor better.

The main point of these notes is that the English character is incomplete. No national character is complete. We have to look for some qualities in one part of the world and others in another. But the English character is incomplete in a way that is particularly annoying to the foreign observer. It has a bad surface — self-complacent, unsympathetic, and reserved. There is plenty

of emotion further down, but it never gets used. There is plenty of brain power, but it is more often used to confirm prejudices than to dispel them. With such an equipment the Englishman cannot be popular. Only I would repeat: there is little vice in him and no real coldness. It is the machinery that is wrong.

I hope and believe myself that in the next twenty years we shall see a great change, and that the national character will alter into something that is less unique but more lovable. The supremacy of the middle classes is probably ending. What new element the working classes will introduce one cannot say, but at all events they will not have been educated at

public schools. And whether these notes praise or blame the English character — that is only incidental. They are the notes of a student who is trying to get at the truth and would value the assistance of others. I believe myself that the truth is great and that it shall prevail. I have no faith in official caution and reticence. The cats are all out of their bags, and diplomacy cannot recall them. The nations *must* understand one another, and quickly; and without the interposition of their governments, for the shrinkage of the globe is throwing them into one another's arms. To that understanding these notes are a feeble contribution — notes on the English character as it has struck a novelist.

SEVENTY-FOUR: AN ISLAND OF WATER

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

My subtitle is not a mere meaningless catch-phrase, but a reality. In writing of the life of an ordinary island one concerns one's self, and rightly, not only with the things bound to earth, but with the birds flying overhead, and the sea lions on the beach who live their active lives beneath the waves. The island of which I write is a tiny speck of the bottom of the Pacific Ocean; and my interest in it has to do with this bottom-land and its inhabitants as well as with the host of creatures that swim and float to and fro over it, at various elevations, up to the surface itself.

I justify my subtitle in another way.

The dictionary defines 'island' as a body of land entirely surrounded by water; to this characterization my island has a most logical right, for my definition uses the word 'surround' in the completer sense of being covered, as well as margined, by water. Even etymology comes to my aid, in the Old English *éaland*, which may be interpreted water-land or sea-land. This is exactly what I established in mid-ocean.

As to my title itself, taken from the number of the station established by my Arcturus expedition, no defense is required. Is it not the most holy and lucky of numbers, containing the

Hebraic significance of all that is abundant, satisfactory, and complete? As for precedent, I can indicate, in olden times, 'The Seventy,' the title of the seventy-two translators of the Septuagint; and — it seems only yesterday — who of us who have seen and heard them will forget those thousands upon thousands of long, slender stems, with upraised muzzles alert and ready, like the fangs of faithful watchdogs, stretching on and on in an unending, unbroken, unbreakable line, over hills and through valleys, like the towers of the Great Wall — *les soixante-quinze*!

My intention in regard to an island of water was simultaneous with my turning from the jungle to the ocean. It exemplifies my passion for small, restricted things. In many ways an island is much more significant to me than a continent; a solitary tree than a jungle; the life history of a single family of living creatures, or of one species, or — better still — of an individual, than casual studies of an entire phylum. This accounts for my biased researches in times past. I fear that the same characteristic would always rob a jail of its horror — there are reasons why I had rather be the Prisoner of Chillon than the Wandering Jew.

When I began studying the oceanographic voyages of past years, one thing stood out at once — the tremendous distances covered. The ship would stop to sound, make a haul, and then, up sails or steam, and away a few hundred miles to the next station — the very name 'station' being significant of railway speed. This was necessary, for pioneers in any field must be peripatetic. Much good Columbus would have done the world milling around in one spot in mid-ocean, or Balboa if he had been content to rest at the foot of his Darien peak. There is still need for hundreds of voyages of widest range

before we can know the distribution of ocean life with any accuracy.

My objects in the Arcturus adventure militated against any prolonged study of a single locality. To learn anything of the Sargasso Sea and the Humboldt Current it was necessary to cover hundreds and thousands of miles, and this I had done. But away at the back of my mind was an obstinate intention to have a try at making an island out of an enormously tall column of water resting on a limited bit of very wet land. I was conservative in my first attempt, and decided to select a place where the pillar of water was less than a mile in height. I say 'height' advisedly, for if anything is worth studying intensively, one must absolutely identify one's self with it. Some of the greatest joys of my life come when I shed the unlovely thing that I am condemned to carry about through life as transportation and periscope to my mind and soul. For the time being I must become pheasant, protozoan, sloth, or tree.

Now I was to become, not only a fish, but one on the bottom, — on the face of my island, — so that I must speak of the height, not the depth, of the water overhead. It is an easy thing to do, if you love to do it; and on land the reverse is equally facile, for the depth of air over a given place becomes almost a trite term when you have flown over it a score of times.

I cheated a little about my water island, perhaps, but I was so anxious to have it a success that I was willing to load the dice a bit. By this I mean that I let myself be influenced, in choosing the spot, by the memory of an unusually splendid haul that I had made not far away a few weeks before — not a very heinous thing, to be sure, but not quite so sporting as would have been steaming blindly ahead and

suddenly stopping anywhere in open ocean.

When I came to think of all the details of my new endeavor, the subconscious worry and fear of the whole expeditionary responsibility, always hanging over me, became more vivid, floating to the surface of my mind and unpitifully pointing out the situation. A ship is made to travel, its engine to throb; and although I was in complete command, yet the shadow of my old passenger subordination always lay heavy upon my decisions. There seemed, too, something against all the traditions of the sea in thus willfully turning a perfectly good vessel into a derelict of sorts even for a time. I pictured the weed and barnacles on the keel as sprouting forth in awful rapidity of growth during the period of inaction, the engines becoming rusty, the engineers and oilers falling asleep one by one — indeed, before I knew it I had visualized another Flying Dutchman, only under a static, instead of a dynamic, spell; I seemed to be laying the foundation of a Pacific sea of dead ships.

I prepared for the experiment by the study of a wholly different type of fish fauna, the shore fishes of Cocos Island — that speck of land so beloved by the pirates of old, about five hundred miles off the coast of Panama. If preliminary success was augury of good luck, I should have been contented, for the finny inhabitants of Chatham Bay yielded up their secrets in wonderful fashion. The rainy season had been a jest at the Galapagos, but no season ever merited the epithet more than the one we spent at Cocos. As I passed most of my time in my diving-helmet beneath the surface, I hardly noticed the constant downpour, but it was a fact that the air was saturated most of the time. Dwight Franklin one day laid on my laboratory desk a water-

color sketch marked 'Cocos,' a composition consisting of a wide expanse of sea with a small smudge of a rain-storm in the centre — a joke, but not an exaggeration.

When I had once halted my ship in mid-ocean I had no hesitation in knowing what to do. I wanted to learn all I could of what flew in the air, floated on the surface, dived in the depths, or burrowed into the substance of this tiny pin-point in the great Pacific. But now that I have finished and steamed away, and weeks have passed since the last dredge came up, I am confused as to the manner of telling about it. What I did, day and night, of dredging and trawling, was done so blindly, so gropingly, what came up was such a pitiful fraction of the great mass of life which must be below, that I feel like a deaf, dumb, and blind person attempting to interpret a wholly new and strange world.

With more usual islands one naturally begins with the life of the ground, then that of the trees; and finally, with net and gun and glasses, one collects and studies the beings of the free air. Here I shall reverse the process and begin with the top of the water column.

II

On Sunday, May 24, in the late afternoon, we pulled up anchor at Cocos Island and steamed westward out of Chatham Bay, slowly encircling the island. After skirting the southern headlands and passing the zone of uncharted shore, I gave orders to turn south; and in a swirl of wind and rain Cocos changed from dull green to gray, and finally was lost in the black mist of night. Under slow speed we crept southward, and at dawn, with the mountainous little island just visible on the northern horizon, Bill Merriam let go the sounding weight. Minute

after minute the piano wire hummed its song of swift descent into the blue waters, and came to rest at last when the seventy-five pounds of oval iron weight struck bottom in seven hundred and seventy-one fathoms, both weight and depth sonorously reiterating the sound of the new station's number — Seventy-four. Thus was made the first contact with my island of water.

For the next ten days, from early on this Monday of May 25 to five o'clock in the afternoon of June 3, we floated, within as small an area as was possible without anchoring, above the isle of our own making. I will give it the dignity of a definition such as used to be printed in our school geographies: —

'The centre of the island is four and a half degrees of latitude north of the equator, and eighty-seven degrees of longitude west of Greenwich. Its nearest terrestrial neighbor is Cocos Island, which is due north one degree, or sixty miles. To the southwest, three hundred and fifteen miles away, is Tower Island, the nearest of the Galapagos; the nearest point on the American continent is Llorena Point, Costa Rica, three hundred miles northeast. The inhabitants of Seventy-four are engaged chiefly in fishing, its exports being fish, sea cucumbers, jellyfish, and other marine products; while its imports consist of entangled dredges, coal ashes, and fresh-water rain. For ten days it was a colonial possession of the United States. It has now reverted to No Man's Land and the realm of memory and imagination.'

Cocos vanished from sight early in the evening of that damp Sunday, yet day and night thereafter we were constantly to feel her influence, even when sixty miles away. The rain steadied to a downpour, and as I looked out of my cabin door the deck was a maze of starred splashes, and the edge of the

blackness a thin screen of slanted pearl-gray lines etched on the substance of night.

At midnight the unending warp of rain still threaded the invisible sky and sea. I lay in my bunk and listened to the unearthly cries of the confused sea-birds. The high, shrill, pitiful notes filtered through the murk, and then suddenly several ghostly forms would shape themselves, fluttering tremulously far out in the driving wind and rain, proving that the darkness was not darkness after all.

In the museum of Uyen Park, Tokio, there was once an incomparable collection of kakemonos, the rarest work of the best old masters of Yeddo and China — all taken now by the earthquake. Unknown to me there was hidden, deep within a forgotten cell of memory, a clear-cut vision of one showing sea gulls flying in the rain. And now, on this rainy midnight at sea, the picture flashed to consciousness, for there before me, framed in the long rectangle of my cabin door, Hokusai's kakemono lived again.

III

I lay back in the bunk, writing on my drawn-up knees, my posture recalling Stevenson or Mark Twain in everything except the value of what I wrote. A half-hour passed, and the rain was Monday's rain, when I heard a gentle whipping of wings — the sharper tone which is given out when wings are very wet.

In mid-air in my cabin, beating a little cross-current to my electric fan, was one of the fairy terns of Cocos. As I looked, the immaculate little beauty fluttered upward and poised close to the wall light, then sank slowly and came to rest on my knee. I finished my sentence and began to write a description of the dainty bird while it ruffled

and shook and settled its plumage into place, showering me with drops. I felt no envy for Stevenson or Mark Twain now. For the space of several minutes we looked at each other, the tern much the more composed and less breathless of the two of us. Then, light as thistle-down, it rose, fluttered over to my desk, and alighted in the middle of a large map of Cocos Island which happened to be lying there. (Go ahead, reader, say it yourself; I won't bother to write it.)

For a long time the bird preened its white plumage, looking about with its dark, quick eyes and burying the slender beak deep in the feathers, fluffing them out. The chicory-blue of the beak was just the touch needed to set off the snow-white plumage. As it preened, it walked slowly about on the paper Cocos, the violet-blue webs between the toes pattering softly. Then the long, angled, capable wings were stretched, high, high up, and a half-dozen quick beats lifted the whole little being, making palpable the thin air. Without haste, yet without hesitation, the fairy tern drifted out of the door, glimmered like a painted kakemono ghost for a moment, and vanished.

I watched the same slanting lines, listened in vain for any last call it might have sent back, and wondered whether I had not dreamed a dream. But the map of Cocos Island showed a cluster of little swollen blisters where the damp drops had raised the paper, and to the paper-flat slopes of Mount Harrison there clung a tiny feather — not a soft and downy feather from the body, but a little tertiary from the wing itself.

Again I looked out and marveled how such a pinch of white fluff, scarcely a foot in length, weighing less than five ounces, could have the courage on such a night to leave light and shelter

and safety — for it had showed not the slightest fear of me — and launch out into the driving rain, with the nearest tree forty miles away.

During this first night of rain and wind, boobies by the dozen also sought haven on the lighted steamer, in a manner far different from that of the white tern. They heralded their coming with squawks, sounding muffled through the distance and rain, and then flopped to the decks or against the cabins with a bang. Thereupon they raised their voices to the highest pitch of raucous outcry, launching awful protests, screaming curses of anger and fright, until the steamer rang with the noise. Toward morning a great red-footed booby bludgeoned into my room, missed my face by a narrow margin, and thrashed his way out again.

I snapped on the light and envisaged a mill of devil birds. At my threshold my visitor encountered another of his kind, a hated rival of long standing, it appeared to me. Each immediately credited the other with all the blame for the storm, the confusion, and an intense dislike for this new-found sanctuary. A battle ensued, and with beaks gripped on one another's bodies the combatants remained locked, lying on their sides, squawking full steam through half-closed beaks until I went out and hurled them both over the rail. After the voluntary leave-taking of the white tern I had no fear for the safety of these great birds, provided the plunge cooled their frenzy of hate.

The rain ceased just before dawn and gave place to a strange, hard sunrise — a scarlet slit in the ash-gray of the east, and an unreal, pallid, greenish expanse in the north. In this eerie light, at five-thirty, we made the first sounding, which I have described.

IV

In the ten days during which I floated over my island I had rather remarkable luck in recording birds. I observed seventy-four altogether, comprising thirteen species. Six of these were sea birds from Cocos, which had come this great distance to some favorite feeding-ground, or, in a few instances, had perhaps been blown farther than they had intended to fly. Of those which came on board on nights of stress and storm, some were obviously exhausted, but most were apparently strong on the wing, and only confused and distracted from their true course by the sudden vision of the ship's lights.

Five species, three petrels and two shearwaters, were true pelagic birds, feeding as they flew and paying no attention to the vessel. Then there were two strays, probably storm-driven — a gull and a warbler.

To be more specific, one day a frigate bird flew past, with its marvelously slow wing-beats, headed for Cocos. It may have been out for days without tiring, and in the case of such low-lying storms as those hereabout could easily rise above the level of the rain. The two Cocos boobies, the red-footed and the white-breasted, came in numbers to our lights. These birds travel thirty and forty miles to and from certain fishing-grounds, but are not capable of nearly so prolonged flight as the frigates. The boobies of Tower Island feed, for the most part, forty miles away from home, in the direction of Indefatigable, although fish seem quite as abundant near at hand; and at Cocos the same inexplicable habit would seem to hold. We caught several boobies on the decks and caged them for exhibition in the Zoölogical Park. When first caught they were fiends incarnate, dashing

themselves against the wire, screaming, and striking fiercely with their powerful beaks. Within three days they had become quiet, almost gentle, making no attempt to injure the hand that provided them with fish. A hint of the wonderful sight and balance that they use in diving after their prey is shown in the way they catch pieces of fish, for no matter how swiftly it is thrown, or at what awkward angle, with a slight twist of the neck the fish is caught.

Shearwaters were in sight almost every day — the dusky, and the larger white-fronted species. One day while I was watching a school of tunnies leaping high in air, a dusky shearwater wheeled into sight directly in front of the bow. I watched it with the glasses for a time and, as I had paper and pencil, followed its flight. I know of no bird better named than this. First on one side of the bow, then on the other, the bird described loops, doubling almost into figure-of-eights. Once it put on full brakes with wings and feet, spattered for a few feet through the water, with quick-paddling webs, snatched a small fish, swallowed it, and left.

When I had it in the field of my glasses I saw what to me was a wholly new observation — the dipping of the under wing-tip well into the water at almost each outer edge of the turns; and not only this, but a very apparent throbbing or successive fluttering of that wing alone (the other being held quite still), as if to increase the braking power or the fulcrum value of the heavier medium. It reminded me somewhat of my old days of pole-vaulting, when, running at full speed, I struck the tip of the pole into the ground. Time after time I watched the little furrow that the wing made, and saw the tremulous pressing against the slight hold of the water. After

forty or fifty observed repetitions I have not the slightest doubt of the material assistance that this habit gives to the ease of swift pivoting and steep banking.

Mother Carey's chickens, or stormy petrels, were present on most days, regardless of waves and winds, flickering cheerfully about their business of finding small prey. Leach's and dark-rumped petrels I expected to find, but when a white-faced petrel (*Pelagodroma marina*) flew on board late one evening I knew I had a prize. This bird has its centre of distribution near Australia and New Zealand, but here was a straggler thousands of miles away, and yet strong on the wing and in good health. It became confused by the ship's lights, flew on board, and was not able to rise from the flat deck. It is accidents such as this that keep scientists from becoming conceited, realizing, as they must, how much of their knowledge depends on chance or accident.

The stray gull was peculiar to the Galapagos, and it flew around the ship wing-wearily one morning, like the one I had seen the week before at Cocos. Storm or wind or some strange wandering instinct must have brought them over more than three hundred miles of ocean. The white tern and the two species of noddies were all Cocos birds, out fishing when the drenching rain and high wind forced them to come aboard for rest. Numbers of birds must perish in every severe storm; for although these sea birds have well-oiled plumage and webbed feet, yet a strange fear of the water obsesses them, and they alight on its surface only as a last resort, dreading some danger unknown to me, whether of shark or other fish, or of the fatal water-soaking of already drenched wings. Of my island avifauna there remains to be described only the most

unexpected visitor — a dainty Cocos Island yellow warbler, which appeared one morning in the rigging. The wind of the preceding night had blown from the east; it was not overstrong, and the night, although dark, was without rain; the arrival of this land bird was therefore wholly unexpected. For an hour it preened its plumage, then half-heartedly sang a single phrase of its simple ditty. It next flew down to the deck, where, with the skill of a professional flycatcher far transcending that of an ordinary warbler, it caught two flies which were humming about a dead fish. A moment later it rose, in a steep ascending spiral, and after gaining an elevation of about two hundred feet it darted along the compass line for Cocos, fifty-eight miles away.

V

As to completeness of representation of vertebrate classes on my island, I announce failure at once. No amphibian, whether frog, toad, or polliwog, existed nearer than the American mainland, but this was the only group missing. I lay flat in my bow pulpit one day, while we were slowly steaming in a great circle, drawing a half-dozen large tow-nets, when I saw two rocks ahead, just awash. Before the first impression could crystallize into actual belief, I detected the rounded, up-turned heads, and knew that the class of reptiles could be included in my island fauna. They were big green sea-turtles, although one belied its name, for its shell was a warm brick-red in color, dotted here and there with large white barnacles. They drifted slowly past me, one on each side of the Arc-turus, merely turning their big heads, but not otherwise moving until they were tumbled by the bow waves, when they immediately dived.

Two species of sea mammals paid

the Arcturus and the island a visit within the ten days' space. Three great schools of dolphins churned past, headed northeastward. On three other days a school or sound of small whales — some species of blackfish — passed, going in the same direction. The third lot, twenty-seven in number, appeared in the late afternoon of our last day. They split up temporarily, twelve or fifteen coming close to have a look at this strange, larger whale. They rolled ponderously about, sighed audibly and sprayfully, and steamed steadily after their fellows.

Although my sunken island is sixty miles south of Cocos, yet now and then I find a dead land-insect or some seeds in the surface towing-nets — a tiny cockchafer or June bug, a water-worn hawk-moth, or a flying ant. On May 29, twenty or more dragon-flies appeared suddenly on board and hawked about, catching nothing that I could see, although since the warbler had taken the lonely pair of flies I had seen about a dozen others on board. I caught one of the dragon-flies and found it was a large species peculiar to Cocos, with wings hyaline except for a black spot near the base of the hinder pair. On another day a butterfly flew about the ship for hours — one of the strong-winged, leaf-shaped, orange-and-black brassalids common on the island to the north.

All this radiation of living creatures — birds and insects, and, as we shall see, plants and fish — over half a hundred miles from a small island, across, rather than with, the prevailing winds and currents, gave me an entirely new idea as to the effectiveness of oceanic distribution, and one which was rather destructive to former theories I have held. If my island had suddenly appeared above the surface, and if we granted a certain amount of scientific license in the matter of soil

ready to hand, there would have accrued to it a surprising number of living beings, judging by the restricted space-observation from the deck of my vessel and from the brief time-period of ten days.

This point of view is thrilling to me, and some day, when my physical activities become curtailed by age, so that I shall be compelled to shift from tennis to golf, from dancing to contemplation, I shall give up my active exploration and diving and hunting, and settle down upon a barren desert island. If one recently elevated by a submarine earthquake or other terrestrial disturbance is not available, I shall manufacture one for myself out of concrete or coral and sterilized earth off some interesting shore or bank of river, and day by day I shall watch the accidental populating — the simple beginnings of the struggle for existence between seed and seed, animal and animal. Then perhaps I shall see a little more clearly into the meanings of the apparent terrible confusions already in full swing, which in great jungles so cobweb my brain and mind.

When the ten days were past, and I was steaming westward for another look at my new Galapagos volcano, I took stock of what I had captured or seen on the surface of the water, of all the creatures which could populate a suddenly emerged island.

I had picked up two coconuts, both of which were alive and one already sprouted; and besides there were three plants, two growing on a floating log, and some long strands of grass drifting past in the water. I planted these in a little deck-garden which I had prepared, and two of the plants began growing at once. So my insular botany had a very respectable start.

All the sea birds — such as terns, boobies, shearwaters, and petrels, which I saw in numbers — could have called

the island home as soon as the salt water had drained from its rocks and mud. And the numerous shore-fish and crabs which I collected in and beneath floating logs would also have become immediately wonted to the brand-new shore.

The dead and decaying sea-creatures caught in the interstices of the upheaved land would be both nectar and ambrosia to the few flies on board, and their maggots would establish a sure foundation for future generations of their own and of other organisms. Here began the first interrelations, the need of the flies as food for the dragon-flies, and also for the lone little yellow warbler. In the latter respect, the race of flies might bring about important results by keeping the warbler alive until, by another accident, a mate of the opposite sex was blown south from Cocos in time to perpetuate these little birds on Island Seventy-four.

The ant and the hawk-moth proved to be females with well-developed eggs, and if fertilized these were ready to swell the insect life. The possibility is slight of these particular plants being the kind on which the caterpillars of the moth would thrive; yet the thousand-and-first chance has many times ensured the life of a whole race. The queen ant would not have a very difficult time in establishing a colony, but the grubs of the June beetle would be lucky indeed if they found sufficient and suitable nourishment in the newly grown roots available in this instance.

The dragon-flies would need some rain pools, of which they could be certain; and out of the score a pair or two might survive and propagate their kind, their food consisting of what flies they could capture, with the possibility at the last of devouring one another. Finally, I have included the butterfly, not because I succeeded in capturing and examining it, but on the chance that, like the moth and ant, it might possibly be a gravid female.

The frigate bird and gull could live on fish and crabs, but would perish unless others of the missing sex happened to arrive in time.

So, even with the scattered and imperfect observations which I was able to make, I could see my island stocked with plants and insects, shore fish, crabs, and sea turtles, together with thirteen species of birds, numbering over four hundred individuals.

The earth is altering with eldritch rapidity before the onrush of increasing numbers and the destructiveness of mankind. The details of early evolution and the clarity of primitive relationships are daily becoming less distinct, more complex. It is a wonderful thought that, in addition to the continued chance of deciphering the primer of palæontology, and the interpretation of the body and mind of the young of all animals, there is the possibility of learning much from close observation of beginnings, such as this stocking of an island — an island, desert in the very deepest meaning of the word.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

now I hear
Beneath the dead leaves on this distant hill
Only how very still it is — how still.

HIPPOCRENE

BY AMY LOWELL

With you,

I sup on singing birds
And drink hot sunlight cooled with clouds.

With you,

I ride the slanting winds,
Toss colored balls back and forth over the moon,
Swing up through trees,
And slide down swiftly upon beds of irises.

When you are here,

we stack words at the end of a rainbow
And bowl at them with swan's eggs.

We run races through grass

to old bronze temples,
And sitting under marble porches,
Count daisy petals
to the tapping of a bell.

We leap from steeples,

And land in flowered palaces.

In cedar-scented parlors you tell me tales,

Long, slow tales,

strummed lightly on a lute;
And I lie on blue cushions and watch the sea
and hear your voice.

With you,
 I do all these things —
 How therefore should I care
 to gabble with the donkey-men,
 To gossip with the old women
 who sell turkeys,
 To watch my next-door neighbor plait her hair
 and lament the untoward price of butter.

Until you come I will sit here
 alone, by a quiet window,
 And, with a fine brush,
 trace little pictures
 To show you when you return.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARY TREVENA

BY LYMAN BRYSON

I

EVERYONE knew that Mr. Trossett was writing a play. The rumor was discreetly spread among the hostesses whose drawing-rooms Mr. Trossett was pleased to frequent, although for a long time no one asked him about it. His strange way of shutting himself in a tight-lipped silence when pressed for personal revelations was too well known. Not that anybody was afraid of Mr. Trossett: they were all rather afraid of hurting him. And in his talkative moods he was so mordantly clever, so likely to say small, ridiculous, 'devastating' things which could never be forgotten, that no one wanted to risk

driving him into defensive silence. He was like a sensitive plant — with nettles. Surrounded by smiles and sympathy, he cast his tiny barbs expertly in all directions and appeared to enjoy giving people mildly scandalous pleasure. But if even the friendliest glance was turned directly on him he shrank and the inquirer felt like a brute who had trod on the trustful tendrils of a flower.

Mrs. Hartsfield, whose tact and courage were extraordinary, finally mentioned it to him. They were alone in her library and tea was steaming homely comfort into the atmosphere

between them. Mrs. Hartsfield leaned back in the shadowy depths of a high-backed chair, much too slight and quiet ever to seem insistent, and Mr. Trossett was watching her, she knew, with appreciation. It was an opportune moment.

In answer to her question he only gasped slightly and then said, 'I hope some day to be able to talk to you about it.'

That admission contented Mrs. Hartsfield for the moment, but when it was shared with others they were not so willing to respect his reticence. They wanted to know more. Their chosen emissary was Barry Whelan, because Whelan was the only man ever known to visit Trossett in his home.

Whelan was of such stern stuff that he felt no shame whatever in going directly to the small apartment where Trossett hid himself and spending two hours in aimless conversation hoping to find a cue for mentioning the play. Whelan's admiration for his friend was tremendously hearty; he was sure that if Trossett ever did write a play it would be a thing of the airiest perfection. While he was floundering about in his good-humored way, trying to stumble on the key to confidences, he noticed an unfamiliar picture on the mantelshelf of the little sitting-room. The room was so simple and austere, in spite of a shy untidiness, that any change struck even a careless eye. There had never been anything on the mantelshelf before but two blue-willow plates, a needlework sampler in a frame, and a German beer-stein on whose pewter top a fat monk caressed his jaw with fixed, incongruous mirth. Now there was a sketch, a pencil drawing of a lovely girl, leaning against the beer-stein. It was no more than half finished and looked as if the artist might have put it down when interrupted, but the eyes

and the sweet line of the lips were already evoked in delicate touches.

'I did n't know that you drew,' said Whelan, supposing naturally that the sketch was by somebody else. He was surprised when Trossett acknowledged authorship.

His host blushed and smoothed the top of his high forehead with a small white hand. 'I don't, really,' he answered. 'I just happened to be inspired to draw a picture of Mary.'

Whelan raised compelling eyebrows at him and asked, 'Who is Mary?'

Trossett blushed again. 'Mary Trevena,' he replied. 'She's the heroine of a — of a sort of play I've been trying to write.'

His visitor did not give the drawing another glance. He turned and said with great satisfaction, 'I've always thought you ought to write a play, Trossett. It's just your sort of thing. I'll bet it will be the cleverest little comedy that Broadway has had a chance at in years. Your gift for dialogue has always been the admiration of your friends.'

'But it is n't to be that sort of thing at all.' The playwright looked alarmed. 'It is n't going to be clever, you know. It is quite serious and rather foolishly romantic.'

He rose and turned the sketch of Mary Trevena to the wall.

'Even so,' Whelan persisted, 'it will surprise Broadway —'

'I don't believe that Broadway will ever be bothered with it,' said Trossett, firmly. 'I'm not writing it for production.'

'But, my dear fellow, why should you — and your intimate friends — be so selfish? It's our duty to share the thing with the world at large.'

'I don't believe,' said Trossett, still more firmly, 'that even my best friends will ever see it. I'm writing it for myself and for her.' He waved his hand

vaguely toward the back of the sketch on the shelf.

Whelan laughed at this poetic notion. 'The real author comes out in you at once. You are thinking already of your heroine as a living person. That's splendid!' He rubbed his hands and beamed. 'But I don't believe you will be so obstinately stingy when the time comes. Why — how can your heroine, your "Mary Trevena," ever have any life at all unless you make her known to people? She has some rights, you know. She has a right to be admired and applauded.' But he did not continue the argument then. He took it for granted that Trossett would be willing to share his charming heroine with the world as soon as she could be perfected.

He rushed away to tell Mrs. Hartsfield immediately his confirmation of the great news and to comment with her on Trossett's characteristic whim.

The playwright was left alone. He was used to being alone. That little sitting-room had been his donjon of retirement for ten or twelve years, ever since he had come to New York and found a habitable corner in West Twelfth Street. Except for Whelan, no friend ever saw its shabby interior. And Whelan was not the man to guess that 'Mary Trevena' had been a visitor to its loneliness for a long time.

She came first to admire the blue-willow plates. They were a present from Trossett's great-aunt, Mrs. Moseby-Smith, who distributed, just before her death, the treasures of her collection. He received, without previous announcement, a box filled with excelsior, and in its crisp heart were the two willow plates. Their rich, blue, ancient shine was a thrilling pleasure as he took them carefully from their wrappings and set them upright on the white-marble shelf above his fireplace. He sat in his deepest chair and put the

tips of his fingers together and admired them through half-closed eyes. They were quite perfect.

He smiled when he saw how crassly masculine and ugly they made the old beer-stein which had preëmpted a place on the shelf long before. And in thinking of that incongruity he felt a slight wave of shame. Mr. Trossett hated being effeminate; he bit his tongue on the expression of effeminate opinions. He had cultivated a half-hearted way of slapping his knee to punctuate a laugh, a gesture which was mildly absurd and only served to call attention to his natural quietness. Now he was shamed in his delight over the soft brilliance of the willow plates because it occurred to him that no man had a right to feel so much emotion over two pieces of old china. But he had a courageous æsthetic honesty. Whether it was effeminate to admire them or not, they deserved admiration, and he fell to imagining how much pleasure they could give to a woman inhabitant of that room, if there had been one.

It was in the evening when that fancy struck him. He had turned the straight shaft of light from a table lamp along the glowing blue of the plates, leaving the rest of the room in dusk. Across the fireplace from him was another chair, deep and hospitable like his own. Its high back had two curved side-pieces in whose corners a head might rest and be almost hidden. As the lady first began to take shape in the dark recesses of that chair, she was much like Mrs. Hartsfield. Certainly Mrs. Hartsfield was the most charming woman he knew, the most sympathetic, the most cultivated, possibly the most intelligent. And she had in physical presence a gently poised serenity, soothing and encouraging at the same time. But he checked the involuntary effort of his imagination to put Mrs. Hartsfield in that chair so that she

could admire the blue plates. She belonged, with the brutality of fact, to that crass fool, her husband. In his own sitting-room at least, Trossett insisted upon being himself and having a lady of his own.

So he fixed his gaze on the shadowed cushions of the empty chair and labored to convince himself that his own special lady was sitting there, breathing soft admiration of the blue china. The materialization was not complete in his first attempt. He could supply the ghost of his fancy with effective, lady-like phrases of delight. He spoke one of these comments aloud involuntarily and startled himself with the sound of his own voice in the dusky, empty room where no ghost had ever been before. But he found that a too eager scrutiny of the shadows drove away the image which seemed to be gathering out of impalpable atmosphere. He kept courteously distant in his contemplation, and the suggestion of a gracious presence remained with him all that evening.

Inevitably he renewed the experiment. When he entered his sitting-room the next evening, he glanced at the great chair as if to inquire if the lady might be there ahead of him. He looked reproachfully at the blue china because it had not done its duty in evocation. Settled in his own place, he stirred the fire and then looked quickly over his shoulder to surprise her. He laughed aloud at his own silliness, but there was a catch in his breath when he saw, he was sure he saw, the fold of a pale-green silk garment on the chair. He knew, although the thought had never shaped itself in his mind, that she would be fond of wearing pale-green silk. It would go with her wraith-like slenderness and the coil of red-brown hair she would bind like a coronet over her brows. He shrank into his own place and looked across with

the most circumspect gentleness. He was rewarded with the white glimmer of her face, framed in her hair and turned toward the fire.

Trossett was a very sane man in spite of his playful, timid spite and his capacity for emotion over such things as blue-china plates. He knew how completely imaginary was the personality he was creating; he never once tried to deceive himself about reality. She was a fancy. But as fancy she took on, night by night, new color and warmth and surprising variety. He very seldom tried to *see* her. That was too evidently a dangerous exercise, but he could none the less feel her presence. She conquered for him the shame of effeminacy. He began to rearrange his decorations, few and shabby, his prints, his books, in accord with the feminine taste he had been afraid to avow in action even in retirement. He considered casting out the ugly German beer-stein, with its fat-jowled pewter monk, but gave it thumbs up at last because this was to be, after all, an apartment for two people, not just for the woman alone. It was the apartment of a man and a woman together, a home. His exquisite sensibility was amused with the thought of making a room such as could be described as 'a man's home refined by the touch of a woman.' Since nobody but his charwoman and Barry Whelan ever entered there, and both those honest, slightly obtuse friends were incapable of noting subtle changes, he kept the presence of the lady a secret for many months.

However, a lady who never spoke could not be permanently satisfactory. He wrote out a little dialogue one evening, between himself and her, in which all the wittiest things were resolutely ascribed to the lady. To himself, in his rôle of masculine personality, was given all the heaviness on which the lady exercised her wit. He invented a name

for her, first 'Mary' and then, since 'Mrs. Trossett' struck him as not only absurd but altogether unromantic, he added an independent surname. 'Mary Trevena.' The surname was one he had read in a novel. The initials 'M. T.' were put in his spidery script at the beginning of her speeches. A sheet of note paper with four exchanges of this imaginary talk — 'M. T.' says, and 'M.' (meaning, the Man) replies — fell from his pocket one day in Mrs. Hartsfield's drawing-room. It was that unlucky but typical accident which loosed the gossips in their hunt after his play.

Whelan's discovery of the sketch of Mary drove him into further avowals. The half-mythical play served to disguise the fact which he dared not confess.

But as the dialogue between the Man and Mary Trevena grew, on page after page of fine tracings, the Man, rather heavy perhaps in all but his appreciation of Mary, tried constantly to push things to some sort of conclusion. He was stupidly human; he insisted on making personal application of charmingly impersonal remarks; he indulged in broad compliments; he protested devotion and hinted in a gentlemanly way at desire. He was unmanageable. Mr. Trossett began to see at last that he would not be able to keep the affair suspended between them forever. There would have to be a real play with intrigue and entanglement and finally some sort of dénouement.

In a careless moment he was reading the column of a pert dramatic reporter and he paused on the hideous phrase 'a kiss curtain.' He shuddered and denied himself the thought of Mary Trevena for a week. But he was pursued in imagination by that phrase, 'a kiss curtain,' and by the necessity for surrendering her at last to the atrocious, engulfing appetite of the Man.

II

Mrs. Hartsfield and the others took counsel with Barry Whelan as to how they could persuade Mr. Trossett to disgorge his masterpiece.

'He is just shy, poor thing,' said Mrs. Hartsfield. 'We must encourage him to realize that he is really very clever and could not possibly fail.'

Whelan snorted pleasantly at the mere suggestion of failure. He knew personally a great many actors; in fact Miss Constance Tremaine herself was his distant cousin. He even knew a few managers and one play agent. He had heard often enough of what those people were all looking for, and he refused to believe that many of the flourishing playwrights could be compared with Trossett for downright cleverness. He would be only too happy to get the play produced. If it had a good woman's part he would try to persuade Connie Tremaine to consider it for herself. They would provide it with such presentation that it could not possibly fail. He was eager to get 'old Trossett' out into greatness with a friendly push.

So the circle around Mrs. Hartsfield conspired with the Man in poor Trossett's imagination to bring the affair of Mary Trevena to a conclusion. Once he had admitted that the play was in progress he was warmly asked for news whenever he appeared. His little formula, 'Sometime I hope to be able to talk about it,' wore out and he had to substitute, 'Oh, it's getting on, thank you.' And it did get on. Their importunings were brazen now and he tried to satisfy their affectionate greed for his glory. But he never really faced the fact that some day Mrs. Hartsfield would say, 'But, my dear Mr. Trossett, isn't it finished *yet*?' and he would have to go home and write the dreadful final scene — when the Man got Mary Trevena.

When he felt that necessity threatening, he tried to be consoled with the thought that the Man was only part of himself. The conclusion could not rob him of Mary's presence. She would remain in his household although captured and tamed at last.

When the crisis came and he sat down at his writing-table, with the presence of Mary Trevena behind him in her seat by the fire, Mr. Trossett could scarcely hold his fingers steady to write the last fatal sentences. They went like this: —

THE MAN (often he wrote 'The Brute' instead of 'The Man'). Don't you realize, my dear Mary, that life is not made up entirely of gossamer dreams and the shine of dew in the morning?

M. T. If only it could be!

THE MAN. No. Things must happen. Playing is enough for children, Mary, but you and I are grown up. And other children are waiting to take our places.

(He *was* a Brute, sometimes.)

M. T. I love morning better than noon.

THE MAN. But noon comes on and then we cannot always be hesitating. I love you, Mary.

Mr. Trossett struggled hard to avoid that banal phrase, but every substitute he tried sounded even more banal and less dignified. He had finally to let it stand, common as earth — and life. He glanced back over his shoulder once or twice to see if he could conjure up any visible sign of her presence. He could not be sure. Her portrait, finished now and framed above his table, had averted eyes. He wiped his forehead, laughing gently at his own agony. He underlined the words, 'I love you, Mary.'

And Mary answered, in spidery tracings on the white sheet, 'Of course.

How else could we be happy, belonging to each other as we do?'

Then Mr. Trossett gave way completely and dropped his pen. He turned toward the back of her chair, but dared not go round to his own seat for fear he would not see her. 'Mary,' he whispered, and that was the first time he had ever spoken directly to her, 'I promise that no one else shall ever know. That is life, — what I have written down, — but you and I are not bound to live. We'll just go on pretending that there is no end to anything. Only stay as you are, as you have been for so long. Stay here with me and no one shall ever know what I have written about you.'

He held out his hands in trembling appeal to the back of the chair. She must stay there forever — to justify a love of blue china. But his back was turned to the seductive blue shine on the mantelshef. He was staring at the chair arm, praying for the sight of green silk. 'Mary,' he said, 'this Man — this Brute — is myself. I want you — I want you —' He seized the chair with hot hands and whirled it about. A flaming passion choked him. Appalled by his own eagerness he buried his face in the shadowy softness where a real woman should have been.

III

When Barry Whelan came next time and noticed a heap of manuscript he was checked in the act of glancing at it.

'The thing is finished,' Trossett confessed, in a chilly voice, 'but no one is ever going to see it.' Before Whelan's fascinated eyes he picked it up and threw it into a cabinet. 'I never expect to look at it again myself.' He slammed the door of the cabinet, and when his guest tried to argue with him he sat in tight-lipped obstinacy against which nothing could prevail.

It was not on this occasion that Barry Whelan committed the crime for which he has since become rather famous. It was later. It came at the end of a long and exasperating argument between him and Trossett in which Whelan cited every fact he could think of from the lives of great authors to convince his host that Mary Trevena must be given to the world. There lay the pile of script in the cabinet where it had been thrown. There was the great public crystallized, apotheosized, so to speak, in Broadway, and waiting for it. There was Whelan eager to be the messenger. And only an absurd delicacy stood in the way. Poor Trossett's vigilance was not equal to his determination.

IV

The unsuspecting playwright was discovered, about three weeks later, sitting before his fire across from the empty chair. Whelan was boisterously excited when he came in. He started to sit down in the empty chair, but his host protested with positive dismay. 'No, don't!' Whelan paused in mid-air. 'I'm sorry,' said Trossett, with an embarrassed smile. 'But would you mind sitting in — somewhere else?'

'That one is n't very comfortable,' he lied, while Whelan allowed himself to be ushered into a smaller and much less attractive seat.

But Whelan essayed lightness and good-humored remorse. 'When I tell you my little tale,' he began, 'you probably won't want me to sit anywhere in your house.'

The other looked at him with very small interest in his jocosity.

'How does it feel to be a great dramatist?' demanded Whelan, with infinite tact.

'M-m-m-m,' answered the great dramatist, waiting for the point.

'How are you going to like it when

your play is the rage of New York, eh?' Whelan managed a genial and real-sounding laugh.

'That can never happen. I shall never write a play for New York.'

'But you have!'

Something in the nervous loudness of Whelan's tone made Trossett sit up straight and stare. He rubbed a shaking small hand over his forehead. His eye, aghast, wandered from Whelan's face toward the door of the cabinet. He started to rise.

'Don't bother to look, old man,' said Whelan. 'It's gone.' Then he went on hurriedly. 'We are all delighted with your good luck. Mrs. Hartsfield and everybody — we are all quite happy.'

'My good luck?' Trossett repeated, in a daze.

'Yes. You know how much I admire you, Trossett, and how much faith I had in anything you would write, even though I had n't read it. Well —' He found it difficult to go on, the man's eyes were so full of pain and astonishment. 'I thought your play ought to have a hearing, so —'

Trossett got to his feet, walked to the cabinet, and threw it open. The manuscript was not there. He dropped to the seat by the writing-desk and stared with pitiful bewilderment at the triumphant robber.

Whelan tried to bluster and laugh, but nothing changed the silence. Trossett said at last, 'Would you mind leaving me alone? I have some explanations to make.' On that enigmatic dismissal Whelan had to take his leave.

V

The critic who finally found the right words to describe Miss Constance Tremaine called her a 'lovely hoyden.' She had sprung up and bloomed suddenly in the garden of New York's

unknown actresses like a solitary nasurtium, and every eye was from that day forth fixed on her in wide wonder.

Her manager, who had come to know her, did not suggest directly that she undertake to create, for the great world, the character of Mary Trevena. He counseled her cousin, Mr. Whelan, not to approach her on the subject. Instead he casually suggested that he had run across an interesting new play which she might be amused to read.

She burst into his office next morning, cast the blue-bound transcript of Mary Trevena's soul down upon his desk, and slapped it with a slender, imperious hand. 'Let me do that thing!' she cried, in a voice which admitted no question of obedience. The bright eyes, which could pierce the dark pit of a theatre to the last row of upturned faces, were warm with vital enthusiasm. Before her manager's heavy gaze, her figure was tense in the telling clarity of a perfect pose. Her personality, untrammelled by the minor impediments of playing a rôle, was flaming. With her manager, Miss Tremaine was that hidden being whom admirers and journalists pursued in vain — her 'real self.'

Her manager smiled covertly and said he would take the new play into consideration. He kept her waiting three days before he told her he would, as a matter of acceding to her wishes, produce 'Mary Trevena' as soon as she was free from her present part, which began, from that day, to fall off in quality. Everything was all settled and rehearsals began in three months.

Mrs. Hartsfield feared some active interference by Mr. Trossett to save his play from the public. But that was beyond his strength. He was a silent martyr in their hands when once the trick was played. He even put his name on a contract, without reading it, although he did succeed in refusing to

see the manager or Miss Tremaine or to attend rehearsals. Whelan was wearied in trying to get anything but a reproachful and miserable silence out of him as he was told how splendidly things were going and how Connie Tremaine had told at least four people that it was the best part she had ever had. She was crazy about it. She loved it. She was dying to meet the author. But the author would not be met.

He withdrew from his regular round of drawing-rooms, and Mrs. Hartsfield never saw him from one at-home day to the next. He spent evening hours in the big chair by his fireplace looking at the averted eyes of Mary Trevena's portrait. He was sure he had been forgiven by the lady whose fragile presence was being sinned against. So understanding a person as she could not feel resentment against his innocent carelessness. But he suffered for her.

He had only the meagrest consolation in the fact that Mary Trevena was in those lines, all of her. He knew Miss Tremaine was a competent and brilliant actress and he struggled with the hope that the lines might be honestly and bravely spoken. It would be the wanton exposure of a lovely thing before a rabble without understanding, but at least it would be the real Mary; and perhaps one or two souls might comprehend. He leaned timorously on that.

VI

Any play which starred Connie Tremaine was sure of a brilliant first night. All the critics whose word meant anything to the amateurs of dramatic gossip would be there with sharpened wits. Each one hoped he might discover some new adjective by which he could embalm himself with her forever in the amber of a phrase. They all admitted the justice of the 'lovely hoyden,' but they hoped perhaps to equal that

classic epithet. The Empire was filled with people through whom ran sympathetic waves of delightful suspense.

The first act was puzzling. It had wit, certainly, and not a line but went ringing from Connie's pretty lips in crystal accuracy, straight at the susceptible listener. She knew how to make her points. But the act offered little hope of ever getting anywhere. 'What a queer thing,' said the critics during the intermission. 'It's clever enough, but it does n't sound like a play.' One man, out of depths of erudition, brought up a forgotten analogy. 'Sounds like a Dolly Dialogue,' he said, and two men remembered enough to smile.

The second act was no better. It was quite evident that the verdict of the jury which ranged itself in silence and darkness on the receptive side of the footlights was going to be mild. The play about Mary Trevena was doomed to be praised for its delectable dialogue and put down with that dreadfulest of condemnations, 'Clever, but not a play.'

Miss Tremaine and her manager had a little talk in her dressing-room before the third and final act. 'The thing is dead,' he pronounced succinctly with the complete despair of a first night in his voice. 'It's dead!'

But Connie had more at stake than the rôle of Mary Trevena. She had never suffered a failure or a moderate success. She meant to harvest superlatives out of the evening if it lay within her brilliant little self to do it. She clenched her fists and dabbed at her make-up and swore a ladylike but heart-felt oath.

'Can't you rough it a little?' asked her manager.

'I'll save it,' promised Miss Tremaine, through her teeth. 'You watch me! I'll stand those people on their heads yet. I tell you this is a great play.'

'Go ahead and prove it,' answered her manager, and wrathfully chewed his cigar.

Miss Tremaine felt a consuming rage against the author who had so bungled his revelation of the character of Mary Trevena. Authors — bah! They never knew the stage possibilities of their own people. She would plunge into the nebulous texture of this dialogue and find reality and bring it forth for the blessed audience to see. She knew what Mary Trevena ought to be; she ought to be exactly like Constance Tremaine. Mary Trevena was a name to which Connie's sturdy beauty could give a local habitation.

She leaped back upon the stage, alert and ruthless, and proceeded to 'rough it a little.' Subtleties which had puzzled the keenest of the audience were glossed with blinding smiles and magnetic gestures. Dreamy reluctance was blown out of the lines as cool mist flees a wind.

Below the perfected surface of her self, not very far below perhaps, but hidden deeper than other elements of her soul, Miss Tremaine had a knowledge of her unnumbered sisters. What women could feel she knew; and she could give that knowledge an irresistible impersonation. A flaming passion was in her throat, too, but she could not be choked. She set it free. She dragged the lovely hesitations of Mary's phrases away from what they had concealed. She throbbed with emotions immutable and everlasting — the springs of life.

The actor who played The Man had been chosen for responsiveness to her, and now he caught fire. The dialogue became hot and human. People in the back rows sat up as if to say 'Aha!' The pursuit of sex emerged, a stark duel, from behind Mr. Trossett's symbolic musings.

Miss Tremaine took a line meant to cast a shy, reverent light on the fancy of

a girl and shot it into the air — a challenge to a world of men.

A small, trembling man, taking his hand from his high white forehead, arose in the middle of the pit. Many people did not see him; they were intent upon the quickening pulse of the play. But he cried out in a high-pitched voice, 'Stop!'

Not a tremor disturbed the taut rhythms of Miss Tremaine on the stage. She may not have heard the cry of distress; at any rate she went on, gloriously effective.

'Stop!' cried the little man in the pit. 'You blasphemer!'

When people around him began to rise and make noises, and two murderously angry ushers rushed toward him, he turned from his seat and walked weakly up the aisle.

The 'friends of the author,' Mrs. Hartsfield and Barry Whelan and all the others, who had occupied exposed box-seats and wondered where Trossett had hid himself, watched him go with appalled helplessness. They did not try to follow. Around their corner congealed a heavy, fearful silence, while the rest of the audience, scarcely noticing the antics of the queer stranger, turned back in loyal appreciation to the spectacle of Constance Tremaine impersonating womanhood.

The rest of the play was frequently interrupted with shattering outbursts of applause. It seemed at last to mean something. The critics settled back in their seats with simulated boredom, content now, and sure they could use all their prepared adjectives.

The final scene was riotous. With flowers and shouts and waving hands and cries for a speech, a great clamor and joy swept up toward the victorious Tremaine. She panted and smiled and stood out to be adored. Barry Whelan, who had planned to rise at this moment and shout 'Author! Author!' sat in blank silence. Mrs. Hartsfield, more courageous, clapped and smiled an utterly empty smile. Beyond their most extravagant expectations the play was a success.

VII

Mr. Trossett stood before his own door on the landing of the old house in Twelfth Street and hesitated. There was a vague sound of blasphemous echoes in his mind, and in his heart was nauseous despair. He was afraid to enter his apartment — 'a man's home refined by the touch of a woman.' It took his last strength to step through the door and switch on the light. He dropped into his big chair by the fireplace.

After a long while he took his hand away from his eyes. The room was cold. The light from the heavily curtained lamp on the table cast a bitterly clear illumination over the empty chair opposite him. There was no suggestion there of a presence, no gleam of pale-green silk, no glimmer of a face, no aura of an unseen, lovely woman. Mary Trevena was a broken dream.

Mr. Trossett was a brave man. He took the effeminate blue-china plates down from the mantelshelf and smashed them in the fireplace.

THE ART OF EXAMINATION

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

Is examination an art? Many American school-teachers will at once reply: 'No; it is an evil.' Perhaps, if wrongly used, it may be both. War is an evil; but no one will deny that there is a military art which can be studied, ascertained, and applied. The Black Art of the Middle Ages, or that part of it called alchemy, has developed into the chemistry of the present day. The value of an art depends upon the purposes for which it is used, and the intelligence and precision of its application. Formerly employed chiefly for educational objects, measurements of natural and acquired capacity have of late been greatly extended. Civil-service examinations are one example of this; the methods of determining the fitness of candidates for industrial employment are another. Vocational guidance, whereof we hear much nowadays, is based upon discovering the aptitudes and qualities of boys or youths. Psychological tests — to which the recruiting of our soldiers in the World War gave wide prominence, and to which many colleges are giving attention for the purpose of admission or experiment — are a form of examination to measure ability. The whole faculty of one college is said to have submitted to such a test, with the result that the president made the poorest showing, scarcely above the level of a moron — an experience that may account for the hesitation of heads of colleges to accept the tests as an infallible measure of intelligence. But, crude as these things may be, they show the growing

desire for some means of determining relative capacities — that is, for a form of examination that shall be reliable for the purpose to which it is applied.

Academic or educational examinations differ from purely psychological tests in that their object is to ascertain not only native ability but also proficiency in the study of specialized subjects. It may seem strange to say that in this country the art of examination is still in its infancy. That is, nevertheless, true; because in the case of school studies it is applied only to immature youths; and because in institutions of higher learning it has been employed chiefly by the instructor to measure the progress of students in a particular course taught by himself. Certainly we have not considered with sufficient care the object, scope, and utility of examinations. May they not be said to have three distinct objects? (1) To measure the progress of pupils; (2) as a direct means of education; (3) to set a standard for achievement.

I

One of our difficulties has come from paying almost exclusive attention to the first of these objects. So far, indeed, has this been carried that there is a tendency in some American schools to regard examinations as indictments for crime — ordeals to be imposed only upon the delinquent; to consider that the good scholar, who is known to have made satisfactory progress,

should not be subjected to them. Such a view assumes that their object is only to measure the minimum of attainment, not the degree of excellence; and thereby fails to appreciate their use in stimulating the superior pupils. Boys and youths, who are more freshly aware than their elders of the motives influencing their conduct, naturally organize their sports on a competitive basis, and admire those who prevail therein. If playgrounds had no tests save a minimum athletic requirement they would be as deserted as gymnasia for the physically defective.

Examinations for admission to college — now conducted almost wholly by the College Entrance Examination Board, composed both of school-teachers and college instructors — have been increasingly directed to the single object of measuring the proficiency of the candidates. When the colleges received their students mainly from a small number of distinctly preparatory schools the examiners felt that one of their functions was to set a standard for that preparatory teaching; but the situation has changed since a large proportion of college students have come from schools only a small fraction of whose graduates have any intention of going to college. To direct by entrance examinations the general course of instruction in schools of that kind is clearly impossible, and the attempt to do so has been necessarily and properly abandoned. The examinations are used by the colleges that retain them to discover whether the candidates are, or are not, qualified to pursue college studies; in fact to measure their attainment in subjects deemed to make a good foundation for college work.

In an article in the *Atlantic* for July 1925, Mr. Morgan Barnes complains of college entrance examinations on the ground that they divert the aim of the teacher from the instruction of his

pupils to preparing them for passing the examination. When there is a difference of opinion between the school and the Board about the kind of knowledge desired in any subject, this is no doubt true. If, for example, the Board is of opinion that the most important thing in algebra is the solution or fractioning of highly complex equations, while the teacher believes that the expression in algebraic form of comparatively simple facts is more valuable; or if the Board conceives that, in the study of a foreign language, grammar, syntax, or Greek accents is above all needful, and the teacher cares for little but intelligent and fluent reading; or if in English composition one or the other lays great stress on punctuation — then the teacher must give to his pupils who are preparing for the examination a training which differs from that of the other boys and is, in his opinion, inferior. Such a divergence concerns the object of the study. It is a difference of opinion on an educational question that ought in most cases to be settled by discussion and agreement among the members of the teaching profession.

When no difference of opinion exists on the aim in studying a subject, there seems to be no reason why a teacher should change his methods because of a prospect of examination. If he is teaching his pupils to translate Latin he ought neither to object to their being examined in translating the language nor to change his teaching in consequence. If the examination does not seem to him a fair test of the proficiency of his pupils, either his teaching or the examination is defective. Perhaps neither of them is perfect, for both teacher and examiner are in danger of giving peculiar weight to those aspects of a subject that appear to them most interesting and important, and of magnifying errors that strike

them as vital, instead of looking on the matter from the broader standpoint of a general comprehension of the subject.

The writer recalls the case of a teacher of a high-school class in the Constitution of the United States who was misled by a catchword; and on the other hand he was told many years ago of an absurd marking of an examination paper in French. There occurred the words *vieille fille*. One candidate translated this 'old maid,' which was of course right; another translated it 'old girl,' which showed a failure to understand the idiom but was also considered right; while a third, who rendered it 'old maiden lady,' was marked wrong because there was nothing to indicate that she was a lady. Such a reader was obviously unfit to be an examiner.

Examinations designed principally to measure proficiency are, no doubt, exposed to dangers. One hears of the same book marked quite differently by two readers, because their estimates vary, or because one of them has some crotchet to which he attaches exaggerated importance. In such a case the standard of one or both of the examiners is wrong; and where such a divergence is possible the examination cannot be regarded as an accurate measure. To command confidence the mark should be very closely the same whoever reads the book; and this means that the examiners should have a uniform standard uniformly applied. In other words they should know the art and use it with precision. A divergence in marking shows inexperience, and its existence proves the art in its infancy.

Another danger lies in the nature of the questions. If they are such that of two persons examined, equally proficient, one may happen to know the answer to a question and the other

not, there is an element of chance which lessens the accuracy of the test. This is true where the questions deal with details not in themselves significant — if, for example, they call, in an elementary subject, for small facts, for the identification of a list of somewhat obscure historical characters or unfamiliar quotations. In reading the papers of the College Entrance Examination Board one is struck by the fact that this is not the case; that in general the questions demand a comprehension and comment on facts with which every diligent schoolboy offering the subject must be familiar. Curiously enough, experience has shown that lists of names give the crammer his greatest opportunity, for their number is not very large and by coaching his pupil on a score or more of them he is almost certain to strike several of those that will appear on the paper. This article, however, is not concerned with the shortcomings of teachers or examiners, but with the proper objects and use of examinations.

Until recent years the examinations in college have also been in the main tests of knowledge on the part of the students. It is hard to avoid this where they are given for single courses, each including not more than a quarter of the whole work of the student for a year or half-year. Such a course cannot cover a large subject thoroughly, and the instructor, who must select those parts of it which he deems most important for his purpose, must confine his examination to what he has covered. Questions set by an outsider more or less unfamiliar with the course would obviously be unfair; and if the practice of outside examiners in single courses were general the instructor would be too much of a coach for an examination set by someone else. In this respect college courses are quite different from those taught in school,

for the latter are simple, elementary, and comparatively well defined in scope; whereas college courses are far more elaborate, go much more into detail, and, with some exceptions in the earlier years, deal as a rule with parts of large subjects, which are capable of being treated in various ways. Examination by an outsider presents, therefore, in the case of single courses in college, difficulties that arise much less in the elementary subjects of a school curriculum. No system of outside examiners in single courses has, however, been attempted; and the primary object of the examinations set by the instructors is to ascertain whether the work has been faithfully and intelligently done or not, and how great has been the proficiency attained. Rarely is it the only means of measuring these things, but, save in research courses, it is essential. Not infrequently a student thinks he is doing well until an examination reveals to him how much he is below what he had supposed; and an inexperienced instructor is sometimes shocked, on reading his examination books, to find how little his class has been learning. We hear much, no doubt, of the evils of studying for marks instead of knowledge, but every faculty is aware that if an instructor has the reputation of setting easy papers and marking them leniently, many students in his courses will not do serious work, however good and inspiring his teaching may be.

The question of studying for marks rather than for knowledge, and the kindred matter of cramming for examinations, are not uninteresting and are often misunderstood. The popular impression of studying for marks is that a student whose primary object is a high grade devotes himself assiduously to memorizing small, and comparatively unimportant, points in a course, and thereby makes a better showing than

a classmate with greater natural ability and perhaps a larger real command of the subject. The criticism is especially leveled at the so-called 'grind,' who is very diligent but not very intelligent. As the questions are often made out and marked this result may, and does, occur. But if all examinations were so conducted as to be an accurate and complete measure of the education the course is intended to give, if the questions were so framed that mere diligence without a high degree of capacity would not earn the highest grade, then there would be no reason why the student should not work for marks, and good reason why he should. To chide a tennis-player for training himself with a view to winning a match, instead of acquiring skill in the game, would be absurd, because the two things are the same. The match is the best test of his skill; and if it were not it would lose its interest. If, on the contrary, marks in examination do not measure accurately comprehension of the subject as taught in the course and the power to handle it, the instructor is at fault, for his examination does not measure what it should. However well adapted as a test of minimum diligence, it fails to measure excellence. The word 'fault' is, perhaps, too strong; because the art of examination is not only still imperfect but is also exceedingly difficult. We had better say that, if marks are not an adequate measure of what the course is intended to impart, then the examination is defective. If examinations were perfect the results would command universal respect, and high grades would be a more general object of ambition.

Of cramming, less need be said. Since a thorough grasp of the subject-matter of a course must be the result of serious and prolonged study, which cannot be done in a night or even in a few days, the better the examination

the less will cramming be useful in passing it. Reviewing is, of course, essential, and is of great value in bringing out the relation between the things learned. The need of review is, in fact, one of the educational benefits of examination. But the questions should not be susceptible of answer by merely committing to memory facts and formulæ. Yet it must not be assumed that the capacity to cram is altogether without value. A lawyer crams his case before going into court; so does an orator the facts to be presented in his speech; and this quality, like others, can be improved by practice.

A more serious evil of examinations set by the instructor, as those in single courses must be, is the tendency to give back to him what he has given, to absorb his ideas and repeat them rather than to think about them. All good university professors like independent thought on the part of their students; but undergraduates rarely appreciate this, and the path of least resistance is to repeat rather than reflect. The way to counteract such a tendency is to set questions that require thought more than memory; and this brings us to the second object of examinations, their use as a means of education.

II

Although examinations in single courses, whether in college or in school, have as their primary object to measure the progress of pupils, this is far from being their only object. They can and should be used also as a distinct element in the educational process, and as such can be made highly effective. Even if the sole aim of education at any stage were the knowledge of facts, the formal effort to recall those facts to mind unexpectedly, to exert pressure upon the memory and bring to consciousness things half-hidden there,

is of great value by serving to make that faculty readily responsive to a call.

When the writer was a professor teaching a large freshman course he often told the class, before the mid-year or final paper, that the art of passing examinations was one most useful to acquire. This was a surprise, and provoked a laugh; but it was explained that a lawyer trying a case in court was often confronted by an unexpected question of evidence and must at once try to recall any decisions bearing on the point he had ever come across, and that this was passing an examination; that a physician suddenly called to a suffering patient was in a similar position — at the bedside he also passes an examination. Throughout our lives we are constantly forced to muster all we can of our previous knowledge, and the habit of doing so can be cultivated by practice. How often when the occasion has passed do we ask ourselves, as a student does after an examination, why we did not remember some essential fact. The art of recalling quickly, fully, and accurately is certainly a valuable part of mental training. It is a special art, not the same thing as a rich store of knowledge. Some men have all the knowledge they possess ready for use on demand; some require a certain time for reflection before they can produce it; and some can make use of it only in the solitude of their studies. The late Francis A. Walker said that every man had his personal equation, and that his own was two minutes. More than to scholars and writers is the value to men of affairs of recalling rapidly the knowledge that they need.

But a knowledge of facts is a small part of education. We hear much to-day of teaching by problems; and rightly, because bare facts are of little value unless one knows how to use

them. The important thing is to understand their relation to one another; to be able to correlate them, as the current expression goes; not merely to grasp and retain the relations one has been taught, but to perceive new relations, for no teacher can cover more than a minute fraction of the combinations actually met in the pursuit of any subject. The pupil must learn to apply principles to new and unexpected conditions, and the extent to which he can do so will largely determine the degree of his future effectiveness. Teaching by problems is peculiarly needed today because of the change in school methods that came a generation or more ago. Formerly schoolboys were set tasks to work out by themselves; then they recited. But now the teacher, instead of merely hearing the recitation, correcting mistakes, and helping to explain difficulties, takes a more direct part in instruction, thereby saving the pupil much labor, but also some of the benefit of personal effort. In a recent address at the California Institute of Technology, Professor William B. Munro remarked that when he began to teach in a small New England college he tried the experiment of giving his students a list of books which they were expected to read and study for themselves. This was an unheard-of innovation, far from popular; and one of his students said to him very frankly: 'We don't think you are playing fair. As we understand it you are paid by the college to read these books and tell us what is in them. Instead of that you tell us to go read them for ourselves.' That young man had a common but wholly false idea of the relation of teacher and pupil and of the business in which they are engaged. His conception has been called the perambulator method of education. All real education is, in the ultimate analysis, self-education. The teacher can impart

facts and principles, can point out the way, can interest and stimulate, but only the pupil can train his own mind. Without effort on his part the instruction will be as stale, flat, and unprofitable as lectures on swimming to a class that never enters the water. Moreover, to reach a high grade of intellectual activity the student must be something of an explorer. He must not only be critical of the ideas presented to him, but he must seek variations of them, or applications of them, new to him. That is the meaning of teaching by problems. They force the pupil to make a personal effort at their solution; and, with manifold differences in form, they are applicable to all subjects above the lowest elementary stage.

Problems may be used in a variety of ways; they may be given out to be solved in class or to be taken away and solved out of class. The theses required in college courses are really of that nature; and all these things are admirable for their appropriate uses, but none of them, save the larger kind of thesis, fills quite the purpose of a final examination. Problems to be worked in class or outside must relate to the part of the subject under consideration at the time, but the final examination comes at the end of a period of study and the problems can therefore be more comprehensive, involving the use of all that has been learned. It can also be of greater length than the classroom hour, and hence the problems can be more complex and searching. In short, it is a higher type of intellectual operation, for it can compel the student to reflect upon all that the course has covered, and give him a better conception than he would otherwise have of its scope and meaning. Someone may object that, as the final examination comes at the end, little good will be done to

the student by knowing what he might have obtained from the course and did not. The answer to this is twofold. First, that the students have a keen appreciation of the kind of examination that will be given. They are told by their predecessors, even if they have not had experience at earlier examinations, and they look up previous papers in the course. Secondly, if they have not known what the nature of the examination in that course would be, they have learned what to expect in subsequent school or college years.

Such is the character that an examination may have when used as a recognized factor in the process of education, but in practice there is a distinct difficulty in combining this function with that of measuring the work of the students, ascertaining how far they have paid close attention to the lectures and done the reading required. Every instructor is confronted by the difficulty of setting a paper that will measure the diligence of the lower end of the class and at the same time give scope to the independent thought of the better scholars. In large classes experiments have been tried of alternative questions for honor men, some of them with much success, and a judicious use of options is one of the methods by which papers can be improved.

Both of the foregoing objects of examination — to measure the progress of pupils and as a direct means of instruction — should be kept in mind, for both are important; and, in its complete effect, the second more than the first. If it were proposed to lengthen the period of examination many teachers in all grades of education would instinctively object that, for both teacher and students, it would take away time that should be devoted to instruction. But such a view fails wholly to appreciate the value of

examinations as an educational agency. It lays too much stress on instruction as the imparting of knowledge, in contrast with the personal efforts of the student to express, and therefore to comprehend and make his own, what he has learned. Teaching and examination are complementary processes, and each should be given the attention and time that experience proves to be wise.

III

The third object of examinations is to set a standard for achievement, and it is the most important of all. This touches the gravamen of Mr. Barnes's criticism. He complains that they divert the teacher from the educational path he is following to a preparation for passing the papers of the College Entrance Board. He complains, in fact, that these papers set a standard to which he must conform, but a bad standard, or one not so good as his own.

The question whether the standards of the Board, composed as it is of special committees on the different subjects — forty per cent of whose members are school-teachers — are better or worse than that of the best, the average, or the poorer schools may well be left to the experts. It is clear, however, that for teachers, a considerable part of whose students expect to take the examinations of the Board, they do, although not so intended, set a standard of some kind. Of course a standard may be good or bad. It may excite keen intellectual effort or promote a dulling type of cram, and hence may be beneficial or injurious. There have been examinations that required merely committing to memory masses of useless data, and made drudges of those preparing for them; but that does not mean that a potent force for good should be discarded because, if not

intelligently used, it is capable of abuse. It would be like arguing that, because there have been bad laws, legislation should be abolished; that, since codes of ethics have sometimes taught bad principles, ethics is a subject to be shunned; or — as some people argue — that, physicians with the best training in medical science having often made mistakes, all educated practitioners should be avoided.

That a standard, known to the students, is as important in education as in every other form of training will hardly be denied. One would not train an athlete for a mile run without having him speed over the track, giving him the time he has made and the records for that distance. To be proficient in anything a man must have a standard and occasionally measure himself thereby. This is, indeed, most important for the capable men. They differ more among themselves than do the average or lower tier, and hence have more need of a standard of excellence. Now in education such a standard can be set by examination, and, in fact, whether so designed or not, examinations regularly taken at the close of a period of study inevitably do set a standard for the character and extent of the work done, both for the students and for the instructors. Moreover, experience proves that college students, and, no doubt, schoolboys also, will soon rise to any reasonable standard required of them. If low, a large part of them will be satisfied by attaining it; if high, they will put forth more effort. Observe the qualification that they will soon rise to the standard required. Although announcement has been made as thoroughly as possible, and has reached everyone concerned, a change of standard is not at once appreciated, and a number of students fall by the wayside for the first year or two; the proportion of failures then becoming

normal again. For that reason changes should be made gradually, and not without abundant notice. Nor should the difficulty of the questions or the severity of the marking vary from year to year, — a complaint made of the mathematical papers of the College Entrance Board, — for such inequalities render the standard incomprehensible. A very large number of candidates are not likely to vary much from one year to the next in quality or preparation; so that, unless there is some obvious reason to believe them substantially better or worse, it is well to assume a larger or smaller per cent of failures due to a variation in the difficulty of the questions. A difficult paper should be marked leniently, and an easy one rigorously, with the result that the marks attained will not differ much from year to year.

Since an examination sets the standard for achievement one cannot insist too much on the need of its being a good standard — one that calls for strenuous effort in the exercise of the qualities most important to cultivate. In mature students, such as upper classmen in college and members of professional schools, these are the ability to analyze a complex body of facts, to disentangle the essential factors, to grasp their meaning and perceive their relations to one another; in short, to master a subject as a whole and deal with it intelligently. Now we have seen the difficulty of examinations for this purpose in single undergraduate courses, arising from the fact that they cover only part of a large subject, and must be used primarily to measure the work of the students in that particular course. A number of colleges have, therefore, begun to require a general or comprehensive examination on the subject to which the student has devoted his principal attention; in which he has majored or concentrated, to use

the technical term. Such an examination is conducted, not by the instructors in the courses, but by special committees appointed for the purpose. In some places it is required of all the students in a number of subjects, in others only of those intending to graduate with distinction. In some colleges their work is directed by a corps of tutors, who supplement the teaching in the courses, but, far from being assistants in those courses, deal chiefly with the parts of the subject not covered thereby, and treat the student as a man striving by all the means within his reach to master that subject. In other colleges the supervision is given less formally by members of the departments. But in all cases the object is the same: to set as a standard the mastery of the subject as a whole, attained in large part by the students' independent reading under guidance.

Mastery of a subject depends on interest, but interest grows with mastery and with the personal exertion to acquire it, while both are aroused by the demand of the standard. No doubt the general examination in college, and in a medical school where it has been tried with success, is, and

must be, a measure of proficiency (otherwise it would not be taken seriously); it is also a direct means of education; but its greatest importance lies in setting a standard of attainment, and no institution that has adopted it long enough to bear fruit will question its value.

The conclusion to be drawn from the views here presented is that examinations properly used are a vital part of the educational process, but that the art of using them to produce the best results is highly complex and difficult. They should, therefore, be entrusted to the mature teachers who appreciate their value and have had experience in preparing them; there should be consultation among the examiners; and so far as possible the questions should be framed and the books read by the same men; or, if this cannot be wholly done, the readers should be under careful supervision, and their grading constantly scrutinized.

To make a good examination paper is far more difficult than is commonly supposed. To do so requires much time and thought; but upon no part of the educational process can time and thought be better spent.

TWO HUNDRED LADIES APPEAL

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I

ONE's desk is piled high nowadays with letters from folk who want things stopped. Everybody seems to want something stopped. Those who are timid want street noises of all kinds stopped; they want church bells stopped from ringing, or automobile-horns from honking; they want pedestrians stopped from crossing the street except at corners, or children stopped from playing on the streets. Those who are more venturesome want all exposed foods stopped, the litter in the public parks stopped, all questionable plays or 'movies' stopped. Then there are the really courageous souls who step right out and want all crime stopped, the sale of all firearms stopped, bootlegging stopped, war stopped, Sunday amusements stopped. And the hardy one, who would have you take your courage well in hand, wants Congress stopped from wasting time! We are told that even birth must be, if not altogether stopped, at least controlled. And now Mr. Henry Ford walks right into the midst of the stop clamor, and says the cow must be stopped from giving milk!

All very worthy. All most commendable — except the cow! All possible, too, provided there were twenty-four hundred hours in a day instead of the contracted twenty-four. But one fact cannot escape the mind, as we read of all these stoppages that must be effected in our modern life — the willingness of some folk that someone else should stop all these 'evils' in our

scheme of living. Mark you, too, that each one of these evils is 'the most crying evil' we have to-day. The church bells seem to cry as loudly to one as something that must be stopped as war does to another.

There is another obstinately apparent fact about all these crying evils — that before one is stopped another movement is started, or must be gotten under way, to stop something else. Everywhere are efforts begun; rarely is an effort carried through — except in the newspapers!

II

Now the matter is becoming even more serious. Having petitioned and memorialized to our hearts' content that all these evils in our American life shall be stopped, our restless eyes are beginning to snap across the ocean, and we are beginning to catalogue the evils in other nations that must be stopped. The fact that we have not stopped a single evil in our land deters us not. We must begin our works in other lands. The world is ours in which to stop things. It matters not where or what or when, so long as evils are stopped — by someone else!

So it has come about that the Netherlands is the latest nation to fall within this American zeal to stop things.

'We, the undersigned representative American women of our different communities, appeal to you,' and so forth.

So begins a document signed by some two hundred women, supposedly themselves of artistic perceptions or of an artistic appreciation borrowed from others.

Just what is meant by the designation 'representative' is not stated; one can only hope it is not intended as reflecting the intelligence of the communities indicated, since the percipience displayed in the substance of the appeal is hardly of a high order.

Be that as it may, these dear, delightful ladies opine as 'a burning shame' the fact that the millers of the Netherlands are dismantling the windmills so picturesquely characteristic of the Land of the Dykes, and substituting machinery for the operation of their mills. Forthwith, there should be started in the United States 'a movement to stop this outrageous despoliation of the Dutch landscape,' and so forth, and so forth.

As in the case of many another memorial of similar sort, its signers had, so far as could be learned, contented themselves with the emotional side of the question. When I spoke to one of the signers nearest my home, she confessed that she had never been in the Netherlands: a windmill was an unknown sight to her eyes, but she could easily imagine from Dutch pictures how the picturesque landscape might be marred by the elimination of the windmill!

I approached next the enthusiastic instigator of this appeal, asking in which particular district in the Netherlands she had noticed the dismantling of the windmills that so sorely troubled her soul. Her reply was devastating: 'All over Holland it is the same.' Of course, the fact that windmills have never existed 'all over Holland'—and that, incidentally, there is no such country as 'Holland'—did not trouble the lady.

In other words, it seemed that the memorial was what is classified by those who receive such appeals as 'general'—which, in more direct language, really means 'without facts.'

III

Now, what are the facts? That the Dutch windmill is disappearing admits of no argument. It is. But why? The answer is, of course, simple enough: the new is displacing the old. Electricity is more dependable for the work of the Dutch miller than is the wind to turn the blades of his windmill. He is thrifty, is your Dutch miller: he must produce his ware with the smallest overhead charge, and he can secure this reduction through the installation of machinery that he starts at will, whereas the mighty arms of his windmill respond only when there is a wind to propel them. The suggestion that the miller can retain his wind-blades and propel them by machinery at his will hardly holds, because these mighty blades, exposed to all conditions of weather, have a maintenance expense that naturally is lost upon the ardent soul who looks upon them on the landscape and sighs contentedly at their picturesqueness. The miller, unfortunately, cannot be a poet: his mill is there for business, and he must operate it in the most economical manner. He must also get his water for his family and cattle when he wants it and not when the wind will let him have it.

Everyone will concede that with the going of the windmill a lack will be felt in the Dutch landscape. But the quaint and the picturesque are disappearing everywhere in the march of modern invention. Nor must we forget that we are directly responsible for this change. We pride ourselves on this modern progress. We boast of it. We make a point, when traveling abroad, of telling

the natives of the old European countries how much more efficiently we do by modern invention what they do by manual labor. Then why shall we call aloud to stop them when they follow where we lead? Very few of the inventions of to-day have the charm and poetry of their predecessors. The modern department-store has certainly not the quality of the old guild shops. The modern electric locomotive has not the romance of the steam locomotive. The mechanical loom lacks all the poetry of the old spinning wheel. Yet we proclaim all these changed tools as marks of progress; we shout aloud their greater efficiency. Why ask the Dutch miller to put cotton in his ears so that he may not hear our boastful cries? Is the demolition of his windmill a greater sacrilege than the demolition of beautiful old landmarks in our American cities? Suppose a cry came from the Netherlands to halt our tearing-down of the fine old Dutch houses to make room for skyscrapers or warehouses. We should be the first to ask: 'What business is it of theirs?' Well, what business is it of ours if the Dutch miller wants to live in the present and operate his mill by electricity instead of holding on to his windmill of the past, watching his business fall behind, while his competitor pushes a button at his will and grinds his cereals?

IV

There is a distinctly humorous angle to this memorial that did not seem apparent to the dear, delightful ladies who signed it. This is that the request is made that 'the Government of the Netherlands shall be petitioned to prohibit a miller from discarding his windmill' — the very brand of Federal interference with private business which in the United States we are so strenuously decrying, and which is

so often and so vociferously argued in women's clubs. Small wonder, then, that a prominent man of affairs in the Netherlands puts his tongue in his cheek and writes: 'Can you blame us if this suggested prohibition, coming from the United States, makes us smile? It sounds a little queer coming from a country whose President recently pleaded so eloquently for "less Government in business, and more business in Government."'

The most distinctly humorous phase of the memorial was also overlooked by this group of 'representative American women.' It is signed by the wives of the three largest makers of American machinery who sold their engines to the Dutch millers who have dismantled their windmills! Thus we have the picture of three women having their artistic perceptions outraged while traveling on the very money made by their husbands in the objectionable transition!

The memorial goes further and likewise deplores the abolishment of the horse- or man-towed canal-boat in the Dutch canals, and the substitution of a 'kicker' in the bowels of the scow. 'A perfect shame!' declare these ladies. This, too, must be stopped. But how about the kicker that the American canal-boat owner is putting into his vessel? Is it any less of 'a shame'? The wide use of the kicker as a motive power is not European — it is American. We have shown the way. Only temporarily has the day been put off when a kicker will take the place of the picturesque gondoliers in the gondolas on the Grand Canal at Venice. 'Now that is a sacrilege!' cries Mrs. America, her voice full of emotion. Is it any more sacrilegious than for us to wipe out the most gloriously beautiful thing ever seen on the water, a sailing vessel in full sail, and substitute the hideous barge or mercantile carrier? Are we to have a monopoly of wiping out the

picturesqueness of the past, and insist that European peoples shall preserve it, to their material disadvantage?

If we so madly clamor for this modern progress, we must pay its price. If we want to live in a world of push-buttons instead of the picturesque to the eye and the poetical to the soul, we must accept what goes with it.

V

What really will go out with this 'mark of progress' touching the Dutch windmill is not understood by these memorialists. Few Americans realize the poetry and romance that are associated with the Dutch windmill; the intimate relation that existed between the Dutch miller and his windmill. To him it was by no means only a material object put to work, when the wind favored it, to bring water to his cattle or to supply food for his family. It was far more than that — it was a living thing, with understanding and a soul. To others his mill might seem simply a dumb, mechanical creature; to the miller it was fraught with human feeling — a living creature that sobbed in his sorrow and laughed in his joy. He gave to his mill a name, just as he did to his son or daughter. He called it by that name — never a mill. When a daughter was married, the mill was decked out in all its gayest finery; when a member of the family passed away, the mill mourned in its appearance. Professor A. J. Barnouw, of Columbia University, tells that when the mill-owner passed away all the twenty boards in the arms of the mill were taken out, and the mill stood motionless for a given time in grief over the loss of its owner. When the church bells tolled, marking the procession of the funeral from church or home to the cemetery, the boardless blades were turned in unison with the bells. When

the wife of the miller passed away, nineteen boards of the blades of the mill were removed; for a child of the family, thirteen boards; for parents of the miller, eleven boards; and so on down the line of near and remote relatives, till it reached the children of cousins, for whom only one board was removed. As Professor Barnouw well says, a man's handicraft is ennobled when the tool that he plies is thus capable of expressing, not only his skill as a craftsman, but also his feelings as a man. We, of the twentieth century, close the mill or the shop and put away our tools, as if the sight of them interfered with our sorrow. Our ancestors knew better. They ceased not working, in order to mourn — they made the work partake of their mourning. It is from that conception of work as an expression and accompaniment of the inner life that all great art has sprung.

We lose something very precious and real in all these modern inventions, this march which we call progress, and of which we are so boastful — something which, as the years go on, we shall find it increasingly difficult to replace. But, judging from the way we talk and the zest with which we go at the destruction of the old, we are apparently willing that this shall go out of our lives. Or is it, perhaps, that we are not quite conscious of what we are doing? A world all materialistic is, to some minds, an uncomfortable sphere to contemplate.

VI

I wonder that it has not occurred to someone to suggest that we stop certain brands of progress for a while!

The ladies of the Dutch windmill appeal might, for example, memorialize the husbands of their three coöperating sisters to stop selling engines to the Dutch millers!

SAGA SYMPHONIC OF ROMAIN ROLLAND

BY LUCIEN PRICE

ON the twenty-ninth of this month Romain Rolland will be sixty years old. His life has been a *Symphony Eroica*. When has forerunner been worse hated or better loved? It is with his life as with his art — so habitually does he conceive on the grand scale as to permit of nothing halfway. The work will have to be fizzle or masterpiece. Who dare leave the hall midway in the finale and assign to a life-symphony of such proportions its permanent station in Valhalla? Giorgio Vasari tells of a young sculptor who was fretting over the fall of light and shadow across his statue, anxious that the work might be seen to advantage. Michelangelo, overhearing him, remarked dryly that it was the light of the public square that would decide the matter.

I

A frail lad, fair-haired and blue-eyed, of the old Gallic type from that region where it remains purest, — the Burgundian Nivernais, — is born and reared in a drowsy country-house beside a sluggish canal amid the rich torpor of rural sights and sounds. He is son of a notary from a family of notaries, and of a mother dowered with intellectuality and a grave and quiet piety. It is a family, on the father's side, sired out of revolutionists, at least one of whom was possessed with a passion for jotting down everything he saw, heard, or experienced — the familiar 'Notebook habit' of artists, authors, and composers instinctively

rifling life's orchard-blossoms of their honey. At least one of these Notebooks — describing the fall of the Bastille — is extant.

The boy finds a set of Shakespeare in the garret. It strikes the first match to the bonfire of his ambition. He is one of those youngsters who, far from taking things for granted as they are, find their busy young brains buzzing with queer questionings and their clean young hearts seething with secret conflicts. His mother teaches him the piano. Beethoven becomes his other demigod. His local high-schooling completed, the family — father and mother and sister — at resolute sacrifice move to Paris that the children may have the best schooling obtainable. There, on hard wooden benches, in a suffocating hall on Sunday afternoons at popular orchestral concerts, the boy finds his third Promethean — Richard Wagner. A season in the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, a celebrated high-school in the heart of Paris, and, in 1886, at the age of twenty, Rolland passes the entrance examinations to the École Normale Supérieure, matriculating in the departments of history and geography.

It was just at the moment when Tolstoy's voice was ringing through the moral void of Europe. At the École Normale, Rolland had become a leading spirit in one of those obscure bands of youthful idealists who seem to themselves and to the world to mean so little and who end by meaning so much. Dissatisfied with the pessimism

of Ibsen and the egoism of Nietzsche, revolted by the materialism of Zola and the cynicism of Maupassant, they turned toward Russia, where a cry of hope was ascending from the blackness of the pit. Then befell one of those lucky misfortunes. Suddenly young Rolland's living hero launched lightnings against his three demigods. Tolstoy published his *What Is To Be Done?* Shakespeare a toady? Beethoven an intellectual sensualist? Wagner a pandar? Tolstoy the artist had become Tolstoy the prophet. This may have been an orderly development for Tolstoy, — the matter is open to dispute, — but how about a young artist-thinker still toiling to acquire his technical proficiency? What *was* to be done?

From his Parisian attic young Rolland, scarcely crediting his own presumption, wrote to his prophet. Months passed. Silence. If the boy thought of his letter at all it was with that hot shame which vexes us after a youthful ardor which has exceeded the world's heavy-lidded view of decorum. Then, on October 14, 1887, came a letter from Tolstoy, thirty-eight pages, in French, a veritable treatise, beginning 'Dear Brother —.' The old man had read the boy's letter with tears, and had set himself, in loving humility, to relieve the youngster's bewilderment and pain. He said, in sum, that the precondition of every true calling is not love for art but love for mankind. That alone is of value which binds men together. Those only who love their fellow creatures can hope as artists to do anything worth doing.

Tolstoy's remarks on Shakespeare and Beethoven may or may not have been happy. The tenderness and humility of his writing such an essay-letter to an obscure youth betoken one of those acts which are the stamp of

a great soul and a great Christian, to whom in very deed all men are brothers. The creative spirit, like nature, produces thousands of seeds for one that it ever brings to fruition. But spare not the sowing and neither shall the harvest be stunted. The great believers know this law and trust it. Tolstoy's letter to that young Frenchman begot his spiritual successor.

II

From the École Normale, on a traveling scholarship, Rolland went for two years to Italy. 'History and geography' — Rome and the golden purity of the Italian landscape — enchanted him. He sketched a cycle of dramas on the Renaissance. Fräulein Malwida von Meysenbug — still a valiant revolutionary idealist after seventy years of it as friend and comrade of Kossuth, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Wagner, Liszt, Nietzsche, and Ibsen — identified Rolland as one of the confraternity under his disguise as a French youth of twenty-three. She deliberately set herself to confirm in him a high life-purpose, as seal and consecration of which she finally took him to Bayreuth for one of the Wagnerian festivals.

This strange blend of artist, scholar, and musician is obliged to invent his own profession. On June 19, 1895, his doctorate thesis, 'The Origin of the Modern Lyrical Drama,' is sustained before the faculty of the Sorbonne — the first dissertation on music ever presented to that conservative body, and definitely intended as a corrective to the disdain with which music, in comparison with the other arts, had always been treated by the University. His ensuing professorship of history, at the Normal School, Rolland daringly manœuvres into one of history in terms of music, which procedure he

maintains when the Normal School is later assimilated into the Sorbonne.

Now come the dozen or fifteen years which make or break the man vowed to a generous and creative career. Poverty, obscurity, failure. This is the great school of free spirits in which life teaches indifference to the opinion of contemporaries. Rolland's fifteen years are fairly typical. A mind of the first rank is revolutionary as a fish swims. Rolland flings himself into an enterprise to rescue the drama from boulevard adultery, bring her back to her humble working-class home, and make an honest woman of her. The project is to found a People's Theatre and through it to reanimate the ideals of the masses. Rolland writes several plays in a still uncompleted cycle of the French Revolution. The crusade fails. His professorship remains, meanwhile, his bread labor. But what for that plus-quantity of life, that over-and-above toil in contribution to an ideal, done without thought of money, fame, or any other material reward? Seldom has David faced Goliath with a smaller stone or a sling more slender. As a deliberate venture of faith, to set an example and to rehabilitate French idealism, Rolland joins with a group of friends in writing and editing the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. There is no advertising, and little circulation save among students and a few intellectuals; it is not for sale in the ordinary places. Let us see if merit can still make its way without the modern ballyhoo. For ten years all of Rolland's works appear in these obscure pages — *Jean-Christophe*, the plays, and those heroic biographies of *Michelangelo* and *Beethoven* which so magically kindle a fellow feeling for greatness on the hearthstones of common life. Not a cent does he receive for these writings.

Life's battles appear to be three — property, sex, and religion. Rolland's

early share in the property-revolution is signified by his crusade to democratize the drama. Mid-career in this he meets with one of those catastrophies of sex which seem a painfully indispensable ordeal in the life-discipline of an artist. Romain Rolland's marriage comes to a brusque and disastrous end, concerning which, with a self-control grotesquely foreign to American usage, his biographers preserve a becoming reticence.

On the threshold of middle life, unknown and impecunious, his plays failures, his first volumes stillborn, his domestic life in ashes, — all but cleaned out, one would be tempted to say, — he is just gathering his forces. He is a blade forged and whetted. Now, with the base alloy of personal careerism burnt and hammered out of him, he is ready for use.

Stillschweigen und Einsamkeit — silence and solitude. For ten years he vanishes. He has climbed above the mists that cling round the breast of the Mount of Vision. His Mount of Vision is outwardly prosaic — two attic rooms amid the roar of Paris on the Boulevard Montparnasse, with a view over roofs to the trees of a venerable convent garden; a bedroom and a study, this last walled, heaped, and strewn with books, its furniture a writing-table, two chairs, a stove, a cabinet piano, and a bust of Beethoven. It is one of life's little ironies that those who create live in one room, or two at most, while those who own and enjoy live in — let us say — several. The score gets evened. Those who enjoy perish. Those who create live. Here, among his newspaper cuttings, his indefatigable transcripts from reviews, his manuscripts, and his music, with five hours for sleep, his recreation being to write letters instead of books, to read philosophy instead of poetry, or to sit at the piano instead of at his

writing-table, he toils for the next ten years. Ten years, like 'by and by,' in Hamlet's dictum, 'is easily said.'

III

The finest flowers of our gray North belong to the late-blooming variety. The twenties to drudge at mastering technical skill; the thirties to mature experience; then the forties and fifties for the golden afternoons of summer and autumn that ripen and garner harvest and vintage. Had Romain Rolland been killed by the motor car which struck him down in 1910, the world would have heard little more of it at the time than that an obscure author, formerly a professor at the Sorbonne, had met with a fatal accident. Yet *Jean-Christophe* was nearly completed, and in two years more Rolland was a European figure. Had he been willing to prostitute his talent he could have cashed in on it long before to the tune of fame and money. Fame is a bad wife but a good housemaid. Time after time he showed the loud-mouthed wench the door, until at last she came back meek, prepared to behave and make herself useful.

Goethe conceived his *Faust* as a youth of twenty and finished it at eighty. The seedling idea of music for Schiller's *Ode to Joy* came to Beethoven in 1793 as a youth of twenty-three. It became the culmination of his Choral Symphony in 1824, three years before his death. Wagner began his epic cycle of the *Nibelungen* midway in his thirties, and finished it a quarter of a century later. There seems to be some law whereby such heroic endeavors, in art and in life, begin as a purpose, more or less vague, in youth, to gather strength and precision with advancing maturity. With little more than a secret resolution to stead it, the soul battles its way through years

of hurly-burly to find, some day, on the hither side of youth and plus one or two shocking scars, that somehow, after all, in spite of all, or because of all, the purpose is fulfilling itself. To those who will not surrender, life — in one sort or another — surrenders. It can, of course, kill such people. It cannot beat them.

The conception of *Jean-Christophe* as a European work came to Rolland as a youth of twenty-three one evening during a walk on the Janiculum in the period of his friendship with Malwida von Meysenbug. Its outlines were sketched in 1895; the opening chapters were written during the summer of 1897 in a Swiss village. Then, like a composer following themes as dictated from within, he wrote several of the chapters of the fifth and ninth books. In such a work the creative daimon slumbers and reawakens. It was after Rolland's retirement from the theatre of externals that the work gathered flood tide. Then befell the miracle. Every loss suddenly turned to gain. Grievances and misfortunes were seen to have been indispensable experience. The habit — almost the mania — of collecting newspaper cuttings, articles from reviews, notes, studies, music, pursued for years more by instinct than from any definite aim, unexpectedly befriended him. All magically this material arranged itself for the growing work. He discovered that for years he had been preparing himself unwittingly for this specific task. Nothing had been lost, nothing wasted; and, mindful of how surely this law of creative purpose works from top to bottom of the human scale, one is prompted to add that for stalwart souls nothing ever is.

When the epic arrived at its fifth book, — that scorching blast at the fetor of French society, — a publisher was found willing to undertake it.

Before the French original was completed, translations of the earlier volumes into English, German, and Spanish had made Rolland an international figure. The posture of contemptuous silence was one which the French press found it no longer possible to maintain. By June 5, 1913, when the French Academy awarded *Jean-Christophe* the Grand Prix, Romain Rolland was already in a position to be able to dispense with that and any other official decoration. The herd instinct of society is a good watchdog. It barks ferociously at each newcomer. Let the newcomer decline to be intimidated and the dog ends by wagging its tail and licking his hand — if not his boot. This is nothing against the dog. It is merely the difference between a dog and a man.

IV

Thus, at forty-seven, the seer came down from his Mount of Vision carrying his tables of prophecy — the spiritual unity of the Western world. He had written a European book, perhaps the one European book since *Faust*. For fifteen years he had toiled in solitude and obscurity to image the heroic protagonist of a new age and generation. Has ever life more terribly or more thrillingly taken a man at his word? Hardly were the thinking and writing done when he was himself summoned to be the figure he had thought and written.

In 1913, from the two attic rooms in the Boulevard Montparnasse, he had become comrade and comforter to a vast, heterogeneous band of lonely and aspiring souls scattered over every country of Europe and North America. They wrote to him, and he, remembering Leo the well-beloved, shouldered the crushing task of answering their letters with his own

hand. How can one utter the depths of love and gratitude that welled up to him from these far corners and spiritual waste places? So long as he had lived, since such a life as his had been possible, anything beautiful and heroic was possible. One could joyfully risk everything and make a try for his ideal, knowing that, however it might seem to fail, it was bound to succeed. Were the children of the Exodus, who had set out on a high errand toward the Promised Land, dancing round the Golden Calf? Did a capitalist society insult every decent impulse of the human soul? Here was a voice, not of the past but of to-day, proclaiming that men were never meant to live in such squalors, and need not. Hosannah!

Something more than a year of this. Then, one August morning of 1914, a world in flames. 'The spiritual unity of Europe'? It was hate. With the dying Beethoven, one was ready to exclaim: '*Plaudite, amici, comædia finita est!*' The Mount of Vision? It was cannon smoke. The tables of prophecy? *Götterdämmerung*. The Golden Calf? It was the blood-drenched Moloch of capitalist imperialism armed by modern science with an enginery of slaughter well-nigh capable of exterminating the human race. 'Applaud, friends, applaud! The comedy is finished!' And so an end of Jean-Christophes!

An end? Well, no — not quite, perhaps. An end for this generation, certainly. The Jean-Christophes of 1914 had been conscripted to rip out one another's vitals with the bayonet and to blast off one another's faces with T. N. T. But up in a Swiss town is a solitary, shattered man, no longer young. Just yesterday he completed one life-work, and, even in the moment when a scoffing world had ceased jeering to acclaim it great and good, he has seen it smashed by the first volley of cannon, and finds himself, at forty-

eight, called to pick up his tools again and start another. 'The spiritual unity of the Western world'? It was at that moment the grain of wheat shut in the mummied hand of dead Pharaoh. Romain Rolland's life-work was the dead body. His faith was the solitary seed.

With what cunning the creative daimon husbands its forces. That the war should have found Romain Rolland in Switzerland and above the military age would, to eyes that are holden, seem like the merest luck of coincidence. But in the rhythm of the spirit 'luck' is foreordering and 'coincidence' law, —

Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent.

A sharp inner conflict, a tragic self-searching, and Romain Rolland saw what was wanted of him. It was to remain in Switzerland where thought and speech would be, in comparison with belligerent countries, free. Then began what, I suppose, the future will account one of the most prodigious feats of mind and spirit that our time has beheld: one man, alone of all the commanding figures of his age, taking thought, not for his own country solely, but for Europe — and this in an hour when Europe was taking thought of nothing except fratricide. *Above the Battle* appeared in September 1914. Worthies who had never given the future of Europe a thought were outraged that a thinker who had spent his life endeavoring to reconcile its conflicts should decline, at the first stroke of the drum, to cheer for murder.

And now Siegfried encounters the Dragon Fafner of Hate Cavern. He has been warned: —

Poisonous slaver
Slides from his jaws.
Who by his spittle's
Spume is bespattered,
Shrivels and shrinks up alive.

The chagrin of having been forced, two years previously, to recognize as one of the foremost figures of European letters a man whom it had ignored added venom to the *cloaca maxima* of abuse vomited upon him by the French press. It spread to Allied countries, even to the United States. An American newspaper correspondent in Paris, who had written in 1913 about what a great man Romain Rolland was, wrote in 1914 about what a bad man he was. I saved the article. In years to come it would be a curiosity. It is. Here is its concluding sentence: 'Romain Rolland is to-day the moral inferior of the humblest poilu in the trenches.'

The moral inferior, meanwhile, was working as a volunteer, twelve hours a day, in the Civil Prisoners' Service of the Red Cross of Geneva, reuniting families, relieving material distress, and, when all else failed, writing letters of consolation. He was spied on by agents provocateurs, his every caller noted, his every telephone conversation recorded. So ferocious had been the campaign of falsehood against him that he lived in constant peril of some fanatic's bullet. In the autumn of 1916 the Swedish Academy awarded him the Nobel Prize for literature — \$40,000. The occasion was seized on with gloating. 'Swedish Academy? Ha! More German propaganda!' The French press talked of 'Judas and his thirty pieces of silver.' Judas gave his thirty pieces of silver to war sufferers. 'Ah, yes. The heroic pose! Even worse taste, if possible.'

Then a curious thing happened. Let us call it the 'Book of Catacombs.' More than one American radical has told me that, in the midst of savage persecutions by government and press, they have found themselves secretly befriended, often by the very reporters assigned to write the attacks, or by the underofficials delegated to the

prosecution. They would receive clandestine messages and anonymous telephone calls giving them timely warning or valuable advice. Something of this sort befell Romain Rolland. As the weeks went on he found himself once more in two attic rooms, this time in a Swiss hotel, father confessor to what remained of an international mind. From every country — belligerent and neutral — tortured souls, no matter what sorry façade they were obliged to maintain even with their nearest of kin, poured out their hearts to him. Often the writers were so highly placed as not to dare sign their names: men whose souls abhorred what their family responsibilities and social positions seemed to require their hands to do. They told him their sufferings, their self-loathing, their despairs, their hopes, their love for him, their faith in him. Romain Rolland, by the all-powerful law of the spirit, had become custodian of the European conscience. These letters and documents he recorded. They are put away in a safe place. And one day they will be published as a testament to the future. Little as he may seem to have had to do with the writing of such pages, it is quite possible that they may rank as his greatest work.

V

Above the Battle and *The Forerunners* now read like axioms. In 1915 and 1916 they read like treason. Once a telephone is invented, anyone can use it. Not everyone can invent a telephone. Yet these two volumes of essays were merely Rolland's journalistic day-labor of the period. Almost alone of European writers, the electrical current of his creative faculty kept on flowing without interruption throughout the flashes and crashes of that ghastly thunderstorm. *Clérambault*, 'the history of a free conscience

in war time,' was begun in 1916 and finished in 1920. This composite portrait of war psychology, the whole of modern society for its canvas, is one of those books which assuredly ought to be written provided anyone can be found able and willing to write it. *Clérambault* is a cool and desperate feat of surgery for cancer of the soul. (Whether surgery can save the patient is still uncertain.) I picture men of the future reading this book with the pity and horror of Dante, his features lit by the nether flame-glare, peering over into the abyss of Malebolge.

In a letter of the war period Rolland wrote: 'It seems to me that our age needs the whip of a Molière or a Ben Jonson.' That whip he produced. It is *Liluli*. This Aristophanic satire could have been conceived only by a man so steeped in his intellectual material and so tortured by the spectacle of human blindness and misery that he could not help but write it. The seal of effortless creation is all over the play. It quite evidently wrote itself. Its argument is as perfect an anarchist fable as the libretto of *Stiegfried*. Like Wagner, from long meditation on the central facts of human society and from harsh experience of them, he hit upon a seedling allegory so universally true that, follow it whichever way he would, he found himself always in the realm of universal truth-to-life. And then, to balm the hurt mind after that peal of ironic laughter, like cool hands on an aching forehead, came the infinite pity and tenderness of the idyll, *Pierre et Luce*.

Shortly after the war appeared *Colas Breugnon*. It had been written in an abrupt seizure of creative energy, all in the holiday mood of release from the prolonged strain of *Jean-Christophe* — 'scherzo intermezzo,' as Stephan Zweig neatly calls it. The book was in type when the storm burst over Europe.

Those years were no time for such an explosion of Gallic glee. But in 1919 it came most gratefully. This Chaucerian April of laughter and tears seems to me Rolland's most perfect work, and I should not be surprised if it ended by being his most popular one. (The present English translation of it is butchery. 'Rabelais for five-o'clock tea!' exclaimed the author when he saw it.)

The French original is such a spring of gayety and tenderness, lyric poetry and smiling irony, as wells up only out of the ancestral deeps of a seasoned race and an old culture. This seventeenth-century wood-carver is an artist in common life, a robust soul taking the ups and downs of average existence. Here are disappointment in love, a nagging wife, a burned house, illness, mutilation of his finest craftsmanship, social upheaval, financial ruin, war, physical disablement, and at last dependency in the house of his children. Yet here also is immense relish for every savor of life, sweet or sour — delight in the simplest sights and sounds of nature; huge gusto of eating, drinking, and sociability; a hungry mind that can find refuge from outer broils in the pages of a book; the great gift of laughter, even at one's own discomfiture; and, above all, a life that knows the beauty and dignity of humble creative work. All this melody sings above a solid ground-bass of shrewd political satire and sound social philosophy. The hint is a broad one. It is a book which tells common people the half-dozen home truths whereby common life may be lived well, and all so genially and wittily that no one can feel himself in the least preached at. 'There it is, neighbor. Take it or leave it.'

Before the war Europe debouched works of art, music, and literature in annual cycles. One dated the years by

them. 'The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?' Light after light has gone out. 'Night Falls On The Gods.' The masterpieces that once came out of Europe in a flood are now hardly a runlet. That Romain Rolland should be one of the few whose stream of creative energy has not faltered is no accident. Hatred and the spirit that creates do not keep house together. Go down the list of names that were illustrious in art and letters in 1914. Of those who yelped with the pack during the war years how many have regained their spiritual estate? By a grisly law of recompense it would seem that just in so far as one abandons himself to the herd-passions of destruction is he abandoned by the power to create. From his very sufferings Romain Rolland has drawn strength. His love and compassion have kept the springs of his art replenished. His Christophe watched by the deathbed of the age that is gone; his Annette Rivère, heraldress of free women, watches by the birthbed of the new. And when, out of India, cradle of religions, came the political evangel of nonviolence, who more worthy could have been found to deliver to the blood-bolter'd West the new testament of *Mahatma Gandhi* than this great European whose forehead is so strangely spotless of the Cain-brand that will disfigure our age to all eternity?

The mills of the gods seem to have shifted gears. Exceeding small they still may grind; but grind slowly they certainly no longer do. Is it that the Machine Age devours grist faster than any preceding? Or is this the acceleration common to all ages of transition and revolution? In any case, the prophet no longer seems invariably obliged to wait a century for his vindication. Ramsay MacDonald, the hissed and hooted of 1914, is Premier

of Britain in 1924. Romain Rolland, the hated and hounded of 1914, lives to see the thinking class come round shamefacedly to the position which he never abandoned. That he should never have abandoned it can now be seen to have been foreordained out of the whole character of his previous life-course. The courageous solitary who could disdain vulgar triumphs and keep his faith in the power of ideas while toiling year after year with those three good comrades — silence, solitude, and obscurity — was forging a blade which would not splinter when the moment came to cleave the anvil.

What we are watching here is the emergence of an international mind. It appears first in the highest and noblest thinkers. The thought which to-day is theirs alone to-morrow is everyone's. Science, art, music, literature, education, sport, invention, commerce, industry — all are now international. Only statecraft lags behind. Why? Ask the owning classes. Statecraft — with the accent on the craft. Romain Rolland's mind has been an Ararat of internationalism towering out of the European deluge of blood and fire.

VI

Music is the youngest of the arts. The Greeks could beat us at sculpture. The Middle Ages could beat us at architecture. The Renaissance could beat us at painting. The Elizabethans could beat us at poetry. The only art in which our age has surpassed is the art of sound. Literature has felt in turn the impact of all the others. And music has felt the impact of literature. The symphonic poem is one fruit of it. But, fifty years before Liszt, Beethoven liked to speak of his act of composition as 'poetizing.' Wagner attempted the conquest of both arts.

Now the symphonist speaks with a voice above voices. No writing of one line at a time for him! The web of sound he weaves may be twenty staves deep. A man of letters, understanding music, who would envy the composer this wealth and gorgeousness of utterance, was sure to come — some author who would turn in discontent from his little page of words arranged in single lines to cast about him for some means of approximating in prose the richness and emotional glow of the orchestral score. No longer would he be content to jot down the tinkling melody of mere narration. He would resolve to score thought in all the color and variety of sonorous instrumentation. Just as the occupational representation of Soviet Russia was the idea bound to appear in twentieth-century politics, so this conception of orchestral prose was an idea bound to appear in twentieth-century literature. It has begun with Romain Rolland. It still has far to go. Symphonic in scale *Jean-Christophe* assuredly is; but in structure it is only slightly so. Rolland has written the first great musical novel. The European saga of Wagner's life overlapped the even more heroic European saga of Beethoven's by fourteen years. Rolland's life overlapped Wagner's by seventeen. Prophets and sons of prophets. Rolland has taken these two titanic figures from the Promethean world of music, blended their fire and clay with that of a dozen other composers, — among them Bach, Handel, and Hugo Wolf, — and wrought the whole into a superb prose saga of the imagination. A European book in the sense that *Faust* was a European book it may or may not prove to be. Certainly it is the last will and testament of the age which perished on August 2, 1914.

What is more, Rolland's creative

process is the composer's own. It overflows with intrusions of the unconscious. Here are pages that were written with eyes wide open, — pupils a little dilated perhaps, — intellectual faculties alert to full stretch, but all under possession of the not-me. Confine it to *Jean-Christophe* alone. For a mind attuned, the reading of this prose epic is like standing on a seaward crag to watch surf. One moment it will have the motion of fine intellectuality, but nothing more. The next, and it will speak with the flame-tongue of the Oversoul — power inexhaustible, prodigality of life, thought and style caught up into a star-swung rhythm . . . crash! of breaking wave; swirling cauldrons of foam-seethe, and the pang of some divine electricity flashing into brain and vitals direct from the universal; instants not of time but of eternity. No need to catalogue the pages where these moments occur. The heart knoweth. 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.'

Music, therefore, has made its way into the matter of literature — but not yet into the manner. The sonata form is much more exactly applicable to literary form than men of letters as yet guess. The Wagnerian leitmotif is of course already in literature and, in forms more or less rudimentary, has been ever since the choric odes of Æschylus. Its terrific emotional power as applied to prose narrative and spoken drama has yet to be discovered. Shaw, one of the few authors who understand music, has given a hint of this in the phrase-refrains of *Candida*, though it is a question if he did not pick up the device quite as much from Ibsen as from Wagner. The peril of literature attempting to rival music in its own domain is of course obvious. That would be to bastardize the art of letters. But in the co-development of music

and literature lies a natural and organic art-growth of the future. Artists consume form-material with terrific prodigality. Beethoven all but exhausted the symphony. Wagner, in applying the symphonic form to drama, all but exhausted the opera. What he did not do was conquer both music and literature. It was once thought that his librettos would stand alone as poetry. They do not. These twain arts are still awaiting the titan who can, in some sort or other, master them both. Of this new conquest Romain Rolland is precursor.

Such seems to me the unique position of Romain Rolland as artist. But lest anyone should think I am penning one installment the more of literary twaddle for the innocuous delectation of dilettante pundits, let me instantly add what I consider to be the dignified position of Romain Rolland as thinker. He is type and forerunner of the intellectual class renouncing the proper-tied class — a major symptom of our time and one which is causing the conscious elements among the proper-tied no end of secret panic. Yet valiantly as Rolland has mounted the barricades for the workers, he is no more bounden to them than to the plutocracy. It is one example the more of the artist containing all programmes but not contained by any one of them. To befriend humanity? Naturally. To battle for the oppressed? As a matter of course. But as artist, not as propagandist. Life is larger than any single programme, however large. Let the artist create in beauty and his beauty becomes a truth which liberates the oppressed, not in his own generation merely, but in all generations.

Does this mean that the artist should stand coldly aloof from the shindies of his day? Far from it! These shindies are his very school. Tolstoy's polemics,

Shaw's prefaces, Rolland's war-essays are *croix-de-guerre* in the very noblest sense of a cross-of-war. Wagner has thundered in the same index. And how the artolater-æsthetes hate to be reminded of Wagner's socialism. 'As if *that* has anything to do with his music!'

Only a middle class, and one sitting ever more precariously on the lid of domination, could have fallen into an error so grotesque as the idea of divorcing the artist from the social thinker. Yet when the artist comes, as artist,

to create, all these brabbles over the bread of the body must be as they may. His concern now is with the bread of the spirit. He must put his trust in a higher rhythm. Let the spirit speak and the intellect be amanuensis only. On these higher reaches art is no longer constrained by the plot terrestrial, to give or take ringing blows on the windy plains of Troy. Art is become the procession of beacon fires flaming from peak to peak across the blue Ægean, heralding to watchers at Argos the final victory.

THE PARADOX OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH

WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE 'MARGERY' CASE

BY EDWIN G. BORING

I

THE Margery mediumship, which has now become so famous, brings to the fore certain problems of scientific method which the lay public seldom faces, and which, being unrealized, are likely to leave the thoughtful student of such a case in considerable perplexity. In the scientific investigation of an affair like the Margery case it is generally supposed that the investigators are seeking to prove or to disprove the *genuineness of certain super-normal phenomena*. A scientist cannot, however, seriously undertake to offer a solution of such a proposition, for it implies some things that are not true about scientific method. There are at least four difficulties with this formulation of the problem.

Genuineness. Strange as it may seem, science can never deal with the problem of genuineness. All it can do is to report the relations it observes among phenomena, and then go on, reporting other relationships between these phenomena and other phenomena, thus building up ultimately a systematic body of knowledge that is a chapter of science.

Let us take the atom. Are atoms real or genuine? Originally they were purely speculative affairs. It did not seem to be conceivable that matter could be subdivided and subdivided again, and so on forever. There must be, so it seemed, some stopping-place, something so small that it could be no further divided — an atom forsooth.

Were such atoms genuine? No, they were the product of the inability of the mind to grasp the notion of an infinitude of subdivisions. There was no proof that they actually 'existed.'

Ever so much later the chemical law of multiple proportions was discovered. This law was an observed relationship. It showed that in entering into chemical combination the amounts of the elementary substances either remained constant or bore simple proportional relationships to one another. For instance, a given amount of hydrogen will combine with a given amount of oxygen to yield water, and for water the proportion of hydrogen to oxygen is fixed immutably. It is possible, however, to cause exactly twice as much oxygen to combine with the same amount of hydrogen to make hydrogen peroxide, and for hydrogen peroxide the proportions are also immutable. One cannot, with the same amount of hydrogen, get one and one-half or any fractional proportion of oxygen to combine. This law is a matter of observation and cannot be challenged within the limits of the exactness with which it was observed. It happens, however, to be a law which would hold if the chemical elements were divided into atoms which were themselves indivisible in entering into combinations, and thus the law of multiple proportions came to support the atomic hypothesis. We now say water is H_2O and hydrogen peroxide H_2O_2 . With two parts of hydrogen we can combine one part or two parts of oxygen because the atoms combine thus to make a molecule. We cannot have one and one-half parts of oxygen to the two of hydrogen because we cannot have one and one-half atoms of oxygen. The atoms for these purposes are indivisible.

Have we proven the genuineness of the atom now? No, because we have

not observed atoms as such. All we have done is to establish an atomic hypothesis, a statement that certain phenomena occur as if matter were made up of indivisible atoms. Nevertheless we must now distinguish between science and human belief. Certainly the fact that combinations occur in multiple proportions strengthens the belief of both layman and scientist that there actually are atoms.

The atomic hypothesis, since it was first laid down, has been tremendously strengthened. Something might have been discovered at any time to discredit it, but nothing has. What has happened has been that chemists have assumed that the hypothesis is genuine, and have set experiments based upon this hypothesis, realizing that every such experiment was a test of it. The belief in the reality of atoms grew stronger as more and more experiments, based upon the belief, proved successful. Presently the belief became so strong that we came to speak of the atomic law instead of the atomic hypothesis.

Nowadays, however, no physicist believes in an indivisible atom. Atoms are supposed to be made up of ions. And the physicist counts the ions in an atom, measures them, and plots their orbits of motion within the complex system that the atom is. What does this mean? Is the atom no longer genuine? Well, the original proposition has been proven untrue. The atom is not, after all, an indivisible smallest particle of matter. The atom is, speaking relatively, a vast system of ions, each moving in a precise manner at a tremendous velocity. As originally defined, the atom is not genuine, but this discovery makes no difference to the scientist. The law of multiple proportions and all the other observed relationships still hold, and all that has happened is that a partially erroneous hypothesis has led

to positive results and a further knowledge of the truth.

Moreover, we may go even further. The atomic hypothesis is based on a belief in the reality of matter, but modern physics is beginning to question even this reality. The hypothesis of matter has yielded most of modern science, but it may be wrong after all. There may be nothing but energy. It now seems possible that even matter is not genuine.

It is plain, then, that genuineness is a relative and temporary affair. Genuineness is simply an expression that means we have a practical belief in something at a particular time. What is doubted to-day is proven to-morrow and disproven later. But the disproof of the better accepted scientific beliefs generally means progress and not retrogression. Professor Whitehead has recently expounded this fact of the progressive nature of science in the *Atlantic*. The observed laws remain, worth all that they ever were. All we do is to alter our belief in the nature of factors, like the atom, with which the laws are concerned.

Now it is this instability of the genuineness of scientific conclusions that makes particular difficulty in the investigation of psychic phenomena. The investigation usually hinges on the genuineness of certain phenomena, as to whether they are 'normal' or 'supernormal.' Sometimes a prize is offered for a proof of genuineness. What can the scientist do? The medium, not being a scientist, usually wants her genuineness attested, and may make such an attempt the condition of the investigation. If the scientist goes ahead he probably does so with the mental reservation that he means by genuineness a naïve definition of the word. But when he comes to make a conclusion, he is faced with a dilemma, especially if he should be about to conclude that the

phenomena are supernormal. He may assert that the phenomena are genuine, but he must know in his heart that his assertion is simply the measure of the strength of his temporary belief. Any discovery at any time may make him wish to alter his verdict. He would not be a scientist if he felt that his conclusion was necessarily permanent. If a prize has been offered, his dilemma is the worse. He feels that money is being paid on the basis of a conclusion that may later have to be altered. On the other hand, if his conclusion is negative, as it usually is, he is in difficulty. There is always a chance that he is wrong, if not about the problem of the normal and the supernormal, at least about his own particular explanation of normal fraud; and he may be sure that the proponents of the supernormal will not fail to take advantage of this chance of error in controversy subsequent to his formal conclusion.

Perhaps this difficulty of the scientist will be clearer if we consider specifically the Margery case. A year ago there was a committee of scientists who sought to render a verdict upon the question of the genuineness of the phenomena which occur in the presence of Margery. This committee witnessed many things that they could not immediately explain and they signed reports describing them because they knew what they had observed. So far they were on safe ground. A trained observer can report what he observes with considerable reliability. Just so one might report that the motorman turned a handle and the trolley-car moved forward, without having any notion at all how the movement was brought about. Perhaps there was a demon inside the thing, and, not liking the crank to be turned, he ran and made the car go — at least this is a possible hypothesis.

Now, if this committee had kept on

being mystified, they would finally have gotten to the stage where they believed it useless to continue further in the hope of dispelling the mystery. They might then have decided to conclude that the phenomena were genuine and to award the prize. Nevertheless, prize or no prize, it would still remain possible for someone cleverer than they, or more lucky than they, to solve the mystery in some perfectly normal manner.

On the other hand, if the committee had actually discovered some normal explanation of the originally strange events, — that Margery rang the bell-box with her foot, or that Walter's voice was Margery's whisper in a trance, — then they might have given a negative report. Still they would not be sure of their generalization. Perhaps Margery made the particular whispers that they observed, but perhaps Walter also whispers at other times. Their whole finding would be upset if it could later be shown that any whispering at all occurred without Margery's participation.

As a matter of fact, this particular committee made neither finding. The majority reported that the supernormality of the phenomena was not established, and thus they remained on scientific ground. If, however, they had made a definite statement one way or the other, it is plain that their finding could not have been final and irrevocable for the reason that scientific research is never final or irrevocable. One hears so much talk about science 'settling problems,' whereas it never settles them: it merely advances them.

II

Supernormality. The second difficulty which psychic research faces lies in the fact that its task is often formulated as the proof of the supernormal

nature of certain phenomena. When are phenomena supernormal?

Suppose we are asked to a séance and there we observe many objects, remote from the medium and everyone else, moving about on the table or going up in the air. There is no doubt about the observation. The question arises: Is the movement supernormal?

Here the investigator is faced with a necessity for establishing relationships. To find the cause of a phenomenon is to find what else has to occur in order that the phenomenon may occur. If, in his final analysis, he finds that the movement will not occur unless the medium's hand or foot is free to touch the object and that the movement will not occur beyond the range of the hand or foot, he has established an hypothesis which bids fair to be accepted as genuine. Such an explanation, however, would be regarded as a demonstration of normality.

What other sort of relationship could he possibly find? Let us suppose that the investigator, as the result of prolonged experimentation, becomes convinced that the movement is not caused directly by any movable part of the medium's body or of the bodies of any other persons in the room; and, by choosing suddenly unexpected rooms known only to himself, that it is not caused by elaborate concealed apparatus. The unscientific person would begin then to think that the movement must be supernormal. He might be convinced until he discovered that the medium was in possession of what appeared to be a fountain pen, but was really a strong extensible rod by which objects at a distance could be manipulated. Then he would conclude that the movement might be normal after all.

Suppose, however, that at last he exhausts his ingenuity in thinking of things and conditions to exclude, and still the movements occur. What has

he proved? Not supernormality, but simply that there is movement and he does not know how it occurs. The belief in the supernormal turns out to be nothing more than a belief in his own ignorance.

To most readers this statement may seem very strange. Science, they will say, has done wonderful things; why should it not some day establish the reality of the supernormal? The answer is that to establish the reality of the supernormal would be to bring it within the normal. Science has no way of working except by relating the unknown to the known. When phenomena are built into the system of knowledge they cease to be supernormal.

The logicians would state this conclusion in another way. They tell us that you cannot prove a universal negative. Proof is essentially positive in its nature. To prove the supernormal you must define it, but you can only define it by saying that it is something that is not normal. Now you cannot prove that a phenomenon is not normal. You may be able to prove that it is normal, or you may persistently fail to prove it normal. If you fail to prove it normal you have not proved it supernormal; you have simply failed to prove it anything at all. It is surprising how easy it is to confuse the knowledge that one is ignorant with a knowledge about the thing of which one is ignorant.

All this argument does not, of course, go to show that there is nothing supernormal. It asserts merely that science cannot cope with the problem of the supernormal, which must presumably remain a matter of faith without proof.

III

Generalization. A fundamental characteristic of science that plays an important rôle in the misunderstanding

of psychic research is generalization. Theoretical science is interested always in the general, never in the particular. Yet it has always to study the particular. Galileo was not concerned to see whether his two particular weights, dropped from the tower of Pisa, would reach the ground at the same time, but whether bodies in general fell at speeds that were independent of their weights. Thus the scientist takes his particular materials as representative of the general class, and ordinarily he avoids difficulty by picking his representatives by naïve common-sense. He secures his generalizations further by repeating his observations with different materials, all of which he assumes belong to the same class, thus effecting a criticism of his common-sense selection. We become convinced of the law of falling bodies only after it has been tested out for a large number of objects and a larger number of weights.

In psychic research, however, repetition cannot always be had. Even astronomy is not so difficult as psychic research in this matter. In astronomy control of the actual phenomena is impossible, but they do recur, or else we learn little of them. There is no guarantee, however, that a 'spirit' will consent to repeat a given phenomenon just when it is wanted. Unless the 'control' will coöperate, it may be quite impossible to come to any conclusions at all.

Sometimes, nevertheless, the control does coöperate. In the Margery case, Walter was willing to repeat phenomena again and again. Is this all that science could ask for? No, for one needs assurance that apparent phenomena are really the same. In Mr. Hoagland's account of Margery in the November *Atlantic* the group remained for a long time puzzled. They thought that the hands and feet of the medium were controlled. Then it appeared that

she could slip off an ankle-band, freeing a foot. With this discovery it became immediately possible to arrange to control the foot; and the group, to put their hypothesis to the test, predicted that the phenomena would either cease or change. They did change somewhat in nature. Yet, even if they had not changed, they would not have been in a scientific sense the same phenomena. If Margery had done with her hand what she did with her foot, something else would have been going on.

The professional magician makes use of this principle generally. When he repeats a trick he does it in a different way. The naïve observer thinks he is observing the same phenomenon, eliminates some possibilities the first time and others later, and so remains mystified.

In studying accounts of supposed psychic phenomena, one has therefore to be extremely cautious. It is very easy to talk about teleplasm, for example, as if it existed, because there are telekinetic movements, and because one possible normal explanation has been excluded in one experiment, and others in others. The reader, however, knows nothing worth knowing until all the possibilities have been excluded in the same experiment, and even then, as we have seen, he knows only that teleplasm is something that acts in a particular manner by laws that he cannot explain. To me it seems that such a conclusion is worth mentioning only in so far as it sets the problem for further research.

IV

Sincerity. The fourth matter which I wish to take up is psychological and not methodological. It concerns the sincerity of the medium. Sincerity of the medium is often invoked as part of the demonstration of the genuineness of the phenomena. If the medium is a

fraud she is insincere. Conversely, it is argued, if she is sincere the phenomena must be genuine. The converse of a proven proposition, however, does not necessarily hold. Presumably sincerity, as we ordinarily know it, is not a proof that there is no trickery. To understand this matter we have to understand the human mind.

Human beings, while they seek in modern society to be rational and consistent, fall far short of success. Most of us want, for example, to be both honest and polite, and we find sometimes that we cannot be both simultaneously. We tell the truth with a little shame or we resort to a 'white lie.' In this case both motives are worthy motives and the conflict is not very great. Whichever we do, we are justified to ourselves.

The case is more serious when an unworthy motive clashes with a worthy one. I knew a girl who had such a passion for cold lamb chops that once, on a picnic, she went off alone so as to have all her chops for herself and then came back with some excuse. When I reminded her of it a year later she denied ever having done so, and I think she had really forgotten it. This mental device by which we avoid thinking about the less pleasant sides of ourselves is the well-known psychological mechanism of 'repression.'

In the extreme case one gets a dissociated personality. The most famous instance is Dr. Morton Prince's Miss Beauchamp and her alternating personality called Sally. Miss Beauchamp was refined and sensitive, but Sally was a young devil, always making trouble for Miss Beauchamp, destroying her things or creating impossible situations for Miss Beauchamp to face when she later replaced Sally. What a medium Miss Beauchamp might have been, preparing all the necessary devices as Sally, facing the public in all sincerity

as Miss Beauchamp, and reverting to Sally under the influence of the séance!

Nor does dissociation necessarily mean an alternation of personalities. There may be, as Dr. Prince styles them, co-conscious personalities. The one may control the voice while the other controls the hand, or at least the two may go on in rapid alternation. When we read in the papers of a devout man, respected in his community, carrying out over a considerable period some line of misconduct, we style him a hypocrite and dismiss the matter from mind. Most people, however, are not consciously hypocritical. The chances are that the man seemed to himself to be quite sincere when he was standing for morality and that the other life interpenetrated his moral life without his ever being able to bring himself to face the inconsistency.

Sincerity, then, may be a human ideal, but it will not be perfectly realized so long as the human mind remains the natural seat of conflicting impulses. I have recently had an example of such a conflict in my own experience.

Mr. Code, one of the Margery investigators, arranged a séance in which he was to produce all the Margery phenomena by trickery. I was present and held the important position of controlling his left hand. I wanted the control to be as rigid as possible in order that the demonstration should be convincing, but I also wanted Code to succeed. In general, Code was quite as mysterious as Margery to me, but once, in red light, he attempted too much and I saw how the trick was done. I should then have reported fraud into the dictaphone, according to the general understanding, but it never occurred

to me to do so. It was only after I had gone home and thought it over that I realized that the desire to have Code succeed had won out over the desire to control him rigidly. If I were not a psychologist accustomed to analyze my motives, I do not believe that I should even have remembered this incident.

The incident goes to show, however, that persons who have the 'will to believe' in the supernormal do not make good investigators of psychic phenomena. It shows also that in an investigation persons sympathetic to the phenomena or to the medium should not be placed in the important positions near her. A sympathetic sitter is not only uncritical. He may actually help the medium or allow her to help herself, and he may, after the sitting, be able to answer with all sincerity — 'to the best of his knowledge and belief' — that he did not aid. The trouble is that the best of one's knowledge and belief is very apt not to be the truth when strongly conflicting motives arise.

I hope it is now plain that psychic research, in so far as it seeks to demonstrate the genuineness of supernormal phenomena, is a paradox. Research does not demonstrate genuineness; it yields at best a temporary practical belief. Research cannot prove the supernormal, for the supernormal is nothing more than something we know nothing at all about; it does not take research to tell us that we are ignorant of some things. And finally, with the human mind made the way it is, even sincerity is not a safeguard of the results of psychic research, for it takes more than sincerity to accomplish what is logically impossible.

THE COMING OF 'CHINA NEW YEAR'

BY NORA WALN

'PLEASE buy my laziness, please buy my
laziness,
Please buy my laziness for a year.'

The high sweet treble of the child's song drifted through the open windows of my sitting-room. I heard the soft fall of paper-wrapped coins on the paving-stones of my kitchen courtyard, a shrill joyous exclamation, the chuckle of deeper voices, and a continuation of the New Year's Eve chant: —

*'Maai laan, maai laan,
Maai to nin saam shap maan.'*

(I've sold my laziness, I've sold my laziness,
I've sold my laziness for a year.)

For half an hour I caught snatches of the melody — now distinct, now far away — and knew that Chou Chung-hung, the three-year-old son of my cook, was collecting his holiday tribute from all of those members of my household whom he numbers as his friends. In time the shuffle of cloth-slipped baby feet came down my passage, there was a suppressed nervous giggle, a knock, and the door came slowly open, disclosing a solemn little face. Instantly he doubled his fat 'tummy' into a bow so that his forehead tapped the polished floor and the stiff upstanding topknot on his otherwise clean-shaven head wagged impressively.

Before I had time to appreciate the full glory of his gayly embroidered crownless cap, from which a tiny bell dangled over each ear, he was standing erect beside my chair and my eyes were dazzled by the radiance of his red-satin coat and trousers. The coat fastened

stiffly up to his round pink chin and down the left side with buttons of self material. The trousers were bound at the ankles, 'exactly like a grown-up man's,' with bands of lavender silk, and disappeared into tiger shoes of yellow cloth marked with black stripes. Each toe had a dragon's face embroidered on it; there were turn-back ears of fur, and bristling whiskers of waxed thread.

His bright eyes sparkled with excitement and a dimple danced in one cheek of his otherwise perfectly controlled soap-polished face as he trilled his rhyme.

I had just dropped three coins, properly wrapped in red paper, into his chubby hand when my small daughter turned her attention from the treatment of her sick doll and contemplated Chou Chung-hung. Then she took up the song for herself.

'I'm sorry, but I have n't any more, Little Pigeon,' I said regretfully.

Chou Chung-hung lifted my sewing-basket to make sure that there were no more lurking under it, considered the situation deliberately, opened the pussy purse which hung from his inner belt, counted fourteen coins in the murmuring fashion of children, and passed exactly half of his hoard over to her.

It was morning. A perfume which could be only that of newly opened flowers came to my nostrils. I turned over in bed, waking from a dream. The odor persisted, tantalizing my curiosity until I rose and opened the door from which it came, to find the jardinières

along the stairs filled with delicate pink plum-blossoms.

Pulling my dressing-gown about me, I followed the trail of fragrant loveliness down the stairs and through the house to the breakfast-room, where the plum-blossoms stopped abruptly at the door. In the centre of the table I found a great shallow bowl which I had never seen before; in the clear water of the bowl lay shells and smooth white stones in pretty patterns, and from among the stones sprang a myriad of exquisite slender green stalks, each topped with a delicate miniature blossom. In the early gray dawn they were like fairies about to take flight.

Chang, my house steward, entered the room, carrying a tray of silver with which to lay the breakfast. At sight of me a wave of astonishment passed over his face, leaving his calm impenetrable as ever.

'The flowers are the gift of the Chinese members of the household. Plum-blossoms are the China New Year flower, but the water fairies' — he touched one petal with the tip of his finger — 'are the blossoms of domestic tranquillity. If they bloom at dawn they bring the household much happiness for twelve moons. Chinese people pay ten times as much for buds that will open at this hour as for those that would open yesterday or to-morrow.'

Before I could express my gratitude he had glided silently from the room, and the stiff line of his back was a sharp reproof that I had prowled about the house before the proper hour.

At eight o'clock the breakfast gong sounded, and when we reached the lower landing of the stairs we found all the 'Chinese members of the household' dressed in their best clothes, ready to give us New Year greetings, as is their custom. We stood while they gave the 'Ching An' salute — a graceful bending of the right knee forward

while the left is drawn back, both arms dropping straight to the floor and the head held erect. They gave the salute first to the 'master,' then to me, and then to the baby, solemnly wishing each of us in turn the New Year's five blessings — prosperity, happiness, health, peace, and many sons.

An hour later I discovered in my small daughter's nursery two dolls marvelously wrought of paper, and remembered them as the same kind of figures I had seen by the hundred in the shops on Lantern Street a week before. On the wall facing the east the amah had hung the two graceful ladies with the long richly decorated gowns of the Sung dynasty. Their perfectly shaped faces were in the form of the Chinese ideal of feminine beauty — almond-shaped, with slender rounded chins, butterfly eyebrows, cherry mouths, and high white foreheads. Their hair was piled high and dressed in the ornate fashion of the Sung period. They stood about eighteen inches high, and two inches of wide trouser-leg were visible below the hem of their long coats.

'Amah gave me Ho Hoperh Sien. They are two friends who keep smiles on our faces,' my child explained. 'Amah is telling the story about them now — stay and listen.'

So I sat down on the hearthrug and listened to the pretty tale the old Chinese nurse repeated from the folklore of her people: of these two ladies who lived hundreds of years ago and who by their living taught others how to give and receive friendship, and of how the Chinese people honor their memory and strive to bring harmony into their own lives by buying paper dolls made in their image every China New Year.

And as we listened to the dull drone of the old woman's voice the two ladies nodded their heads gayly in the morning sunshine and seemed to dance with

happiness upon the platform of silver paper flecked with red birds on which the Lantern-Maker had fastened them.

'I did not even hope to find them in Canton,' Amah exclaimed. Born in Peking, she will always be an alien elsewhere. 'Of course they make the likeness best in Peking, but the story of their harmonious living must have spread all over China. During the seventeen years I have moved about with this household I have never failed to find them at China New Year time. They were in far Szechwan, in Honan, in Chihli, all along the Yangtze Valley — and now here in distant Canton.'

Tears slid over her furrowed cheeks. I looked away for an instant and when I turned back she was sewing placidly as usual.

China New Year comes at the end of each twelfth moon. This year the 'Pepper Moon,' as the twelfth month is called, happens to die on the twenty-second of our January. On the eve of the old year all business accounts are settled, quarrels smoothed out, and affairs arranged so that the sun rises on an unmarred future. The first fifteen days of the 'Beginning Moon' are devoted to special observances.

The China New Year Celebration is a celebration in the heart of the family. Restaurants, theatres, gambling-houses, and all places of public amusement are closed, as well as all places of business. The people retire to their homes, and rich and poor alike are occupied welcoming the New Year. There are no rickshas with fleet runners in the streets; no cart, boat, camel, or donkey services; sedan chairs are not for hire. All the men have gone home to their families, as is the advice of ancient sages.

It matters not that Westerners have come with a new calendar and set an arbitrary date for the birth of the year.

'All things follow in proper order' — the moons are numbered twelve from time without count, and are designated Beginning Moon, Almond Moon, Peach Moon, Locust Moon, Rush Moon, Water-Lily Moon, Ripening Moon, Harvest Moon, Chrysanthemum Moon, Plum Moon, Reed Moon, and Pepper Moon.

The Republic has officially adopted the Western calendar. Nevertheless the entire country observes the advent of the year as it is written in the hearts of the people, and the Republic and Western businesses follow in line, with from four to seven days' holiday.

The first day of the New Year is a day of fasting. As a Chinese friend explained to me once, the people fast on that day and pray for safety and prosperity during the moons that are to come. Cooking fires are banked, and the only tea made or food cooked is that prepared for sacrifice. All through the preceding night and the day following the New Year's birth, crackers and fireworks are lit to frighten away evil spirits. On the second day of the New Year folks pay calls on their own parents and their very closest friends. The third day is devoted to calls on relatives by marriage. Where it is impossible to call, oblong red cards with appropriate greetings brushed on them are sent.

On the second day of the New Year it was arranged that I should meet my husband at the corner of the Big Horse Road and the Street of a Thousand Blessings to go to tea at the house of a friend. I started early that I might have time to linger along the streets, because I have learned that at this season there is a special air of democratic friendliness abroad, an exchange of smiles between people who never saw each other before. And as the weather is warm here in the South — lupines, sweet peas, violets, cosmos, poinsettias, and roses are in bloom in my garden in

this curious climate where flowers of all seasons blossom together — I hoped to catch glimpses of life through half-open doorways.

Nor was I disappointed. I found rows of shop doors plastered neatly with the long red-paper scrolls which are the mark of the season in every section of the country where I have seen the year in. Sometimes they are quoted from the classics; often they are composed by the shop-owner or the house-dweller. They are always couplets, one on either side of the doorway. Before the gate of Fat Sen I found: 'Spring grass will be our business,' and a rhyming line in his language: 'Autumn harvest will be our richness.' At the entrance to the dwelling of the schoolmaster I discovered: 'Morality brings happiness; politeness brings opportunity.'

I exchanged smiles with little children in gorgeous holiday-attire. On Elephant Horn Hutung I found the old woman whose name, translated, means Universal Virtue seated in the doorway of her front courtyard dressed in gay new garments — apricot-colored trousers, short violet coat covered with a gray sleeveless jacket, her hair oiled smoothly back, and the twist beautified with a bunch of flat artificial pink flowers. She was surrounded by pyramids of oranges, which vied with her dress for first place in my attention.

'I have to keep open shop,' she exclaimed as I drew near, 'else the fruit my brother sent would spoil. Come and buy and I shall be free the sooner to light crackers of rejoicing with my sons and daughters. It is not seeming that an old woman like myself should do selling at this time.'

I stopped to examine the fruit and to consider whether the fact that it would be a nice present for the Yang children, to whose home I was on the way, would pass as a legitimate excuse for joining

my husband with my arms full of packages. The fruit did look delicious and children do like oranges, so I hesitated.

'Only twenty cents for twelve,' she encouraged me.

'All right; I will take twelve,' I decided. When I had selected them I handed her twenty cents.

'Are you blind? Can't you read?' she screamed in rage, dropping the coin on the pavement to make sure that it rang true, and running a dirty finger along the characters of a crude sign. 'Twenty cents for twelve; twenty-three cents with the skins.'

Not being able to carry the oranges away without the skins, I counted out three cents and dropped them into her outstretched hand.

'That is better,' she grinned toothlessly. 'Don't start turning somersaults in the eye of a cash on my doorstep.'

The time came when I must turn into the Big Horse Road, which I always avoid as long as possible, preferring the friendly little streets. I had not ventured on the big road for two months, because in this city, suffering so cruelly in the throes of reformation, it is very ugly. I decided to hold my eyes tight shut, finding the way with my feet, until I was safely past the place where, after the fighting between the Merchant Volunteers and the Red Army, I saw the latter cutting the heart out of a badly wounded but still living Volunteer, and was told to step back when I tried to interfere, 'because the victor has an unalienable right to cut out, cook, and eat the heart of a courageous enemy that he may make that courage his own' — the latter from the mouth of a policeman on duty and gravely assented to by the gathered crowd.

At the curb I stumbled, and my eyes came open and, against my will, turned toward the place of horror; but on the stone against which the bloodstain still showed dark, despite heavy rains,

stood a little boy, his eyes shining with merry mischief as he tugged at his father's coat and drew the latter's attention to me.

'Look at the funny foreigner! She was walking with her eyes shut. Look how her hair crinkles about her face under that ugly hat! Does n't she know about the shops where ladies buy oil and polish to make their hair glossy and black? What queer feet she has! Her shoes are heavier and longer than a man's shoes, although she is little taller than my mother. What a foolish fashion to have a dress open at the throat so that the wind can blow in! Does n't she know that clothes should open on the left side and fit neatly at the neck?'

Thus the child helped me past the place, and at the promised corner I found my husband waiting.

It was halfway along the Street of Seven Springs that we came upon four coolies, each pair bearing suspended from a pole between them a huge fat roasted pig varnished all over with the peculiar red vegetable dye which gives charm and flavor to holiday meat. As is the habit of coolies, they were lightening their toil with an improvised chant — the first pair singing a verse in rhyme, the second pair nimbly singing an answer. As we came near we made out the following: —

'Here comes the Tall Foreign Devil — number-one scold from the north!

Here comes the Tall Foreign Devil — number-one scold from the north!'

I had just nudged my husband with an elbow and was in the midst of a delighted chuckle at the cleverness of the song when the two rear coolies began the answering chant: —

'You have made a mistake — you have made a mistake!

The number-one scold walks beside him — walks beside him!'

And suddenly I had a desire to have done with loitering and hasten on to the house where we were expected to tea.

On the morning of the fourth day of this year I woke with my mind firmly made up to secure the ivory image of the Goddess of Mercy which I had been trying not to buy for the past six months. The price was far above my pocketbook, but the beauty of the carving, weighed in the same balance with the clothes I should purchase, tipped the latter out of the scales entirely. Also I rested on the memories of other indiscretions, followed by my husband's horror at my lack of clothes and the refilling of my purse.

Shops were open on the loose chain all through the city, giving delightful glimpses of inner vistas. There is a special mystery in beauty caught through a part-open doorway, heightened when shops and dwellings are built as they are here, with first an entrance room, then a courtyard with a spraying fountain, on which the sun sparkled this morning like so much gold. In every place I saw blooming plum-trees and bowls of 'water fairies.'

In the little stone niches outside each shop incense was burning before the picture of 'Tu Ti,' the god of shops, whose spirit watches over their welfare and lures customers within the gates.

The Street of Lanterns was gay with lanterns in every conceivable size and shape. I counted fifty-three kinds. Lanterns in the form of fishes, birds, flowers, even horses that children could ride, — a very unsafe practice, as the candle is placed at either end of the horse and leads to numerous accidents each year, — theatre lanterns in which the figures revolve with the flame of the candle, and great gorgeous lanterns with scenes from the classic stories painted on them.

At the door of Fong the ivory-dealer's

shop, I gave three sharp taps and the little assistant let me in.

'May the New Year bring you much wealth,' the boy said in greeting.

'I have come to part with what wealth I possess,' I answered.

'Ai-ah! Fong the master was correct. He said that you would come to-day for the beautiful likeness of the Goddess of Mercy,' he confided.

Fong came forward from the rear courtyard and expressed proper surprise at my visit before the shop was open for business again, but commended my eagerness to possess the bit of ivory. He refused to accept business or settle the terms, but gave me the treasure and told me to come back to pay when the festivities were over and he could lend his mind to such things.

'It is the day when we pay homage to the God of Wealth,' he said. 'Would you like to come into my humble dwelling and watch the ceremony?'

I went with him to a room where many people were gathered, some of whom I recognized as clerks in his shop, to watch the sacrifice to Ts'ai-shen, the god who is worshiped all over China because he is believed to possess the power to enrich those whom he likes. He is believed to be very fond of gifts and toys, and short in his dealings with those who neglect him.

'This sacrifice is called "Welcoming the god to the shop,"' explained a clerk who stood near me. 'It is a very important service to all of us who are employed here, because if we are invited it means Fong has need of our services for another year. If we are not invited it is the polite way of dismissal. This is the habit in all old-fashioned shops. The things used in the sacrificial service are hens, eggs, game, and Lump of Silver fish, as we call carp.'

At the end of the service heavy fire-crackers were exploded; then the fish were taken away from the altar and

dropped into the fountain in the courtyard, 'that the business might be as bountiful as the spawn of the fish are plentiful.'

This is the Year of the Ox, according to the Chinese people, the second year in the sixty-year cycle. For some reason unknown to me the character 'wood' combines with 'ox' to make the name of the year. Last year was the Year of the Rat. On all sides I am assured by Chinese that this will be a good year for the entire country because, 'as all men know, the rat is cruel and cunning, but the ox is slow, strong, and sure.'

To-day is the seventh day of the China year. It is the day of the celebration of the creation of man. Back of that there must lie a story, but so far none of my questions have secured me the tale, for the Chinese people have a way of curing too much eagerness with indifference and then some surprising day telling the whole thing unasked. They like the flower of knowledge to bloom in its own good time, and resent any attempt at pulling open the bud.

When I am impatient to get at the root of something, I quiet my striving with the memory of a conversation which once took place behind me in a temple where I was questioning a monk. A small crowd had gathered, making various remarks about my dress and manner. I was foreign, so there need be no self-consciousness about my understanding.

'She can talk,' said an old dame.

'So she can,' responded another.

'I did not know that they had sufficient sense to carry on a conversation like other people,' the first one said.

'Oh yes! My husband's sister's husband has worked for Americans for a number of years, and he says that in spite of their appalling ignorance some of them are quite intelligent.'

FROM MAIN STREET TO WALL STREET

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

I

ONCE upon a time, — and it was n't so long ago, either, — down in Boothbay, Maine, there were two brothers, John and James. Their last name was Doe. John, the elder, was quiet-eyed, slow-moving, and comfortable, temperamentally. James was more jumpy, nimble-witted, ambitious to get on. One stayed on the farm; the other naturally gravitated to the city. In due season John's boy prepared to enter the academy at Damariscotta. Said his father: 'Son, you're getting grown up. Suppose I die — you ought to have something all your own. I'm going to give you that best Jersey heifer. But you must remember to keep her well fed and healthy so that the milk will be pure. And keep her horns cut, in case she gets pernickety. Remember also that the fence in the northeast corner of the pasture is getting shaky. She might wander out on the highroad and upset somebody in a Ford. Because she's all yours, it's up to you to see that she behaves herself.'

About the same time James, in the library of his city house, thus delivered himself to his son: 'Now, Junior, before you go to college I want to give you my investment in the Boothbay Harbor Electric Light Company. This concern serves our old neighbors and friends, and I want you to feel a continuing interest in, and a responsibility for, our share in this local enterprise. If properly managed it should be a

benefit to this community; and it will yield you an income to be applied to your education through the next few years. But you must never forget that you are partly responsible for this undertaking. Our family had a hand in starting it. That responsibility is an inseparable part of your ownership. I read something the other day, in an opinion by Justice Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court, which bears this out: "There is no such thing to my mind . . . as an *innocent* stockholder. He may be innocent in fact, but socially he cannot be held innocent. He accepts the benefits of the system. It is his business and his obligation to see that those who represent him carry out a policy which is consistent with the public welfare." He is right in that. This accountability for wealth underlies and justifies the whole institution of private property upon which the government of our great country is founded.'

Thus did two men, good and true according to their several lights, recognize the public obligation that attaches to wealth. But how different were the results! The son of John, under the old simple conditions, continued to cherish, and in the community to stand sponsor for, his Jersey heifer. But with the son of James complications speedily developed. First of all, the Central Maine Power Company, heading up in Augusta, induced a majority of the stockholders in the

local corporation to exchange their holdings for shares of the larger concern. There was nothing else to do but to follow along. Then a great consolidation was announced. It was headed by the Middle West Securities Company, incorporated in Delaware, which took over the Central Maine Power Company and made it a part of an intermediate corporation, known as the New England Public Service Company, which through the Manchester Traction Light and Power Company and the National Light and Power Company (which latter itself owned the Twin State Power Company and the Vermont Hydro-Electric Company) covered all northern New England. Thus, by the close of 1923, the son of James had become a partner with 53,999 others in a joint investment of over \$52,000,000 *in stocks alone*. The main office of the company had moved to Chicago (the annual meeting still being held in Delaware, however). The little New England corporation was now indissolubly bound up with five others in Illinois, three in Indiana, three in Kentucky, two in Oklahoma, one in Oklahoma and Texas, one in Missouri, one in Michigan, two in Nebraska, two in Virginia, one in Wisconsin, and one in Tennessee. This was the chain, constituted of many links, which made up the sole and tenuous connection between the son of James and his original electric-light investment. It began to look indeed as if the days of the simple life and of direct responsibility of ownership were by way of passing in the field of public utilities in New England.

James and his son, thus lost in the shuffle of public-utility corporations, turned to the field of private enterprise, in which, as they had been told, personal initiative still held sway, free from the deadening influence of governmental supervision. They perused

the offerings of securities in the press by well-known and responsible firms. Might they not hope to acquire direct ownership in corporations which themselves managed the business? The first stumblingblock was the holding corporation. They had become used to this complicated financial device in the large concerns like the United States Steel Corporation or the General Motors Company. They sought for less stupendous undertakings. One banking house offered gold notes which invited participation in the affairs, not of the Kaufmann Department Stores, Inc., 'conducting the largest department-store business in the city of Pittsburgh,' but only of a holding company, the Kaufmann Department Stores Securities Corporation, a finance or intermediate company. Another offering was of Stern Brothers, New York, 'one of the oldest and best-known department stores in the United States,' but 'to ensure continuity of management and policy the common shares will be placed in a voting trust.' Perhaps they sought an interest in the biggest hardware company in the United States. They found, however, that the Associated Simmons Hardware Companies merely controlled an immense business in St. Louis, deriving their status as a legal trust from Massachusetts. The DeForest Radio Company offering was yet otherwise eviscerated of all possible voting power by another kind of voting trust.

Coca-Cola sounded refreshing. A company chartered in Georgia turns out some 25,000,000 gallons of a popular beverage, presumably at a profit. The stock is publicly listed and very widely held. But some 251,000 of its 500,000 shares were found to be lodged in the hands of a knot of insiders, incorporated as the Coca-Cola International Company. No shares of this corporation which held control were

listed or available as a purchase to James or his son. Answering an advertisement of securities of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, they found that its business was really conducted at the office of the Associated Gas and Electric Securities Corporation — another finance company? From Armour and Company of Delaware, whose common stock was all owned by Armour and Company of Illinois, down to the latest offering of a dairy-products concern, everything was tied up in this way. Hopeless indeed did it appear that any uninitiated public investor could understand, much less participate intelligently in, any of these affairs.

Nor was James wholly to blame for the loss of direct contact and responsibility between his son and his investment. For, finding himself getting on in years and being mindful of the mutability of human affairs, he might have taken out a charter as 'James Doe, Ltd.' — better, perhaps, than 'Inc.,' because carrying the suggestion, among other things, of a limited liability for inheritance taxes. His son and his wife holding practically all of the stock in this immortal creation, no investments coming to them upon his death would cause a ripple in the Probate Courts. Or, possibly, he put his possessions in a private trust, managing it himself as trustee during his lifetime, thereby splitting up the income and still further reducing taxes. Or the management of this 'living trust' might have been turned over to a professional trust company. And any one of these agencies might in turn have purchased 'Collateral Trustee Shares in the New England Investment Trust, Inc., the First National Bank of Boston, Trustee,' or some similar investment concern, properly enough intended through diversification to spread the risk. And, finally, there was the life-insurance policy, based

entirely upon investments to be handled by these great fiduciary corporations for him as agent, at the longest possible range.

II

What an amazing tangle this all makes of the theory that ownership of property and responsibility for its efficient, farsighted, and public-spirited management shall be linked the one to the other. Even the whole theory of business profits, so painstakingly evolved through years of academic ratiocination, goes by the board. All the managers — that is to say, the operating men — are working on salary, their returns, except on the side, being largely independent of the net result of company operation year by year. The motive of self-interest may even have been thrown into the reverse, occasionally, so far as long-time up-building in contradistinction to quick turnover in corporate affairs is concerned. And what has become of the relation between labor and capital? What guaranty may possibly be given by the *real owners* to the working class that there shall not be taken from it an opportunity for future welfare and development as a result of these changes? Veritably the institution of private property, underlying our whole civilization, is threatened at the root unless we take heed. The situation is not inaptly described by the colored candidate for the ministry, confronted by the request of the examining Board of Preachers to name some character in the Bible and then to relate all that he knew about it. 'Ah thinks Ah'll take Jezebel. Jezebel, she was a hussy, a-settin' up at a winder when David come down along th'u' Jerusalem. An' she hollered at 'im. An' he said, "Ef I got a frien' up there, let him th'ow 'er down." An' 'e had a frien' up there, an' 'e th'ow'd 'er down. An'

David said, "Let 'im th'ow 'er down again." An' 'e th'ow'd 'er down again. An' David said, "Let 'im th'ow 'er down seventy times seven." An' 'e th'ow'd 'er down seventy times seven. An' she busted into a thousand pieces. An' they gathered up the fragments that nothin' be lost. An' de question are: *Whose wife am she at de Reser-recshum?*' It is a query which might well be propounded at this time to several millions of our fellow citizens, in so far as they are part owners in the \$70,000,000,000 capitalization of American corporations, according to the Federal tax returns, in the year of our Lord 1923.

Thus far, however, the multiplication of these entanglements constitutes no innovation. They have been going on for a long time, insidiously undermining the principle of accountability. The individual and partnership forms of business organization disappeared in favor of the corporation even before the war. Well-nigh a thousand companies are now listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone — 163 railroads and 763 other corporations in 1924. But since the World War, and particularly in this heyday of prosperity, the facile initiating and legal minds have hit upon something better yet — and something, furthermore, which puts once and for all at rest the last vestige of power of participation of the owners of property in prudent and efficient management. These last two years, 1924-25, promise to go down in history — like the Year of the Plague, or the Year of the Big Wind — as the Years of the Split Common Stock and the Vanishing Stockholder.

Even before the World War the practice was not uncommon, outside of railroads, of setting off preferred shares as nonvoting. The amount of these issues was in those days adjusted to the tangible assets, leaving the

common shares to represent the equity, which depended upon successful management to be secured by the exercise of the voting rights. The late invention now splits up these common shares. To be in the mode one has, let us call it, a 'Class A participating' common stock, with a first lien on earnings after satisfaction of all prior claims of preferred stocks and bonds. This leaves a 'Class B' common stock representing, according to circumstances, the cream, the scum, the froth, or the sediment of the business; for the full voting rights attach exclusively to these Class B common shares, none, or only a minority, of which are offered to the public at all. The appetite for the preferred shares may sometimes be whetted by a flavoring of the Class A common shares, but not of those which carry votes. The recent 'Dodge Brothers, Inc.,' is typical. A banking house buys up a private business for, it has been said, \$146,000,000 or thereabouts. This sum, and more too, they recover — if the plan works out — by the sale to the public, for \$160,000,000, of bonds and preferred stock at par and 1,500,000 *nonvoting* shares of Class A common stock. But not a single one of the 500,000 Class B voting (no par) common shares are thus sold. The promoters have virtually paid themselves a handsome profit for the assumption of the entire directorial power, having mortgaged the property to the full amount of its original cost through outstanding bonds and preferred stock, including both assets and capitalized earning power. And the amazing thing is that this final death-blow to the exercise of voting rights by the general public has brought no voice of protest. Yet the plan bears every appearance of a bald and outrageous theft of the last tittle of responsibility for management of the actual owners by those who are setting up these

latest financial erections. Is n't it the prettiest case ever known of having a cake and eating it too?

Perhaps the baldest case is of an artificial-silk concern, the Industrial Rayon Corporation, with 598,000 shares of nonvoting Class A stock distributed to the public, with the reservation of the remaining 2000 out of 600,000 shares, as Class B stock, carrying exclusive voting rights. Or the invitation to participate in a well-known root-beer enterprise with 180,000 shares of Class A and Class B common shares with the concentration of control in 3872 'Management Shares.' It savors rather of supererogation to add in the prospectus, 'The management of the company will remain unchanged and continue in charge of the members of the Hires family.' Or take, if you please, a well-known theatre enterprise, said to have over \$20,000,000 in assets. There will be 4,000,000 shares — 3,900,000 Class A shares to be sold to you and me, and 100,000 Class B shares, in which will be vested exclusive control through voting rights. Furthermore, the Class A and Class B stock will divide the net earnings 50-50.

There is no concealment about all this. It is perfectly open and above-board. But who, we ask, under these circumstances has really given a hostage to fortune, to the public, or to the employees for honest and economic management of the business? The promoters stand to lose only the amount of their stake — a minus quantity in dollars in so far as the *nonvoting* shares have been made to cover not only the value of the tangible assets but the prospective capitalization of earnings. It is the public stockholders, the consumer and the wage-earner, who stand to lose in event of misdirection. How can there be other than a whirlwind of abuse of power under such conditions?

Nor is it our great basic industries

which are being swept by this plague. Most of the great combinations had their rise twenty-five years ago, with a minor outbreak in 1911-12. To-day it is neither the Steel Corporation nor the Harvester Trust nor the railroads which are following these newly beaten paths. Look at the newspaper offerings! The public is buying out the mail-order, chain, and department stores, food-stuff manufacturers, the makers of washing machines, refrigerators, confectionery, make-believe-silk stockings, toilet and beauty preparations, music, tags and napkins, phonograph records, pianos and radio outfits, theatres — our daily bread, our ice cream, root beer, cake, and even our homemade pies. At this rate every conceivable article of direct or indirect consumption will soon be more or less in the hands of the general public.

Most disconcerting is it when this latest financial development invades the field of public utilities, already sufficiently cluttered up with holding companies and trusts. The older and conservative companies are above criticism. But one takes exception to the offerings of the Southern Gas and Power Corporation, with an authorized note issue of \$2,000,000, preferred stock \$5,000,000, and Class A 250,000 shares, leaving the exclusive voting power, except in case of default in cumulative dividends, in 100,000 shares of 'common stock, without par value.' It is these last which are not offered to the public at all. This organization controls operating companies in thirty-seven communities, scattered over eight different states. Was there ever a clearer case in an essential public industry of what has been well defined by an expert as 'one of the besetting sins of modern corporations . . . the custom of trading on a thin equity, control resting in the hands of common stockholders, while the funds

are supplied by the sale of preferred stocks and bonds'? Had this author written in 1925, he would have added 'and even of a large number of common shares which have been stripped of voting power.' Then he would have hit several nails squarely on the head with one rap of the hammer.

III

There is of late another financial practice, also, which greatly accentuates this nullification of the ordinary shareholder. This is the wide distribution of stock to employees and the consumers of the corporation's product, whether electric service, steel, or what not. The effect in any event is bound to be cumulative with that of the insinuation of professional management power between ownership and operation.

Corporations have always been susceptible to control by concentration of voting power. Far less than half of the capital stock may be as effective for such control as possession of an actual majority. But it is elemental — requiring no proof — that, the larger the number of shareholders, the more easily may a small concentrated block of minority shares exercise sway over all the rest. With a dozen owners, probably 51 per cent will be necessary for dominance. With 300,000 scattered holdings, a possible 15 or 20 per cent of the votes can never be over-matched at an election. In 1923 there were 250,000 new stockholders registered in the electric light and power companies alone. The total number of stockholders in all sorts of concerns has almost doubled since 1900, rising to an aggregate of 14,423,000 in 1923. These shareholders now possess over \$70,000,000,000 worth of stock at par, on the showing of the Federal income-tax returns. Such possession used to

be confined to the wealthy and the well-to-do class. Now it comprehends the small householder and large numbers of wage-earners. The former concentration of wealth is now yielding place to so wide a diffusion as to call for public recognition by way of legislation or oversight. But the important point to note is that, the wider the diffusion of ownership, the more readily does effective control run to the intermediaries. Financially, the matter is dangerous, for it tends to transform a contingent outstanding charge upon earnings into virtually fixed charges thereon. The cessation of dividends, either to employee holders or to consumers, is bound to be so productive of discontent and unrest that every nerve will be strained to the utmost, even overlong, to prevent their cessation.

But there is more yet to this story of the rape of the public stockholder! Far too many of these new securities are subject to the following proviso, which looks white enough superficially, but which has more than an indication of color at the base of the finger nails: 'No holders of stock of the corporation, of whatever class, shall have any preferential or other right of subscription to any shares of stock of any class, or any securities convertible into shares of the stock of the corporation, nor any right of subscription to any thereof, *other than such, if any, as the Board of Directors in its discretion may determine, and at such price as the Board of Directors may fix; and any shares or convertible securities which the Board of Directors may determine to offer for subscription to holders of stock may, as said Board of Directors shall determine, be offered to holders of any class or classes of stock at the time existing to the exclusion of holders of any or all other classes at the time existing.*' Such clauses, with devilish ingenuity,

look sound enough above the water line; but they certainly will not stand examination in dry dock. For not only has the shareholder parted with every vestige of control of the enterprise represented by his investment, but now he makes a free gift of such rights as may accrue, resulting from future growth of the property. Heretofore it has been a fundamental rule in corporation law that there shall be no discrimination whatsoever between shareholders. Discrimination there may be between creditors and owners; but by this device even the common shareholders are now set off, to the end that an inordinate share, if indeed not all, of the increment of profits in future shall attach to the holdings of those who are 'in the know.'

Why do stockholders submit to such indignity? The technique is simple, relying upon a fundamental attribute of human nature. Mr. Robert F. Herrick of Boston, in a frank address on holding companies, describing the manner in which the exchange of shares in one corporation for those of another may be brought about, thus puts it: 'All the stockholders act like a flock of sheep. In the main they follow the lead of the directors, and if the details of carrying the plan through are so arranged that the stock in the new company has an apparent money value greater than the stock of the old company for which it is offered, the exchange once started takes place generally, and when a majority of the stock in the companies is exchanged, practically the consolidation is effected.' There you have it in the words of an expert!

IV

It will be objected that no real change is involved in these recent tendencies: that stockholders never did, and never will, exercise their voting

rights. In fact the great trouble, oftentimes, is to secure enough proxies in widely owned corporations to validate the acts of their directors. But the fact remains that the power, even if rarely exercised, and then only under extreme provocation, was there; and every once in a blue moon some resolute individual or stockholder could rise in his place and organize a protective committee or dissenting group — and, if nothing else happened, at least there was a thorough ventilation of what sometimes proved to be a musty or unsafe tenement. Furthermore, one of the most encouraging things in life is the influence that can be wielded by an individual, acting almost single-handed and alone, to confront and often to overcome a corporate Goliath, provided he has the right on his side. My mind runs to the extermination of the Louisiana Lottery by a former colleague, Professor Homer Woodbridge: think of it — Professor of Heating and Ventilation at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology! Or recall what Charles and Philip Cabot achieved in bringing about the elimination of the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day in the United States Steel Corporation! Or Lois Burnett Rantoul, undauntedly facing down every corporate influence in the Massachusetts Legislature, and bringing about the enactment of the first eight-hour-day law for women and children in the United States! Such things as these give one good heart, leading to the belief that the power of personality, alone, may win the most astonishing victories in the face of overwhelming odds. But all such achievement in this field of management of property is closed out forever once the people who own that property have allowed themselves to be utterly divorced from the exercise of their natural right to elect the directors and to influence, if not to determine, the corporate policy. For by such an

abdication they give themselves over, body and soul — becoming mere wards, *non compos mentis*, so far as control over their own affairs is concerned. It is all so absurd, theoretically, that it seems incredible. Yet here are the facts!

But if the trend of corporation law and practice has been so consistently in the direction of diminishing rather than of accentuating the responsibility and accountability of the real property-owners, what is to be done about it? This, to my thinking, is a matter of vital concern to the successful functioning of our capitalistic system. For, at this particular juncture, the final deathblow to such accountability seems to be in the very act of delivery. Many suggestions have been made from time to time; some of them have already been successfully applied to our railroads. A few now bear upon our other public utilities. But absolutely nothing has yet been done to stem the current, much less to reverse it, as respects private business corporations. Something, to be sure, has been accomplished in the way of enforcement of liability for downright mismanagement or negligence, as against directors. But all such remedies, even when successfully invoked, — as for example on the New Haven Railroad, in the Old Dominion Copper suit, or in the well-known American Grass Twine and American Malting Company proceedings about 1903, — are but cases of hanging the murderer after the innocent victim has expired. The reliance upon the courts, also, at best entails protracted and expensive litigation. Furthermore, too great an increase of such liability of directors, with the possible harassment of black-mailing or other proceedings, might readily enough make it impossible in future to secure the services of really able and responsible persons. Some-

thing may possibly be accomplished in this direction, but other and simpler remedies would seem to lie more nearly within reach.

Why not restrain the holding company? 'Swat it!' says one public spokesman. I would do so: yet ever with a nice discernment. The fly — bluebottle, horse, domestic, or gad — is always a pest. Not so the finance corporation. It has its proper place and function in the scheme of things. But within that domain it should be rigidly confined. The very complexity of our form of government, involving relationships which transcend state boundaries, almost inevitably brings forth a litter of creations deriving their powers from the governments of the different commonwealths. This is a necessary outcome of the local demand for compliance with local needs. Piling of one corporation upon another also simplifies finance and management, augmenting credit and enabling large-scale operation and the employment of higher-paid technicians. But it is also true that a large part of this complexity is the result of a deliberate intent to assume and concentrate power in the hands of an inner circle. The primary test of good faith is mathematical. When the Associated Merchants Company (of Connecticut) controlled, as it once did, the H. B. Claflin (dry goods) Company (of New Jersey), which in turn owned the operating H. B. Claflin and Company (in New York), by ownership of 45,001 out of 90,000 total shares, appearances are certainly against the arrangement; but when, as in the Continental or Purity Baking Corporations, recently set up, a bona fide attempt is made to secure *all* of the shares in the many operating concerns, the advantage and even the necessity of the plan are obvious.

Wade Ellis, the then attorney-general

of Ohio, speaking twenty years ago, stated, in words which now seem prophetic, the case against the holding company:—

‘This is the most effective, the most invidious, and the cheapest of all combinations in restraint of trade. It is the most effective because, while agreements, and especially unlawful ones, may easily be broken, a transfer of the stock puts the bargain beyond the power of any conspirator to escape. It is the most invidious because, while it conceals all, it fears no exposure. It is the cheapest because it requires less money to buy a controlling interest in the stock of the competing companies than it does to buy their property, and yet the promoters have the use of the investment of all the minority holders in all the corporations brought under their control. In fact it generally requires no money at all, for the stock in the subsidiary companies is paid for in the stock of the holding company. Thus a vast industry is brought under the domination of manipulators whose circulating medium would not be a legal tender anywhere except on the stage.’

I venture to suggest the possibility of drawing the line between the use of such a device to concentrate control in the hands of insiders, contrary to public policy, and the performance of its legitimate function in the field of business. What a dull and rigid life as human beings we should be compelled to lead if our backbones were fashioned all in one piece. Even a corporation, to my thinking, may benefit from a proper amount of articulation. But it need not be a vaudeville contortionist, for all that!

V

What shall be said of the proposition that bondholders should be given voting rights, *pari passu* with the stock-

holders? One of the first acts of Governor Roosevelt of New York in 1900 was to appoint a special commission to draw up a model Companies' Act. Section 61 of this proposed statute made it permissive to confer voting power upon debenture- and bond-holders 'equal and equivalent to the stockholders.' Most eminent legal talent supports this contention with reference to railroads. I have always believed it desirable and feasible, whenever it is apparent that the real capital in the enterprise was provided through the sale of bonds, leaving the stock merely to represent real or anticipated capitalized earning power. Too often in the early days this used to be true of railroads. Many of them, however, have now waxed prosperous enough to fill out the measure of their financial clothes. The present situation among purely private corporations, in this instant wave of transformation, thoroughly supports the proposition that for many of these companies practically all of the real capital is advanced either by bondholders or by those who hold preferred stocks, which are in reality bonds. They are bonds in every vital respect, except that they have no foreclosure rights. But the preferred stocks have been bereft of all voting power, except and until the cessation of dividends. The amount of them issued, moreover, coupled with the Class A participating or nonvoting common stock, not unusually nowadays equals the full measure of material assets, plus capitalized present and prospective earning power. The proposition to enfranchise the bondholders, at least, is yet further fortified by the fact that the great life-insurance companies, which ordinarily confine their investments to bonds, have at their disposal expert financial talent of a high order, which might serve most acceptably upon the directorates of

many of these companies — say, for example, public-service corporations or the larger purely private business concerns.

The objection offered whenever I have advanced this proposition is that the bondholder is a 'money-lender' and that his intrusion into management 'ignores the private property rights of the stockholder.' Stockholders, forsooth! Who are they, indeed, in Dodge Brothers, Inc., where the only real stockholders — that is to say, those who have any power of direction — are bankers who have, for a handsome consideration to themselves, condescended to strip all the voting power from three quarters of the common shares — that portion alone which is sold to the public. Perhaps somebody will have the temerity to maintain that the remaining quarter — of Class B common shares, having 'exclusive voting powers for all purposes,' which the bankers retain for control — as exclusively represents the real owners of the property. Tush! Everybody else is no more a stockholder, so far as management is concerned, than is the elevator boy or the apple woman on the corner.

Another pulmotor for the possible resuscitation of this moribund stockholders' responsibility is that of cumulative voting. For ten years past it has been my privilege to serve as a director of the Rock Island Railway, whose ancient charter, Section 9, permits each stockholder either to vote 'for as many persons as there are directors to be elected, or to cumulate such shares and give one candidate as many votes as the number of directors, multiplied by the number of his shares of stock, shall equal, or distribute them on the same principle among as many candidates as he shall think fit.' That proviso put a watchful minority at the switch, at least until such time as

mutual confidence and friendly relations all round had cleared up the situation. Thus is the standard provided of at least a temporary two-party system, which conforms to the praiseworthy criterion set by the *Railway Age*, 'that there should be someone continuously watching the detailed operation of the road in the interest of stockholders, other than the controlling interests, and in the interest of bond- and note-holders.' The conservative constitution of Pennsylvania gave its distinguished approbation to this plan, by requiring at one time that all corporate charters should provide for elections under such cumulative voting. Many of the great British banks, including the Bank of England and the London and Westminster, graduate the voting power of shares, to prevent superdomination by the large stockholders. Roosevelt's New York Commission in 1900 recommended the authorization, in a model Companies' Act, of 'any plan of cumulative or proportional voting.' Granted that the proposal needs safeguarding, to prevent obstructive and hold-up tactics, it nevertheless embodies a principle worth consideration. We ought to be adopting the practice to-day, instead of splitting off the management shares from the main body of the capitalization.

Inside control in practice often relies upon the voting rights attaching to floating stock in the market — that is to say, stock which is passing so rapidly from hand to hand that, for convenience' sake, it remains often for many years registered in the name of banking or brokerage houses. And, in the case of non-dividend-paying corporations, the proportion of such floating stock may be so great as, in and of itself, to carry control. And a system, not unlike logrolling among Congressmen, under such circum-

stances enables interchange and common understanding along the 'street' to perpetuate control by those who may not, in fact, have a dollar of actual stake in an enterprise. It has been proposed to disfranchise such floating stock. It might be serviceable; but the practical difficulties in the way of carrying out such a plan seem to me insuperable.

VI

This present tendency to strip the public shareholders of their voting rights may be checked, either through revision of our corporation laws, or by a vigorous attitude on the part of the courts. Direct action by the investing class, by boycotting all such offerings of securities, may give even more immediate results. But, in either or any event, no other safeguard against misuse of power by insiders is so likely to be effective as publicity. Nothing kills bacteria like sunlight. A frank sharing of all proper information with the main body of the shareholders is basically right. It is also in the long run a matter of good business. It is absurd that, as has so frequently happened of late, corporate results of operation should be given to the real owners, not every month, not even twice a year, but only superficially in an abbreviated annual report. The stockholders are entitled to know the amount of gross business, the cost of conducting it, and especially the policy as respects depreciation and upkeep in full detail, in order that they may benefit by the intelligent judgment which competent experts will then speedily pass upon the real status as to net earnings. The United States Steel Corporation and the American Telephone Company are forthstanding examples of the value of such frank publicity, as a recommendation to the world at large of an investment; and any corporation which pursues the

opposite course thereby invites and deserves distrust and suspicion. Yet it is unfortunately true that the policy of some of the charter-mongering states — Delaware, West Virginia, and the rest — has been to discourage, rather than to develop such full disclosure of the state of affairs. For private corporations, the present situation as concerns stockholders' rights to information is most unsatisfactory.

Our experience with railroads is significant in this connection. They still deserve and require a greater measure of liberality in the matter of rates than has yet been granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But, this step once taken, they will be at last well on the road to a safe and stabilized investment for the great body of the people. It is clear already that the best of them are slowly assuming their rightful place in this regard, forging steadily ahead through the turbulence of speculation in so many other forms of enterprise. For speculation germinates in and thrives upon mystery. It is indubitable that this stabilization, even though it is yet on a subnormal plane, is largely the result of the complete publicity and standardization of railway accounts under Federal supervision. Several million investors may well be content to leave the management of their railroad possessions in the hands of others, knowing that, quite apart from the regulation of rates, this standardized publicity permits a scientific check, month by month, upon policy and results. How different is this from the manner in which even some of our nation-wide private industrial corporations do business all over the United States, cloaked and hooded like the despicable Ku Klux Klan. The clause of the Roosevelt New York Companies' Act of 1900 which, as a penalty for failure to render detailed and current reports of operation, proposed to

disqualify directors, making them ineligible for election for the period of a year, may be impracticable. Yet there may be the germ of an idea in the suggestion.

A brief address upon this subject recently, before the American Academy of Political Science, seems to have hit the crazy bone of a certain type of self-appointed spokesman of the quasi-public companies. The mere suggestion of governmental supervision, as applicable to them, in lieu of the vanishing rights of stockholders, was characterized — rather breathlessly, it seemed to me — as an attack upon ‘all American business as honeycombed with dishonesty and greed; and all executive management as fraught with irresponsibility, indifference, and worse . . . using the traditions of a great institution of learning to spread an exaggerated impression of American business — the kind of propaganda on which demagoguery and communism feed.’ The soothing allegation that a beneficent economic revolution is occurring by reason of the widespread diffusion of corporate ownership is said to be ‘berated and rejected with a violence of invective and an indiscriminateness in denunciation that would make a Socialist orator blush for shame.’¹ Fortunately I am privileged to introduce a witness in my own defense. The Committee on Public Securities of the Investment Bankers’ Association of America reported in 1923 as follows: ‘When administered with the broadest power, and in a judicial manner, statewide regulation of public utilities has been conclusively proved, in the opinion of your committee, to afford the best guaranties which investors can have in this country for a maintenance

of that integrity of investment *necessary for a ready flow of money into the business.*’ (Our italics present the concern of all the people — owners and consumers alike — in the matter.) For further discussion on the point, we may refer our critics to this distinguished body.

VII

What, then, is the present status of governmental supervision over public-utility companies — other than railroads, telephones, and telegraphs — in the United States? The fact is that nearly all the commonwealths have regulatory bodies, most of them, however, having jurisdiction only over such matters as rates for water, gas, and electric light and power. The present situation, therefore, as respects these *operating* companies is quite reassuring. What concerns the future is the hierarchies of holding companies, superposed one upon another — the piling of Pelion upon Ossa to the seventh heaven. This is provocative of grave concern, for it is in the heights that the real sources of power find place. The experience of the little Boothbay Harbor company is entirely typical. But, to nail the conclusion, take the Pine Bluff, Arkansas, local operating concern. This is controlled by the Arkansas Light and Power Company, which is a part of the Southern Light and Power Company of Delaware, also controlling the Mississippi Power and Light Company, the Louisiana Power Company, and the Louisiana Power and Light Company. And the whole congeries of them has been in turn acquired by the Southern Power and Light Company, this time incorporated in Maryland, which seems to be a part of the Electric Bond and Share Company of New York. Being the proud and happy possessor of some shares in this last-named corporation, I am thrilled with

¹ The speaker is Henry M. Brundage, first vice-president of the Empire State Gas and Electric Association and vice-president of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York.

the sense of immediate participation in the local concerns of Pine Bluff, Arkansas! But that question has already been discussed from the point of view of the private owner. As concerns the public, it is self-evident that something besides superpower of electrical energy is entailed — and that is the growth of interstate corporations which are superpower systems of a different order. And for dealing with them we, as a people, have no machinery whatsoever.

Thus we are brought squarely to the perennial issue of Federal versus state authority. Whatever is to be done about the affairs, either of private corporations dealing in the necessities of life in more than any one state in the Union, or with, let us say, the Associated Gas and Electric Company, which supplies 'electricity and/or gas and/or water, to over 300,000 consumers, serving a total population estimated at approximately 2,000,000 in more than 900 communities in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the city of Manila,' must evidently be done on a larger basis than a single commonwealth affords. (In passing we may note that this Associated Gas and Electric Company has \$36,600,000 in bonds and almost 500,000 nonvoting shares outstanding with the public. Control is apparently vested in 300,000 Class B shares, no par value.) An experiment is just now being forced upon the three states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, concerning the creation of a Joint Giant Power Commission, by the growth of these great industrial units. Necessary they probably are! Sound, for aught that I know to the contrary, they are! But when one of them sprawls over the map from Aroostook County, Maine, to the Philippine Islands it is time to think what it means.

And the contention that such concerns are already thoroughly controlled or supervised in the public interest, because forsooth each of their local operating companies is subject to existing state laws, would seem to be rather effectually disposed of. This is one of those rare cases where two and two do not make four, but something well over a dozen. It is inconceivable that joint giant power commissions should be set up by different groups of states, each group corresponding to the especial scope and extent of the particular corporation which it is intended to supervise. The answer, alas, seems to be always the same. If anything needs doing, there is but one agency to which to turn — exercise of the Federal power.

There are already at Washington three agencies which may conceivably become involved in these matters under discussion. But the simple, the logical, the inescapable conclusion is that superstate public-utility companies should be placed under the jurisdiction, either of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as the telephone and telegraph companies along with the railroads now stand, or else under an amplified Power Commission, similar to the one in the Department of the Interior which at present concerns itself with the licensing of water-power companies. Whether their rates need to be, or practically can be, thus regulated is another matter. But that their accounts ought to be formally standardized and made public is beyond all possible question.

What, then, about the private corporations, when direct responsibility for their management by the shareholders seems to be by way of evanescence? Whether this tendency be arrested or not, a greatly added measure of publicity ought by all possible means to be stimulated. Standardized accounting for all private forms of business, already so successful in the case of rail-

roads, telephones, and telegraphs, is probably hopeless of expectation. The variety of circumstance and the multifarious exigencies of each and every kind of business would present to any administrative agency a task transcending human power. And yet certain norms might well be set up by some such body as the Federal Trade Commission. To take a pressing instance: the present impasse, so far as bringing intelligent public opinion to bear upon the anthracite coal strike, might never occur again, were the recommendations of the Federal Coal Commission of 1922 respecting standardization of coal-mine accounts actually in force. The policy of what has been aptly termed 'induced cost accounting' might well be elected as part of a general campaign of education by some Federal body. Let us hope it will not be one possessed, as the present Federal Trade Commission seems to be, with a sole and apparently overwhelming disposition to commit hara-kiri!

A mighty and preëminently important duty is imposed upon the Federal Government by the general conditions respecting corporations which thus seem to be headed toward a climax. Whether the means for a restoration of responsibility shall be suggestively educational or strictly regulatory must depend upon circumstances. Perhaps we should revive the question of Federal incorporation, so ably advocated by President Taft in his special message of 1911. This, or a Federal license system whereby permission to engage in interstate commerce entails compliance with certain standards as to corporate structure and publicity, deserves attentive consideration. The report of the committee of the British Ministry of Reconstruction of 1911,²

dealing more specifically with trade associations than with corporations, was a response to somewhat the same great need which is making itself felt at this time in the United States.

VIII

I would not conclude with the advocacy of any particular plan. The first duty is to face the fact that there is something the matter. For a remedy I am groping as yet, like a child in the dark. I am conscious that things are not right. The house is not falling down — no fear of that! But there are queer little noises about, as of rats in the wall, or of borers in the timbers. I believe that the trouble has to do with the growing dissociation of ownership of property from responsibility for the manner in which it shall be put to use. And now is the time for action. It is not yet too late. Millions of our citizens made this first essay in thrift as a result of the great Liberty Loan campaigns during the war. It has been estimated that of the 14,400,000 stockholders in the United States no fewer than 3,400,000 were added within the three years following 1917. This betokens a great incursion into the field of investment by the common people — corporate possession being shared by those of moderate and small means with the wealthy class. The movement has been called 'an economic revolution' — 'the passing of ownership from Wall Street to Main Street.' What would be the effect were these newcomers — consumers, employees, or others — to discover some day that ownership and control had parted company, each going its way as ships that pass in the night? Suppose that the ownership of many industrial plants, great and small, continues to reside all through the countryside, but that the lodgment of the power of direction has shifted to the

² This standard British Blue Book can be obtained through the British Library of Information, 44 Whitehall Street, New York City.

great financial centres. We have had experience, to our sorrow, with the old sectional divisions between the East and the West. Is there no smouldering spark in this matter of corporate control, which may some day flare up as a political issue of the first order? I do not look to Sentinels of the Republic or

to anti-syndicalist laws for the ultimate safeguarding of our institutions. Our security, in the last instance, must rest upon the ever-wider prevalence of what Lord Bacon held to be 'clear and round dealing among men!' With that assured, we may quite confidently leave all the rest to take care of itself.

ACCIDENTS IN THE NAVY

SAFETY FIRST OR EFFICIENCY FIRST?

BY WILLIAM S. SIMS

WHEN serious accidents occur in the navy, particularly when they involve considerable loss of life, it is perfectly natural that there should be more or less severe criticism in the press. Many of these criticisms are not deserved. Many people do not understand that one of the primary necessities of preparation for war renders the navy more liable to disastrous accidents than is the case in any of the industries. This lack of understanding of the greater risk in training the naval personnel to handle efficiently the various units of the fleet and its various weapons, under conditions resembling as nearly as possible those of actual warfare, was made apparent during the recent annual convention of the National Safety Council in Cleveland, which I attended.

The subject of safety being foremost in the minds of the delegates, many questions were asked as to the precautions taken in the navy for 'Safety First,' and many of the delegates were apparently surprised to learn that

neither the navy nor any other military organization can adopt the slogan 'Safety First' as the primary consideration of its training. The wholly essential requirement in the training of the personnel of a military force must be the attainment of the maximum possible efficiency of the organization as a whole, of its various subdivisions, and of every one of its weapons and mechanical appliances — and this on penalty of defeats by a more efficiently trained enemy.

This necessity of 'Efficiency First' requires the deliberate assumption of grave risks. Even if all available safety-devices have been installed, and even if all possible precautions have been taken in training, these risks occasionally result in very serious accidents. Sometimes they are due to unsuspected mechanical defects, sometimes mistakes of the always fallible human element.

A brief description of the kind of training essential to the efficiency of an important naval weapon should

make clear the necessity for the risks assumed.

The public has been shocked from time to time by dreadful accidents in the turrets of our battleships. The first of these occurred on the Massachusetts and the Missouri over twenty years ago. There were similar accidents about the same time on other battleships, and there have been occasional gun accidents since, one of the most destructive being the recent explosion on the Mississippi. All of these involved the death of many valuable officers and men. Very naturally these have been the subject of severe criticism of the Navy Department. Many have asked why the guns of the navy cannot be fired with entire safety; why there were no turret accidents before those on the Massachusetts and Missouri; and why there have been accidents ever since. The explanation is a very simple one.

Before the time indicated the navy was inefficient in marksmanship to a degree that is difficult of belief to-day. Since that time the developments in training have increased our efficiency to such an extent that our navy is at least second to none in rapidity and accuracy of fire. Before the time indicated the navy was trained in marksmanship under what was practically a slogan of 'Safety First.' The standard of rapidity of fire of the 12-inch and 13-inch guns of our turrets was one shot every five minutes, and hits were seldom made. The adoption of Admiral Sir Percy Scott's fundamentally new principle of continuous aim made it possible to aim and fire guns much faster. All guns of all calibres were placed in competition with each other in order to develop the maximum efficiency—the maximum rapidity of hitting. The standard became a progressive one—the hits-per-gun-per-minute of the best guns of each calibre

in the navy. The competition extended across the sea, to the British and other navies. Any let-up in the effort to increase the rapidity of hitting meant inferiority, and inferiority in this respect means defeat in battle.

This striving for efficiency gradually increased the rapidity of fire about tenfold, from one shot every five minutes to about two shots a minute, and it also greatly increased at the same time the percentage of hits made to shots fired. The increase in efficiency was some thousands of per cent. It was during this effort to increase battle efficiency that the dreadful accidents occurred. The Navy Department became alarmed and proposed to abandon rapidity of fire and base our standard upon percentage of hits alone; but President Roosevelt, who perfectly understood the essentials of efficiency, vetoed this in a very stern order specifying that all risks necessary to increase efficiency must be taken.

It is under these conditions that our gunnery training is now carried on. The crew of a double-gun turret comprises about seventy men and several officers, including those in the magazine and handling room. When the crew enters the turret to fire the guns with the maximum rapidity at competitive target-practice, every officer and every man knows that if a mistake is made it may cause the death of every one of them, and perhaps the blowing-up of the ship. One can readily understand the sense of responsibility of the officers who train the crew. One can readily believe that they devote all their faculties to the perfect adjustment of the gun- and turret-gear and to supervising in minutest detail the duties of every single member of the crew.

If any explosion occurs under these conditions of training and firing, it is only fair to assume that the cause

could not reasonably have been foreseen, whether it was the then unrecognized danger of a flareback, as in the case of the Missouri, the short-circuiting of a supposedly safe switch by a metal tool-handle, as in the Kearsarge, — one chance in millions, — or whatever the cause, even if a human mistake in the heat of firing, as in the case of the Georgia and the Mississippi.

Under such circumstances the attitude of the public should be one of sympathy and not of criticism of men who have willingly accepted these risks in order to attain efficiency. Nor should the Navy Department be criticized for continuing to authorize the risks of rapid fire.

'The only shots that count are the shots that hit.' If an enemy could hit our ships twice as fast as we could hit his, we should have no chance in battle. If our people insist upon safety first, they can have it. Our ships could avoid gun accidents by slowing down the fire, but they could not win battles. If the public wants an efficient navy, it should be clearly understood that the necessary risks of training must be accepted.

But there are two classes of risks, justifiable and unjustifiable, according to whether they are occasioned by proper or improper motives. A risk is justifiable when the object for which it is assumed is increased efficiency, whether it be in improving our naval marksmanship, in developing new weapons or appliances, or in handling battleships, destroyers, submarines, and airplanes under simulated war-conditions. Such risks are not only accepted cheerfully, but are actually so much sought after by officers of the right spirit as greatly to increase the morale of the service. As the occasional accidents inseparable from such operations are recognized by naval officers as the price they are willing to pay for efficiency,

they should be accepted by the public in sorrow and not in anger. As a matter of fact, the record of turret-gun firing during the last twenty years has shown not only remarkable efficiency but a high degree of safety, considering the many thousands of shots fired and the small number of accidents that have occurred.

Concerning unjustifiable risks, a vastly different effect upon morale is caused when risks are occasioned by wrong motives. A case in point was the ordering of the Shenandoah upon an advertising cruise over the fair grounds of half a dozen states during the season of dangerous storms. As the motive was not preparation for war, the commander naturally protested as far as his self-respect would permit. Moreover, the department violated the primary principle of command in deciding certain details of the equipment and handling of this experimental craft, instead of relying upon the commander and his assistants, who were presumably selected because they were the most competent men in the service for this particular duty. If they were selected for any other reason, their selection was a criminal act.

But the point under consideration is the motive that prompted the fatal order. If the commander of the Shenandoah had been informed that the department wished a cruise made for the purpose of obtaining data for the design of future airships, regarding their radius of action and their ability to avoid storms or safely encounter them, it may be assumed that there would have been no protest made. The motive being purely military, the risk would have been accepted in the same spirit as the risk of firing every turret gun is accepted in the interest of efficiency.

The attempted nonstop flight of airplanes to Hawaii involved a similar

risk. It was not necessary in order to ascertain whether the planes could fly 2000 miles without refueling. That could have been accomplished by flying them along the coast any desired distance while always within reach of assistance, though such a trial flight would not have been first-page news. The planes carried gas for only 1900 miles. It was hoped that the trade winds would be of sufficient assistance to enable them to reach their destination. This hope was not fulfilled.

Surely this was risking unjustifiably the lives of valuable officers and men. It was purely incidental that the splendid courage and seamanship of Commander Rodgers and his crew demonstrated that this type of plane was capable of floating for nine days in the weather and waters of the Hawaiian Islands.

In addition to the accidents noted, there have been, and still continue to be, others due to various causes in connection with new weapons in process of development or use. Of these the accidents to the airplane are the most familiar. Its designs have been, and still are, largely experimental. It has been stated that there is hardly a single element of the design — wings, struts, braces, wires, control gear, or engine parts — which has not been responsible for many deaths, and the end is not yet. The training alone of our naval air-forces in Europe during the Great War cost nearly two lives a day. Clearly such risks are justifiable, as are also those involved in air races that are necessary to stimulate the abilities of all concerned in developing and producing planes. The only way to avoid such risks is to give up the use of planes. The same applies also to submarines, automobiles, railroads, steamships, and other modern weapons and appliances. It must, however, be recognized that a certain proportion of casualties occur-

ring during the development of those weapons and appliances is due to faults of the personnel.

In the matter of accidents the navy has probably not been more unfortunate than other great organizations, such as steamship companies and railroads, though those of the former are given much greater publicity than those of the latter. Such disasters as the loss of the *Bourgogne* and of the *Titanic*, and certain rear-end collisions between passenger trains, are usually not caused by the 'act of God' — to which maritime courts often ascribe disasters at sea. They are more often the result of easily recognized causes — mistakes of the personnel.

The most dramatic of these in our navy was the shipwreck of several destroyers on the Pacific coast — the *La Honda* disaster. This was due to an error of judgment on the part of the commander of the flotilla in wrongly interpreting the information concerning his position, and also probably to a lack of what may be called navigation discipline. It is a well-established fact that more sailing vessels are dismasted by moderate squalls in comparatively fair weather than in gales. Also that, in the majority of shipwrecks, the captains of the ships, believing that they knew their positions accurately, failed to take measures to make sure of them.

Navigation discipline requires the taking of all possible navigational precautions, no matter how 'sure' you may be of your position. It is understood that the *La Honda* disaster would probably have been avoided if such precautions had been taken.

The public has, of course, been greatly concerned over the sinking of the submarine *S-51*, with the loss of over thirty of her officers and men. This accident was in all respects the same in kind as those that occur under

similar conditions to surface vessels. Nautically considered, the S-51 was at the time an ordinary vessel in that she was proceeding about her business on the surface. The point is that the accident was in no sense due to one of the vessels involved being a submarine. The finding of the Court of Inquiry was that she was showing all the lights that are required by the Rules of the Road; that the City of Rome was overtaking her; and that therefore the personnel of the submarine was not in any degree to blame for the collision.

Concerning accidents to which submarines are liable when on practice manoeuvres, there is always the possibility of something going amiss every time one of these vessels dives. The result is sometimes a very dreadful disaster such as that which has overtaken the British submarine M-1. The unfortunate men entombed in her have lost their lives as truly in the service of their country as if they had met death in the face of the enemy. In this sense training in preparation for war is a part of war itself. Both have their risks that must be borne in the same spirit of loyal devotion if a nation's military forces are to be capable of

fulfilling their function in time of national emergency.

The extent to which accidents are due to fundamental defects in the organization and administration of the Navy Department is a question the discussion of which would require more space than is here available. That the organization of the department is un-military was shown by the report of a board, appointed by President Roosevelt, of which Admirals Mahan and Evans were members. That its administration is unsound is shown by its violation of the primary principle of command, as illustrated by the Shenandoah case. That for many years, with few exceptions, officers uneducated and untrained in a military sense have been appointed to the most important positions, both ashore and afloat, is a matter of common knowledge.

All military experience shows that the inevitable result of such conditions, especially the appointment of untrained leaders, is lack of confidence, blighting of personal initiative, and general lowering of morale. That this condition is a contributory cause of some of our naval accidents admits of little doubt.

CAPACITY TO PAY

BY CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

I

WHEN M. Caillaux left the United States early in October, a sadder but a wiser man after the failure of his debt negotiations in Washington, many tongues — some great, some small — posed the question: 'Has the United States assumed the rôle of a Shylock among the nations?' And a chorus of voices from far and wide, large in volume but not impressive, was raised to answer, 'Aye.' Yet no sooner had the Italian debt settlement been announced than a new note was sounded. This time it was: 'Has the United States suffered a change of heart? Is it so eager to avoid a repetition of the French failure that it is allowing itself to be fleeced?' And again: 'Has the door now been opened so that France may expect easier terms?' The answer to those questions is not simple, but the key to their unlocking lies in an analysis of the policies consistently followed by the American Debt Commission.

When that Commission, properly termed the World War Foreign Debt Commission of the United States, was created by Congress, there were imposed upon it certain specific limitations. It was forbidden to cancel any part of the capital sum of any debt; it could not negotiate an interest rate lower than $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent; it could not extend payments beyond a given length of time; and it could reach no agreement that was not subject to ratification by Congress. Some modification of these restrictions was made at a

later date when Congress increased the size of the Commission from the original five members to nine, in order that representatives of the Democratic Party might sit in on its deliberations; but this modification was unimportant except as it indicated that Congress might later be willing to ratify agreements which for good and sufficient reason did not meet the minimum specifications prescribed.

The Commission, in its present form, is the best assurance the American taxpayer could have that his interests are being properly looked after. With Secretary Mellon as chairman, and with experienced men like Secretaries Hoover and Kellogg, Senator Smoot, and Congressman Burton as active members, there is assured as expert a financial, economic, and political guidance as could be assembled in any group. These men have not only a profound grounding in economics but a wealth of experience in practical business and governmental affairs. Domestic politics are a negligible quantity in their calculations, and, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, their conferences have been remarkably free from dissension on any essential facts.

What is the direct interest which the taxpayer has in the debt settlements? During the war the American Government issued bonds bearing $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent interest, and from the money so raised it made loans to various European Governments. Ever since, the taxpayer

has been supplying the money to meet not only the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest payments but also the amortization charges on the bonds. In other words, the total burden which he has carried because of foreign debts has corresponded to the total amount of the Liberty bonds issued to care for them plus the interest paid on them up to the moment of a debt settlement. His criterion of the measure of a debt settlement, then, is the extent to which that settlement relieves him of his burden; or, put in another way, his forced contribution to each foreign nation is the difference between the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent he is paying to-day on the American bonds and the amounts which are paid by that nation toward reducing its debt. All of which leads to the conclusion that the only honest way of determining the generosity or the rapacity of the American Government in the debt settlements is by figuring the present value of those settlements.

Let us take first the British accord. At the time that agreement was reached the British Government had borrowed from the American taxpayer, in terms of Liberty bonds and interest, about \$4,600,000,000. That sum represents the present value of the total debt. Yet, if the British taxpayer were to invest to-day (speaking as of the day of the settlement) in Liberty bonds to the amount of \$3,792,350,000, such bonds would over the same length of time yield a total sum equal to the payments which the British Government has pledged itself to make over a period of sixty-two years. In other words, the United States has forgiven — or, to use a stronger term, canceled — 18 per cent of the total debt, calling on Great Britain to pay only 82 per cent. Eighteen per cent measures the extent of American generosity, 82 per cent American rapacity.

Applying the same method of calcu-

lation to the Belgian debt settlement, we find that 46 per cent represents the extent of American generosity, and 54 per cent American rapacity. Yet in this case the figures do not tell the whole story, because the American Government waived in favor of Belgium a sum of money which, under the Dawes Plan, was set aside from German reparations to meet the pre-Armistice debt owed the United States by Belgium. The present value of that sum, assuming that Germany pays the full amount of reparations provided for by the Dawes Plan, comes to about \$80,000,000. As a result, through the combined working of the Dawes Plan and the generosity of the American taxpayer, Belgium is called on to pay less than one third of her obligations to the United States.

The total Italian debt was about \$2,040,000,000. The present value of the payments, as arranged in the schedule agreed to on November 2, 1925, is only \$530,000,000. Consequently the American taxpayer will carry 75 per cent of the burden of the loans made to Italy, while the Italian taxpayer carries but 25 per cent. Similar calculations could be made covering the other agreements already reached. Finland, Lithuania, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Latvia, and Esthonia, all have received substantial concessions, not only in the interest rate, — which, together with the schedule of payments, corresponds very closely to the British settlement, — but in the computation of the capital sum.

If these figures do not refute the accusation of 'Shylock,' then I have not made myself clear. There still remains, however, the question: Has our Government allowed itself to be fleeced? The answer can best be found by examining the factors which entered into the calculations of the American Debt Commission.

II

Obviously one principle has been maintained in every settlement — the integrity of the capital sum borrowed. In each case provision is made for the repayment of that sum in annual installments over a period of sixty-two years. The annual payments begin with comparatively small amounts and are graduated upward to reach their maximum after perhaps fifty years. There is practically no variation in this formula, and any subsequent agreements that are made can be counted on to follow it. The period of years may be extended or the annuities may be varied somewhat, but the fundamental idea of the sacredness of the capital amount of an international debt will surely be maintained.

A second principle, and perhaps the most important one, is that, once the capital sum has been determined, negotiations should be confined entirely to the rate of interest to be paid, and that this rate of interest should be based upon *the capacity of each nation to pay*. Here the Commission was obliged to depart from the limitations set upon it by Congress, trusting that a full review of the facts might later ensure Congressional ratification. In judging the capacity to pay, two questions dominate: first, the ability of the debtor country to raise the essential money by taxation; second, the possibility of transferring the money once raised into the necessary foreign exchange. To estimate the first requires an examination into the fiscal system of a country, into the prospect of reducing expenditures and increasing taxes, and into the prospect of increasing national wealth which would produce additional tax revenue without increasing the burden on individuals.

The transfer question brings up such matters as the balance of trade,

whether more commodities are exported than imported, the character of the situation with respect to such so-called invisible items as immigrant remittances, tourist expenditures, shipping services, interest on other loans, and so forth. In every case the Commission must determine how large an amount can be actually transferred without affecting the stability of the debtor nation's currency, once the latter has been stabilized.

A third element likewise entered into the calculations of the American Commission. During the past century the trade of the world has doubled in value every twenty-five years. It is a reasonable assumption that this increase will continue, and, inasmuch as the settlements cover a period of sixty-two years, the Commission was fully justified in basing on this factor the size of payments to be made in the future.

With these points in mind let us see just how the Commission applied them in actual practice. At the time the British settlement was reached the American Commission estimated that the payments agreed on would represent an increase of about three per cent in British taxation. They also estimated that through economies in government the British could reduce their taxes by considerably more than three per cent and that, as a consequence, payment of the American debt could be carried out without imposing any additional tax burden upon the individual. All of these estimates have proved correct. As far as the transfer problem was concerned, the Commission recognized that, whereas the payment of the annuities required only about \$160,000,000 a year, the credit balance in favor of England from both visible and invisible items came to nearly \$500,000,000. In other words, the members of the Commission were convinced that payments could

be made without depreciating the value of the pound, and the shrewdness of their judgment has been borne out completely. Whereas the pound was selling at a considerable discount when the settlement was made, it has now reached par in spite of regular payments to the United States. In fact, the actual process of making payments on given days has yet to stir a ripple in financial circles or attract more than a line in the financial press.

The experience with the British settlement has been a startling surprise to those learned theoretical economists who proclaimed the impossibility of England's being able either to raise the funds by taxation or to transfer them to the United States once they were raised. It has also proved a boomerang to the economists who predicted that the payment of this debt, the largest of all our foreign debts, would be accompanied by such a flood of foreign goods that it would throw hundreds of thousands of American workmen out of work. Since the day of the settlement American labor has been fully employed. The predictions may still come true, but no indication in support of them can yet be seen.

In estimating Belgium's capacity to pay, the Commission took into account the facts that Belgium had recently raised her taxes to the maximum and that economies, while possible, could not be counted on for a number of years. It also recognized that payments during the first ten or fifteen years could be adjusted so as to absorb only a fraction of Belgium's reparation receipts and thereby necessitate no additional taxation. Besides these factors, in Belgium's case the transfer problem was rendered difficult by an unfavorable visible and invisible balance of trade, while the assurance given by President Wilson in regard to the pre-Armistice debt supplied another

motive for leniency. However, in the larger payments exacted for later years the element of increasing world-trade was patently taken into consideration.

In determining capacity to pay, the case of Italy presented the greatest difficulties. Italy had taxed her people to the maximum that industry could endure. She had balanced her budget and very considerably reduced her military expenditure. She had little relief to hope for from reparations. Her population was growing without a corresponding increase in economic productivity. Her complete lack of essential raw materials — such as iron, coal, cotton, copper, and foodstuffs — threw her balance of trade heavily on the debit side. Even the large items of emigrant remittances and tourist expenditures were not sufficient to affect the unfavorable balance. Therefore initial payments of only \$5,000,000 a year, increasing slightly during the first twenty-five years, were finally determined upon. Yet, even in reaching this sum, the Commission had to count on a continuation of the rejuvenation in industry and economic life which has occurred in the past two years, and to some extent on the anticipation of a peaceful and progressive world.

III

A consideration of the French situation I have purposely left till the end because it is the one over which the greatest misunderstanding has arisen and in which the human and political equations have played a very confusing part. France is economically sound. Her people are thrifty and prosperous. She suffers from no unemployment. Her production is high and her standard of living is high. Being an agricultural country, she is independent of any need to import foodstuffs. She has large supplies of coal and iron,

which, together with abundant water-power, give her possibilities of a vastly increased industrial development. In territory she has regained Alsace-Lorraine and received a mandate over vast regions in Asia Minor and Africa. She has a visible favorable trade-balance of \$100,000,000 a year, and in addition she realizes at least \$150,000,000 from American tourists every season. Her reparation receipts will run to about \$400,000,000 per annum, so that the question of transferring funds which she might set aside for the repayment of her debt to us does not present great difficulties. Her assets, then, are very great.

France's liabilities consist in a fundamental unwillingness to tax her people to a point which, considering her economic strength, would compare favorably with the efforts put forth by either great Britain or Italy. She is carrying on two wars and maintaining an armament far greater than that of 1914 in spite of the fact that her principal enemy has been disarmed. Her fiscal system cannot stand the strain, and no Finance Minister whom she has put in office since the war has succeeded in balancing her budget. Incompetence in the handling of finances is her besetting danger. These liabilities may seem overwhelming at the moment, but on a cool appraisal all can be shown to be transitory. If they were not, her extinction as a Great Power would be certain. No one who knows the great ingenuity and capacity of the French people, and the economic strength of the nation, can have any doubts as to her survival. Sometime she must attain financial stability. No debt commission that attempted to negotiate an agreement with her covering a period of sixty-two years could assume another hypothesis. And, acting upon such an assumption, no debt commission could allow the American taxpayer

to carry in the future the burden of present French financial incompetence.

The failure of France to reach a settlement with the American Debt Commission in Washington was not the fault of the latter. Every criterion applied by the Commission to the other nations with which it had dealt was applied to France. Her debt amounted to about \$4,020,000,000. The American Commission was willing to settle on a basis which would have ensured easy payments in the first few years, and, figured at present value, would have been equivalent to a 32 per cent cancellation. This offer was refused point-blank.

When M. Caillaux appeared in Washington, hailed as a miracle man of finance, he still felt the flush of success as the result of his negotiations with Winston Churchill in England. The tentative agreement for a settlement of the Anglo-French debt had been advertised as a triumph for Caillaux. In reality it committed France to large payments in the next ten years, at a time when France could least afford to pay, while the concessions in her favor were on later payments. Taken as a whole, it appeared to be a good settlement for the French people, but analyzed in detail it was full of unpleasant 'jokers.' Yet M. Caillaux's idea was to force the United States into a settlement which would conform with this agreement. He even went so far as to intimate to the press that, unless the United States signed on the dotted line, he would return at once. And then what happened? The American Commission dissected M. Caillaux's proposal for him, stating just what that proposal would mean for France:—

'We find that the principles of these arrangements (Anglo-French), if applied to the debt of the United States, would imply a larger obligation upon the part of France to the United States

than that contained in our proposal below. . . . The net result of the application of these principles to the American debt would bring about that France should pay to the United States an annual amount of \$161,000,000 for the first twenty years, and \$61,000,000 thereafter for forty-two years. These payments would be altered if the annuity of \$61,000,000 were deferred for the first seven years and added to the subsequent period, as discussed in London. It seems to us that those principles of repayment are infeasible to France in the application of its indebtedness to us.'

The only interpretation that can be given to this statement is that the American Commission refused to consider M. Caillaux's principle of settlement as properly interpreted, because it considered that offer *beyond France's present capacity to pay*.

The basis of the negotiations was then changed and M. Caillaux gave consideration to the American proposal, which followed closely the lines of the Anglo-American agreement as to the capital sum, but suggested interest payments to begin at only one half of one per cent, mounting to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in thirteen years. The offer was rejected, several modifications of it were rejected, and M. Caillaux forced a suspension of further negotiations by insisting in the final French proposal that any payment by France must be dependent on reparation receipts — a proviso that the American Commission had flatly and very properly held to be out of the question from the beginning. A five-year *modus vivendi* was finally agreed to, whereby France promised to pay the sum of \$40,000,000 per year, — an amount which Caillaux stated to be within her capacity to pay, — and whereby negotiations were to be resumed at the end of that period. Even that

temporary settlement has been refused approval by the Finance Committee of the French Chamber. This may be accounted for as a vote of lack of confidence in Caillaux, but it is more probably the effect of the failure of a definite agreement on French credit in the money marts of New York and London. France will probably be looking for a final settlement soon. That she can ever get from the present Debt Commission easier terms than those which were offered her this year, provided that the principle of capacity to pay is maintained, I very much doubt. The American taxpayer will make sacrifices — even 75 per cent sacrifices, as in the case of Italy — if he can be convinced by some such body as the Debt Commission that the sacrifice is just as well as generous; but he will not be bludgeoned into surrendering what is rightly his when the debtor is able-bodied, productive, and fundamentally solvent.

This whole discussion is based on realities, and all sentimental considerations have been scrupulously avoided. That the latter may loom large in the minds of many people cannot be denied, but one essential fact should never be forgotten. The American Debt Commission was created by Congress as a collection agency; it assumed a solemn trust to act on behalf of the American taxpayer, and to lighten so far as possible the burden he has been carrying. In the fulfillment of that mandate, capacity to pay — a straightforward, business-like, unsentimental estimate of capacity to pay — is the only sound criterion. Voices will always be raised accusing the United States of being rapacious on the one hand and a shorn lamb on the other, but those voices will have to await the passing of many years before a judgment can be reached as to whether their echo rings true.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

BY ROBERT M. WASHBURN

I

WHY is William Edgar Borah? Why was Mr. Lodge? The latter had so meshed himself into yesterday that it is hard to speak of him, after thirteen short months, as now having passed out and on. This with the affection which the nobler emotions excite toward the dead. These two men are coupled in contrast here because the one is, and the other was, the best-equipped man in the Senate. There are stiffer intellectual tests elsewhere, it is true, for some now sit in the Senate who allow a singular subject to keep company at times with a plural verb. As it was with Mr. Lodge, so it is now with Mr. Borah: the first question in the Senate gallery is, 'Which is he?' In some of their qualities they blended. In others they sharply separated. They were much unlike and yet strangely much alike. They stimulate study. The study stimulates.

As they appeared on the floor of the Senate, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Borah were quite diverse in physique. Mr. Lodge did not impress as does Mr. Borah. Though abstemious habits and exercise had always kept him fit, Mr. Lodge was of frail contour, particularly in later years. Mr. Borah has a large, powerful frame. If driven to the ring for his sustenance he would survive, and in the heavyweight class. Mr. Lodge's hair had the aristocratic twirl of the blue-ribbon Skye terrier, a coiffure least uncommon among the Beaconese. Mr. Borah has almost a mane, which, like

that of many a statesman of the West, ceases behind, thick and abrupt, like the docked tail of a show horse in the old days. It shrinks from the shears as the wheat-fields of Minnesota are a stranger to the hum of the lawn-mower. Mr. Lodge wore the type of hat seen in the college yard at Cambridge, while Mr. Borah assumes the black slouch often seen in Texas. Mr. Lodge was the more careful in his dress, while Mr. Borah is content to measure up to the tests of Boise only. Mr. Borah, like most men, goes to work in *négligé*. Mr. Lodge was seldom seen outside of a so-called boiled shirt. Mr. Lodge in his tout ensemble suggested the thoroughbred of any species, perhaps a Kentucky thoroughbred. Mr. Borah is leonine. Men looked up to the skill of the former, while they contemplate with awe the power of the latter, who sometimes forgets the gentler arts.

Mr. Borah is lonely. On analysis, so was Mr. Lodge. Their condition was much the same. The causes were largely different. Mr. Lodge was born into an atmosphere symbolized by the Massachusetts Historical Society. He belonged even before he was born. Hence he did not naturally herd. This disability was chargeable more to his ancestry than to him. For why should one who was born to ride a motor-cycle be asked to play sympathetically with those who ride velocipedes? He was a child of convention, of those who think

most of how they do what they do. With him it was less bad form to come late in a Pierce than early in a Ford. No one ever called him 'Cabby' or sacrilegiously slapped him on the back. And yet, with many, with Mr. Borah it is 'Bill.'

The natural rut of Mr. Lodge was teaching and writing. This rut for some time he walked. Then, tiring of academic position and of money, like many he sought power, and in politics. A Cabot of the Cabots, so far as a Cabot properly could he set out to bevel his social edges, but only as discipline and for the political prizes of life. He sought to remould himself. Unlike Mr. Borah, he learned to lament his loneliness. Like Mr. Borah, however, he remained happiest among the few who appealed to his fancy. The essence of Mr. Lodge was culture.

The place of his nativity and his temperament found Mr. Borah, and have also left him to-day, lonely. As against Mr. Lodge, the causes were different but the effect much the same. Unlike Mr. Lodge, to this he is largely indifferent, and he has never sought to reform. History records no even semi-transition with him. For him the merry-go-round has had no natural charm. Nor has he sought to simulate one. Born on the then frontier lands of Illinois, nature and not man was his stimulus. The forests to him meant strength, eloquence, and loneliness. In the exigencies of that life they suggested to him, not alone wood, houses, and kitchen fires, but above all, perforce, self-sufficiency. He was a child of freedom. As he was as a boy, so he remains to-day as a man. A lawyer by education, he passed on into politics. This has been his most commonplace act. He then did only what a host of others have done. It must have wounded him. The essence of Mr. Borah is individuality.

II

These two men, then, saw their names engraved on desks in the Senate for the first time together in 1907. They were there together seventeen years. They had survived the perils of the polls. They had been jostled by the crude heelers who walk the way of politics. This entailed less suffering on the part of Mr. Borah than of Mr. Lodge, for Mr. Borah's nerves are more subcutaneous. He is not so sensitively strung. Mr. Lodge suffered from constant nervous strain, whether there was much of a cause or not. Mr. Borah is somewhat phlegmatic. Like the Newfoundland dog, when the steam orchestra stops, he sleeps. Mr. Borah was the more fortunate of the two in that he was the first eight-cylindere man who had come out of Idaho. To its people he looked bigger than did Mr. Lodge to Massachusetts. Whether he plays in tune or out of tune, Mr. Borah knows that Idaho knows that with him she is largely known and that without him she is largely unknown. Hence he can romp and hold his seat. Idaho hangs on him more than he on Idaho. Mr. Lodge, on the other hand, knew that a successor to him would not have to be drafted. He recognized that he must watch his step, to keep clear of the muddy spots, to hold his seat. He was but one of the eminent men who had sat from Massachusetts. She is not easily dazzled. Monadnock, like Mr. Borah at home, looms out of the foothills of New Hampshire. Mount Washington, like Mr. Lodge set off against the traditions of Massachusetts, is somewhat shadowed by its sister satellites. The contrast between these two men now passes on from one of back coloring to one more of equipment and attitudes.

In emotional temperament, Mr. Lodge was sensitively strung. He was

at times a turbulent torrent. This found expression in feet never at rest, when he was sitting, and in the cigarette, a symbol of restlessness. Few if any men have seen Mr. Borah with tobacco. The emotions make and unmake. Harnessed they create; otherwise they destroy. The electric current is an asset when as servant it drives machinery; a liability, however, when as master — lightning — it kills and burns. Mr. Lodge's emotions were an asset. As a poet he stood almost alone in politics, with his great beauty of expression. His perorations were always appealing, when he often spoke of his love for Essex and the Old Bay State. His 'Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm,' and his great talents, concentrated, made Calvin Coolidge almost less unpicturesque, in the campaign of 1919, after the police strike. His quotation, 'So Valiant-for-Truth passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side,' closed his memorial to Theodore Roosevelt in the Senate with almost swamping appeal. On the other hand, Mr. Borah's virility of physique augments, as it always does, the force of what he says. This advantage Mr. Lodge offset with skill, as when Mathewson, with waning strength, substituted his fade-away ball for speed. Had Mr. Borah and Mr. Lodge been hitched in the old days to a heavy load, the former would have thrown his whole weight into the breastplate, while the latter would also have indulged in a little prancing. His was the lighter touch.

In voice, Mr. Borah is a mellow modulation, while Mr. Lodge rasped a bit. Thus Mr. Lodge's voice carried farther, in a way like the tearing of a bed sheet. Mr. Lodge had irony but small humor. Mr. Borah has the former. To speak is natural to Mr. Borah. It was a speech for the governor

of Idaho that won him the governor's daughter as a wife. Speaking, with Mr. Lodge, was a taught art. When as a young man he began, one had to go early to be sure of a seat in the back row, when there were plenty elsewhere. In his mature years it was hard to find a seat anywhere. Mr. Lodge was less unpliant than is Mr. Borah. Mr. Lodge could enjoy caviar. Mr. Borah cannot. Mr. Lodge was the less inaccessible. To siege the Borah citadel, one must arm himself with a series of countersigns to pass the draw and portcullis. Mr. Lodge was controversial, politically and personally. Mr. Borah is controversial, officially only. Of the two, Mr. Lodge prayed with the less zeal for his Biblical persecutors. As a constructionist, one who looks forward, Mr. Borah is strong. Here Mr. Lodge was vulnerable. Mr. Borah presses forward; Mr. Lodge held back. Mr. Borah would rather do something at the risk of mistake; Mr. Lodge preferred a perfect percentage to chance. The Republican state committee was never harder pressed than when it attempted to set forth, in his campaign of 1922, Mr. Lodge's constructive record. It cried for yeast.

With some, the disability of Mr. Lodge was that he was understood. With many, the disability of Mr. Borah is that he is not. No one ever asked for an interpretation of Mr. Lodge. Little else is asked of Mr. Borah. There is some solace here for Mr. Borah, in that his files are a stranger to an advertising industry, for the curious will satiate their curiosity and at their own expense. These did not pursue Mr. Lodge, for they thought that they understood him, whether they did or not. He looked easy. Some say that Mr. Borah's aspiration is the Presidency. Such an aspiration may have influenced the course of Mr. Lodge, in a small way. It was

advocated by Mr. Roosevelt in 1916. The first aspiration of Mr. Lodge was triumphant Republicanism. The first aspiration of Mr. Borah is to blaze the way in a great speech toward a greater America. If he becomes President it will be, not because he seeks a following, but because he tolerates it. Otherwise, why should he press the cause of Russia? Why did he oppose the bonus? Some say that he does not like the President personally, and yet a portrait of the President covers the whole of one wall at his apartment. Some say that riding, with him, is a martyrdom and a medicine, forgetting that he first threw his leg over a horse at seven years of age. A man who rides as many as two hours a day rides because he likes it, not as medicine. Nevertheless, Mr. Borah does not do his best work with his legs. Strangely, these two men have had but one avocation, — more strangely, the same and in the same place, — riding in Rock Creek Park. Mr. Lodge was the more of a horseman and an expert in his day. Both have lived almost to see more horses in Nahant than in Idaho.

Mr. Borah succeeded Mr. Lodge at the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations by the rule of seniority in the Senate, where men qualify, not by ability, but by age — as a horse with the veterinary by his teeth. Here these two men have shown diverse qualities. Mr. Lodge's fear was, perhaps, that the Committee would not follow him. Mr. Borah perhaps fears that it will. This place he has the capacity to adorn if not the fancy to qualify. Here he is materially out of sympathy with the President, on the issue of the World Court, for example. So was Charles Sumner, at one time chairman, out of sympathy with President Grant on the St. Domingo issue — and Sumner significantly a Senator from Massachusetts. With Mr. Lodge

it was method. He was punctilious and punctual. In his correspondence he was unique and remarkable. Even in the busy days of the fight over the League, the idlest letter received an answer, and often a long one. In this respect it is sometimes the late Mr. Borah. At a dinner once held to consider some grave question of policy, he came in with the fish and went out with the salad. Some say that when he is billed to speak no one is sure that he will until he has.

In the quality of courage, in an honest estimate, it must be conceded that Mr. Borah is braver than Mr. Lodge was. In his own campaigns, Mr. Lodge was timid, peculiarly so for a veteran. Here his son-in-law, Augustus Peabody Gardner, was a vital tonic. Mr. Lodge never spoke for himself, with but one exception and at Symphony Hall, Boston, — his greatest speech, — where he said: 'I am a Senator of the United States. My first loyalty is to that bright flag in which the stars glitter and the sight of which dims our eyes and chokes our throats when we see it in a foreign land.' He hesitated under fire at times because, more than Mr. Borah, he loved the approval of his fellow men. Mr. Borah stops with the conviction that he is absolutely right, even when alone. His quality to him offsets their quantity. With Mr. Lodge it was more the ego of personality than of principle. It was a common question with him after a speech: 'How did I do?' He insisted that Thackeray was justified when he laid down his pen and cried: 'My God, that is genius.' In his fight against the League, when he was at times tempted to compromise, it is a fact that it was the spur of Borah that kept him an Irreconcilable. The courage of Mr. Borah has never been questioned. He was great when, almost alone, he opposed the so-called salary-grab bill.

He was never braver and more idealistic than in his great words against the bonus, 'I will not buy my reelection with four billions of the people's money,' when the timid hesitated before the Legion and the ballot box. Again, in his opposition to the confirmation of Mr. Warren, he said: 'I do not propose to sit, criticized and silent, when I am simply responding to my obligation under the Constitution, to advise and to consent.' In this speech he measured up to Burke. Here he was looked upon also as wise in Wisconsin, Idaho, and in some parts of Cappadocia — that is, outside of Massachusetts.

III

Nowhere were these men more diverse than in their attitude toward their party. With each it has been his country first, his party second, with this qualification, however, in Mr. Lodge: that, in his estimate, upon the salvation of his party, first, hung the salvation of his country, second. As a patriot he worked through his party for his country. In this way it was party before country. With him a country without a party was a man without a country. With him his party was his religion. For it he clung to nominees, however daubed, as to Mr. Blaine in 1884, and temporarily forgot intimacies, however close, as with Mr. Roosevelt in 1912. In his own words, he gloried as 'a regular of regulars,' and looked upon his party primary as the pilgrim looks upon a shrine. With him at the gate none but Republicans could qualify for Paradise. Mr. Borah, on the other hand, is troublesome to the party leaders. They pretend to forget him, but they are always careful to find out where he stands, as one seeks the whereabouts of furniture when walking in the dark at night with bare feet. Mr. Borah does not prostrate himself before

the letter R. With all his irregularities, however, on one day of the year he is politically polite: that is on election day. Mr. Roosevelt flirted with him in 1912, but could not alienate his affections.

Mr. Lodge believed that a Republican was above attack. Mr. Borah believes that sometimes he is beneath attack. It was easy for Mr. Lodge to respect his party because he was largely it. To Mr. Borah the procession is one where he is the van and the camp followers, the right and the left wings, and all this modestly. Mr. Lodge could subjugate himself, as he did at Cleveland in 1924. Mr. Borah was not at the convention, nor would he touch the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Borah cannot subjugate himself. Mr. Lodge had a great respect for majorities, always when they were Republican, and at other times when they were with him. Mr. Lodge asked: 'How many voted?' Mr. Borah asks: 'Who voted?' With Mr. Lodge, when the majority spoke, there was a presumption that they were right, if they were Republicans. With Mr. Borah there is a presumption that they are wrong, whoever they are. His self-confidence is superb, and shaken only when others agree with him. Then he moves on to another attitude, if not altitude, for he wants to be alone. In any company in which Mr. Lodge marched, he kept step; whereas often, with Mr. Borah, he is the only one to keep step when — if he marches. Mr. Borah, with the greater wisdom, looks upon a minority, those who dare to differ, as often the snowplough, the wedge-force for progress. He would rather be the whole of a defeat than a part of a victory.

Reemphasizing the individuality of Mr. Borah, in this respect he stands apart from Mr. Lodge as he was and as all Senators are. In this quality he is not only at his worst but also at his

best. He is always skittish in company. Hence he is seldom skittish. Unlike Mr. Lodge he cannot be driven to a pole. To Mr. Borah heaven is a minority of one and he that one. This he never nearer approached than when he opposed the postal pay-raise. Then he was in a minority and was one of three only. He fears death only because it is commonplace, for all men die, and because he will then be with a majority. To him, when the man Friday was cast upon that desert isle, then was Crusoe crowded. Should he be driven to an avocation, then it would be cards and solitaire. When he can ride horseback without a horse, then will he approach his ideal. All these lonely qualities he showed — that is, to those outside of Wisconsin — when he commended the anointing of the younger La Follette. Then he outstripped those men who may have opinions, but which no one can ascertain. And yet, with all these peculiarities, Mr. Borah is modest and men seek him.

In this quality of individuality he also finds his great strength. It is true that he would have gone further, as most men measure marches, had he surrendered himself over to a trainer. Perhaps this has been hard, for few might assume so grave a responsibility — certainly no stalwart Republican. Here he is strong, for he does not deviate from his course through hope of favor or fear of frowns. He takes a position with courage, indifferent whether others follow or fly. That old powerful four-lettered word, 'they,' which too much controls civilization, has small terror for him. This in an era when the halls of legislation are too much cluttered with the spineless, whose first and only hope is to find sanctuary with safe majorities. This quality makes Mr. Borah what he is on the floor of the Senate. When he rises,

then the doors open inward only. Then a dropped pin in the Chamber makes a noise like a bursting bomb in no man's land. Then there is a hush, and moths nest on the gavel of the presiding officer. This talent of public speech is the weapon of his individuality. Then is Mr. Borah at his best. Then is he not only himself, but also vital to the Senate. Great is that man who forgets himself for his country and its salvation as he sees it. This though sometimes he is called not 'safe' — a term which the sometimes decadent apply to their own.

With the pride of a mother in a son now dead, Massachusetts to-day remembers Mr. Lodge where he was great. He was a superb mental machine. As such he led the Senate. Re-emphasizing the essence of Mr. Lodge, — his culture, — this showed pre-eminently in his speeches and in a spirit of poesy. Here there was no second to Mr. Lodge on the floor of the Senate, as when the America raced for the cup in foreign waters. His sentimental side, when touched, became a fountain, a rich-running river of the purest water. He was a master of history and of letters, unequaled in the Senate. He read much. He heard much. He forgot nothing. This made him a virile and efficient fighter though he had never learned the great Biblical resources of a soft answer as a power in eliminating wrath. One sees him to-day in tender reminiscence as he entered or left the Chamber, with restless energy, or walked the aisle as he talked. On the platform of a political convention, then was he where he belonged. Then he walked upon the clouds. Few who then listened could withstand the power of his appeal. Then were even the religious tempted to forget that great commandment: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' He had drunk the cup of politics to the dregs.

He was drenched with the praise of many men. He had touched the peak of statesmanship as a majority of his country saw it. But the strain had begun to exact its toll. In hot summers of hard fighting, which mature years could not withstand, he had wasted himself in the cause. He had become an evening star, when many turned to another star which is now in the ascendant. But Henry Cabot Lodge could not turn from the burden and give up power for peace among his books.

Of such was Mr. Lodge. Of such is

Mr. Borah. Of such is the contrast. Mr. Borah is left to lead the Senate to-day — that is in his equipment. In those days he gave way to Mr. Lodge only because of the disability of a birth delayed by fifteen years. The one was, the other is, a scholar of history and a statesman. Blending here and separating there, each has been vital to the Senate. What a superman Providence could have shaped out of these two, their failings filtered here, their virtues toned there, urged on by that conception of grand idealism which is the aspiration of the Church.

‘THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY’

*Outstanding Events of the World: Armistice Day, 1924—Armistice Day, 1925*¹

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

If one goes with Mr. Garvin, Sir George Hunter, and others of the like atrabiliar complexion, one must conclude that Britain is sick almost to doomsday and that it befitteth the whole kingdom to be contracted in one brow of woe. And, indeed, much has happened in the last twelvemonth to justify the densest gloom: still further depression of the greater industries and trades — coal, iron, steel, cotton goods, shipping; a strike of coal-miners averted only by the grant of a huge Government subvention to maintain wages at the existing level; the loss of the tremendously important Chinese market

¹The reader must remember throughout that this paper was prepared in November 1925.

through the boycott; the vicious and cleverly managed Communist offensive, culminating in the Bolshevik resolutions of the Trades Union Congress at Scarborough; increase of unemployment; increase of the excess of imports over exports (it may reach a total value of £450,000,000 for the year) to the point that, some say, the gap is no longer bridged by the ‘invisible’ exports and Britain is now living on her reserves; the increasing demoralization consequent on the doles; much else in the like dismal sort.

And here is a consideration to silence your facile optimist: the disease of the British coal industry appears to be mortal. British supremacy in world-

trade was based on coal. Coal has ceased to be the mainstay of that trade. British coal cannot maintain the competition with American and German coal, because of its far greater cost at the pit mouth; and this cost is due primarily, not to excessive wages, but to the difficulty of extraction, because of the depth and awkward conformation of the seams.

'Patience,' counsels Premier Baldwin, 'patience'; the world is recovering, and with that recovery the lost British markets will be regained. But is not that a fallacious hope? In the competition for the revived markets will the odds favor Britain? 'Now, listen!' as my Broadway girl would say. Important orders for construction of craft *for British use* have gone to Dutch and German shipyards; seeming to indicate, not merely that Britain is no longer able to wage aggressive economic warfare, but even that she cannot maintain a successful defensive. Prior to the Great War, 80 per cent of the new marine shipping of the world was being turned out of British yards; the percentage is now less than 50, perhaps as low as 30. And if British iron and steel are now losing ground visibly, month by month, what will be their plight when Lorraine iron and Ruhr coal are close allied, as they certainly will be? By consequence from the war, the capacity of industrial production of several Continental nations has grown portentously; not so of Britain. Victorian England was *the* workshop of Europe; England is now only one of several workshops, and not the most efficient. Patience, forsooth, with such a face of things, and with an annual addition of over 200,000 mouths to be fed, the birth-rate holding its own, emigration declining!

The Empire will save us, you say! But is it not, for example, labor lost and fatuous policy to attempt to keep

Canada out of the economic orbit of the Colossus of the West, looming Djinn-like? And is not India as good as lost? And the struggle to make South Africa a White Man's country utterly vain? Macaulay's famous passage about London Bridge haunts the memory. Dean Inge, take our ears — a permanent loan!

But are there not hopeful arguments of virtue to grapple and throw such arguments of despair? Yes, but only on a long view and on the precarious supposition that economic statesmanship of the first order shall dominate the scene.

A clean sweep must be made of certain fallacies. It must be recognized that the Victorian supremacy of Britain in trade and industry is definitely of the past, and that 'there are others,' with a waning. On the other hand, it should not be held to follow that Britain must therefore fall into a decline.

The Coal Age, so-called, is over. The Age of Oil, White Coal, and Electrification is here. But Britain has no oil in the natural state and little white coal. Worse and worse, then, it might seem. No; for she has coal. So, then, we have boxed the compass, so to speak. What, above all, Britain needs to enable her industries to compete successfully in the world-field is cheap power. She can get it by reorganization and readaptation of her coal industry, and simultaneous general reorganization and reconstruction of industries and transport on the basis of electricity and oil. Low-temperature carbonization of coal gives three products: oil, gas, and a smokeless fuel (the 70 per cent residue) of calorific value equal to that of the best raw coal. Carbonize the coal at the pit mouth; you get enough oil to satisfy all the needs of shipping and 'motor transport.' Use what may be needed of the

gas and smokeless fuel for generating (in proper centres at or near the coal fields) electric energy for distribution at low cost to the manufacturing plants, railroads, and so forth; and enough smokeless fuel (solid or powdered) and gas will be left for heating and the sundry miscellaneous necessities of power. As an instance of the saving by the process, it would utilize all the inferior coal (25 per cent of the whole), which now goes mostly to waste. The best expert opinion, I understand, endorses the above programme. With its realization Britain should compete in the world-field with restored confidence.

Britain is anxiously awaiting the report of the Royal Commission on the Coal Mining Industry, to be rendered by next May. Presumably its recommendations will embody some such programme. But realization thereof would, you say, imply an industrial revolution. Precisely so; but the alternative is disaster and decadence. Wherefore I observed that the situation calls for economic statesmanship of the first order, boldly to decide, gallantly to challenge the inevitable dangers, to cross the Rubicon. The July crisis in the coal-mining industry was the most important episode of 1925 in Britain, in the Empire, in the world. It brought home the absolute necessity of epochal, revolutionary decisions if Britain is to be saved. Mr. Baldwin yielded temporarily to the miners. His subsidy was to ensure peace till May, to gain time for definite formulation of policy. Next May there will be another crisis, far more important; out of it a fighting chance for Britain, or sure decline.

I said 'a fighting chance'; but even that must be qualified. Under present conditions Britain is overpopulated by ten million souls. Realization of the programme above indicated, supplemented by a thorough scientific general

programme of anti-waste, might provide well-being for the present population of the kingdom and the natural increase of a decade or two. But the point of saturation would soon be reached again. Obviously the increase should be steadily offset by emigration. The Empire Settlement Act of 1922 was a move in the right direction, but in the first two years of its operation it accomplished but a tenth part of its intention. It should be properly amended and made to work under the direction of some happy tactful genius. The Baldwin Government is quite aware of this, but will it have the courage to take order accordingly?

I have dealt with two matters of supreme importance to the British realm and the British Commonwealth of Nations. I may only glance at a third: namely, the tariff policy of the realm. Free Trade moderately tempered by camouflaged Protection is the present policy. Obviously Mr. Baldwin is at a stand. He probably thinks that under present circumstances a moderate policy of general protection — adequate, at the least, to cover a considerable extension of operation of the principle of Imperial Preference — would be the ticket. But where to draw the line? Theoretically the Empire, no doubt, could be made economically self-sufficing; but so to talk is nonsense. 'T is against the spirit of the age, which really tends to economic internationalism rather than economic nationalism or imperialism. The ideal policy should promote mutual helpfulness throughout the Empire, should strengthen intra-imperial ties, without prejudice to the foreign trade. Ah! but what is the ideal policy? Doubtless the pattern thereof, like that of Plato's ideal Republic, is laid up in Heaven; perhaps under the joint guardianship of Cobden and Joseph Chamberlain; never to be known or realized on earth.

But that spectre of German competition; how to lay it? It is said that German payments under the Dawes Plan in full flourish call for trebling of the German 1913 export surplus. 'Patience,' counsels Premier Baldwin, 'patience.' Can he be thinking of M. Loucheur's International Economic Conference, for which the League is making preparation? That conference, if you believe M. Loucheur, is to deal the coup de grâce to 'economic nationalism,' to establish an 'equilibrium between production and consumption,' to effloresce into a United States of Europe! Softly, my Muse! These be wild and whirling words.

I say flatly that the domestic record of the Baldwin Government has been creditable; believing, as I do, that the policy of caution, of sawing wood, of watchfully waiting on developments, was, for the conditions, correct. Unemployment has increased, but not at all alarmingly. Actually employment has increased, but not so as to overtake the normal increase of employables. The key industries have been desperately buffeted, but somehow the British pre-war proportion of world-trade is maintained; world-trade being 20 per cent below pre-war proportions. The very latest returns are definitely reassuring. Baffled, one murmurs that bon mot so mystically true: 'There are lies, damned lies — and statistics!' As for the Red Terror, 't is but a bug to fear boys and yokels.

In the imperial and foreign fields the record of the Baldwin Government has been brilliant. With the advent of Mr. Chamberlain to the Foreign Office, the high imperial style was resumed. The Russian Treaties, the ink of the signatures scarce dry, died the death — unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled. The Egyptian affair was admirably handled. The murder of Sir Lee Stack hastened an inevitable crisis. Egypt

had to be brought up with a round turn. The British reserved rights were properly asserted and the Egyptians made to see that the provisional gift of a qualified independence to Egypt will not be considered consummated until certain specified conditions have been fulfilled. Better yet, the British position in the Sudan is clarified. It is fairly apparent that the British protectorate of the Sudan will have the same term of life as the Empire; a monstrous good thing for the Sudan — and Egypt. The problem of India is too vast and vague for notice here. I think it may be positively stated that the position of the British Raj has been greatly eased — one reason (sinister, if you please) being that, after a last desperate effort to save it, the preposterous accord between Hindus and Moslems has been fatally disrupted. No doubt important decisions have been taken respecting the experiment in self-government. Is the Dyarchy to be continued in a much revised form, or is the experiment to be carried forward by a different route? For the experiment will go on.

For the most part, the outlying members of the British Commonwealth of Nations have had a prosperous year. In only one of the self-governing States is the prospect gray: namely, the Union of South Africa. But she has rightly diagnosed her malady. For some time white emigration has exceeded white immigration. Why? Because British white men and women, looking whither to migrate, repelled the lure of South Africa, misliking the thought that their descendants might be Negroids. The remedy is segregation of the blacks, which can be accomplished in a perfectly humane manner. After all, the blacks south of the Zambesi are of a migration almost as recent as that of the whites.

Mention must be made of two

dangers ahead; the danger of a blow-up in Ireland when the report of the commission delimiting the frontier between the Free State and Ulster is published, and the danger of a war over Mosul. It cannot be doubted that the Baldwin Government will be true to Britain's pledges to Irak. If Ghazi Mustapha Kemal is really boiling for a fight, apparently he can have one. But I doubt he is such an ass.

II

I feel a certain delicacy about the inclusion of our country in this review; for we are, in the comparison with the rest of mankind, prosperous out of all cess, and brocade should not flaunt itself before rags. Our favorable balance of trade for the fiscal year 1925 was over a billion dollars, and we are putting out a billion yearly on foreign loan. While world-trade averages something like 20 per cent below the 1913 level, our foreign trade tops by 15 to 20 per cent our pre-war total. We have half the gold in the world. Our national wealth increased by 35 per cent in the decade ended in 1923, totaling in that year about \$321,000,000,000. Eighty-six persons in the United States paid taxes for 1923 on taxable incomes exceeding in each case one million dollars. Incomes, if you please! Our national debt is fast being reduced, and the national budget has been cut nearly a half since 1920. Though the 1924 reductions made the Federal taxes easily tolerable, we are assured a further easement by the new Congress. Great Britain and most of our smaller debtors have funded their obligations to us, and no doubt France and Italy will soon follow suit; for they cannot long continue to kick against the pricks. I would fain avoid this delicate subject, and will, but must make one observation. Our system of

government is perhaps, on the whole, the most admirable in the world; at least for us. But obviously it does not permit that generosity in the debt settlements which belike (I am not sure) the people might favor. At the Paris Conference in January we secured something more than our due share of the Dawes Plan annuities.

We have no Red menace, no unemployment worth mentioning, no threats of war. We are in jolly good humor, as proved by our imperturbability respecting the inconvenience caused by the anthracite strike. We can spend eight billions annually without a flutter for automobiles and their maintenance; and, since Britain puts up the price on rubber, we have \$100,000,000 available for planting Liberia in rubber (soil O. K., climate not so bad, labor cheapest on the planet), and, if necessary, we'll convert Central America, Mexico, the Philippines, and so forth, into rubber plantations, and run Britain out of the market. Put that in your pipe, Mr. Churchill, and report the flavor! We'll show you that it does n't pay to try to put anything over on the U. S. A. We need deny, and in fact do deny, ourselves nothing. There is a constant stream of galleons conveying to our shores the art treasures of Europe, which soon will see the last of the Old Masters. If bored little Betty cries for a dinosaur egg, she has it. Our annual bill for cosmetics exceeds imperial budgets.

We are at the dawn of an immense development of commercial aviation. The chief result of the lamentable disaster to our first giant rigid dirigible — the Shenandoah — will be to stimulate experiment toward eliminating the weaknesses of that type. The best of arguments for moving forward boldly in the air is the magnificent success of the Air Mail Service. Mr. Hoover's statement before the Air Board has

convinced us that commercial aviation will develop lustily without Government subsidies provided that: (a) a bureau of civil aviation is established in the Department of Commerce for rendering services to commercial aviation analogous to those rendered by the Government to commercial navigation; (b) a body of aviation law is enacted, corresponding to merchant-marine law; (c) carriage of the mail is contracted out; (d) ample air-ports are established at the important municipalities (by the municipalities themselves). The prospect stirs the imagination. We are indeed prosperous — whoopingly, almost terrifyingly prosperous. We are — to put the thing in our direct and simple American way — *It*.

Yes, but the things cited are but the trappings and the suits of prosperity. There may be that within which is not so satisfactory. Despite our authentic triumphs in architecture, and that within a generation we have added three (Whistler, Saint Gaudens, Sargent) to the small choir of 'Old Masters,' the fact remains that our characteristic art is that of Murder, as our national religion is that of Publicity — a religion whereof the rites are as hideous as those of Baal or Ashtoreth. The chief ceremony of that religion in the past year was the trial of Mr. Scopes. Our banditry record of the year puts China to shame. Obviously banditry in China is in its infancy. Our divorces are overtaking our marriages. Soon there will be more divorced than married adults in the U. S. A.

In its final short session the Sixty-eighth Congress made little progress; no doubt because the balance was held by the 'Progressives.' Its most striking piece of legislation was that increasing the salaries of Members of Congress and Cabinet Members. No doubt the

increases were proper, though the austere life may be commended to our representatives; but the manner of carrying it was an offense to the national olfactories. That there was so little outcry upon the occasion was lamentable; perhaps, after all, we were a little proud of our legislators for 'putting it over' so deftly.

The more important legislative proposals which failed of consummation by the late Congress were the following: the Muscle Shoals Leasing bill; sundry farm-relief bills; amendment of the Transportation Act (looking especially to promotion of railroad consolidation); ratification of the Turkish treaty and the Isle of Pines treaty; and the proposal of adhesion to the World Court. I expect consummation of the greater part of these proposals by the Sixty-ninth Congress. Already the new Senate, briefly meeting after the inauguration, has ratified the Isle of Pines treaty after a preposterous delay of twenty years, and it can hardly reject Admiral Bristol's advice to ratify the Turkish treaty. The President neatly summed up as follows his conclusions upon the report of his commission of nine appointed to evolve a 'programme for the permanent stabilization of agriculture.' 'Almost the entire difficulty of agriculture,' says the President, 'is on the side of distribution.' Adequate scientific legislation for the promotion of the coöperative marketing of agricultural produce and live stock is expected of the Sixty-ninth Congress. There is to be a ferocious conflict in the next Senate session over the Senate rules. General Dawes has declared war to the knife against old Filibuster.

There are no dangers observable in the navigation ahead. We may confidently expect that

A constant trade-wind will securely blow
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

III

It is the knowing thing utterly to condemn the French post-war Governments prior to that of M. Herriot for piling up so huge a national debt; to decry their financial policy as a blend of the fatuous, the vicious, and the pavid. It is, indeed, quite true that a Colbert or Hamilton was not vouchsafed to France in her desperate need and that the management of the fisc left much to be desired; but the members of those Governments were neither rascals nor fools nor cowards. The war over, the preëminent and pressing concern was reconstruction of the devastated area. The psychology of the situation forbade increase of taxation to this end if it could anywise be avoided. Clearly domestic loans were ‘indicated,’ since they would soon be redeemed by German gold. It seemed simple. Human nature being what we see, it is not strange or discreditable that even the trained official French mind was only slowly disabused of the fallacy that the greater part of the costs of the war could be recovered from Germany. When Poincaré, in consequence of the Ruhr fiasco, saw the light, he made suggestions to the Reparations Commission which resulted in the Dawes Committee and the Dawes Plan, and he instituted a régime of drastic retrenchment and heavy taxation. For the latter he was sent up Salt Creek, and the Left came into its own again, in May 1924. But reconstruction, thanks to an unprecedented fury of devoted effort financed by the loans, was well toward completion, although the lending capacity of the people was well toward exhaustion.

I lack space for detail of subsequent developments in the French domestic situation. The desperate fiscal problem confronting Herriot demanded in chief: (a) a genuinely balanced budget;

(b) satisfactory arrangements respecting the domestic debt; (c) funding of the debts to the United States and Britain on tolerable terms. To achieve these desiderata and avoid inflation — *hic labor, hoc opus erat*. Herriot had gone far toward the achievement of (a) when his fall was precipitated by an extraordinary error of tactic which would have ruined the career of a man less transparently honest. He was succeeded, in April 1925, by a Left Government under Painlevé, with (could such a quick reversal of fortune seem possible even in this our World Turned Upside Down?) Caillaux for Finance Minister. And it was scarcely less staggering that Briand should accept to serve, as Foreign Minister, in a cabinet including Caillaux.

Briand’s acceptance of the Foreign Portfolio did great credit to his patriotism. He was the man for the hour. Representing with supreme address the majority sentiment of his nation, he perhaps contributed even more than did Chamberlain or Luther to the success of the negotiations recently consummated by the Locarno instruments. The selection of Caillaux startlingly illustrated the desperateness of the plight of the fisc. The French are the most experienced and on the whole the most civilized of peoples; but their civility is after all a mere film. In their extremity they resorted to magic and summoned the ‘wizard,’ Caillaux. And Caillaux was not found entirely wanting. He is, in the opinion of this writer, an absolutely unmoral egotist. But on this occasion his professional pride was piqued; he was resolved to justify his reputation as an economic master. He acted as though he had — and, belike, the strange man has — a professional conscience. He was not, in my opinion, given a full chance. The Ghost of his Past stalked him, and one might almost say that

Retributive Justice dashed his plans. His budget operations were magnificent, but the 1925 budget was knocked galley-west by the unexpected Rif and Syrian wars. His conversion loan, which was expected to ease the pressure from maturing Government obligations, was a failure (the Ghost, you see, terrifying the cautious). As to his failure at Washington, I know not what to say; but I have a feeling that Fate dealt shrewdly with him at that supreme crisis.

Our Debt Commission did not play the Shylock. The present value of the total payments contemplated under their last offer would be about \$2,800,000,000. The total of the French debt is about \$4,020,000,000. The present value of the total payments contemplated under the last French offer would be about \$1,750,000,000. But it is doubtful that, even with our agreement to terms approximating the last Caillaux offer and like generous treatment from Britain, France could win through her present difficulties without dangerous dislocations, without terrible impairment of her social and economic fabric. For consider these figures (furnished by the National Institute of Economics at Washington, and shown to be remarkably accurate by my own researches): The debt of the French Republic is the equivalent of about \$22,000,000,000 (eight billions deadweight foreign debt), as against our Federal debt of about twenty billions, all domestic. At present — with negligible payments on the foreign debts — the French people are paying at least 20 per cent of the national income in taxes, as against 18.5 per cent for the British people and 11.5 per cent for the people of the United States; whereas the national income per capita in France is only \$195, as against \$395 in Britain and \$605 in the United States.

Now, Messieurs Borah *et al.*, is your attitude quite the one indicated by humane considerations or (but that is another story) the enlightened self-interest of our nation?

I quite agree with the Institute of Politics that only by a major operation can France be saved from extreme misery and probably disaster of the first magnitude. The economic boom of late 1923—late 1925 was altogether deceptive, unwholesome and hectic. The reaction has already come. Let us pay this tribute to Caillaux. By his counsels, of a salutary brusqueness, he persuaded the patient of the necessity of the operation.

The war with Abdul Krim has been a pure calamity to France. It aggravated the fiscal embarrassments; it imperiled the superb achievement of Marshal Lyautey; it even (thanks, in part, to a considerable sentiment in France against colonial commitments, which took this occasion to assert itself) endangered the entire position of France in Africa. Regretfully I omit detailed notice of the war, and merely remark that, unless political developments should change the face of things, next spring should see the 'liquidation' of Abdul Krim's glorious effort. It remains, however, to see whether Marshal Lyautey's work will securely survive his departure from the scene. He proved himself the equal of any colonial administrator of history — Roman proconsul, British viceroy, Chinese Warden of the Marches in the great Han or T'ang days, name you whom you will.

That was a stupid act of Herriot, to supersede General Weygand as High Commissioner for Syria by General Sarrail. Against initial difficulties, the tact and sympathy of General Gouraud and General Weygand had given assurance of success to the French mandate. But, as Herriot must have

known, Sarraïl, though a good general in the field, is perhaps the most tactless person in the world, as he showed at Saloniki during the war; and tact is the quality most required in dealing with that kittle folk, the Syrians. The French ‘manner of dealing’ with Damascus was, it would seem, a masterpiece of tactlessness and bad judgment. The French will have hard sledding henceforth with their Syrian mandate. Says the wise Confucius: ‘If remoter people are not submissive, all the influences of civil culture and virtue are to be cultivated to attract them to be so; and, when they have been so attracted, they must be made contented and tranquil.’

IV

The Germans are eating more meat than they ate prior to the war, and the full alcoholic content of German beer has been restored. Germany has come back.

It may be added, by way of secondary proof, that the greater industries — such as iron, steel, and coal — have made tremendous gains; that the shipping arrivals at Hamburg exceed by 25 per cent those of a year ago; that the financial position continues sound; that the budget shows a healthy surplus, revenue receipts very considerably exceeding expectations; that the railways, as consolidated and reorganized under the Dawes Plan, show a splendid profit; and that unemployment in mid-September totaled only 250,000.

There are pessimists who declare that the economic boom is artificial, and to be credited entirely to the very favorable first-year arrangements under the Dawes Plan, the payments of the first year being almost covered by the international loan; that, as the burden of payments increases, black

clouds will succeed that first Rose of Dawn. But, though Germany cannot hope entirely to escape deflation pangs, her economic recovery is in fact guaranteed by the Allied and Associated Powers. The Dawes Plan provides for flexibility in its application, so that the burden of payments may never be fatally prejudicial to German recovery. Germany is definitely and securely on the economic up-curve.

Viewed from another angle, the German comeback is still more remarkable. Germany is rid of the most vexatious servitudes imposed by the Versailles Treaty, and further riddance is assured unless the Nationalists ‘gum the cards.’ Germany is far, very far on the road to recovery of her proper (always assuming good faith and no return of militarism) political position in the society of nations. She has sat as equal with the great Allies at the council table, and as an equal has initialed the Rhine Pact, one of the most august of human instruments.

Of the Locarno instruments it is sufficient to remark that, when or if they are consummated, only by a super-equivocation at which the Father of Lies himself might balk can a loophole of justification be alleged for aggressive war by Germany on France, Belgium, Poland, or Czechoslovakia; or vice versa in each case. I think it quite likely that in the negotiations which led to Locarno the Germans were at first actuated by cunning rather than generous motives, but I believe that in initialing the Locarno instruments Chancellor Luther fully shared in that ‘spirit of Locarno’ felt and magnificently expressed by Briand. To be sure, the Locarno instruments have not been consummated by the required formal signatures and ratifications; but there is every reason to expect that they will be, and with the happy incidental effect of emphatically reducing

the Nationalist influence in German politics. Say, if you please, that the 'spirit of Locarno' was but a momentary gleam, an illusion — at the least the Rhine Pact safeguards France and Belgium; for the British sense of honor is the least illusory thing in the world.

Little comment is required on the year's developments in German domestic politics. The December 1924 elections were in one sense reassuring, in another unsatisfactory. The Reichstag representation of the parties unequivocally loyal to the Weimar Constitution is considerably greater than it was in the old Reichstag and greater than the representation of the parties leaning back toward monarchy (I assume, though a little dubitatively, the People's Party to be of that grouping); on the other hand, that representation was not quite a majority, so that it had to be either a *Bürgerbloc* Government, to include the Nationalists, or new elections, and after much manoeuvring the former was the choice. It may be said that on a flat show-down of Republic versus Monarchy the Communists would hold the balance; but probably the Republic is safe. The election of Hindenburg was not really a Nationalist victory, but rather a remarkable tribute to that splendid warrior; and, as it has turned out, a deserved one. The popular instinct discovered in him a man to be trusted; and not only Germany, but the whole world, is much beholden to his great good sense and massive integrity.

V

The decision taken at last by Spain (with what a wrench to pride!) to co-operate in Morocco with France, has probably ensured a settlement during the coming year of the problem of the Spanish Zone which shall end that hideous nightmare — a boon, a boon

indeed! And then what, as to peninsular Spain?

Primo de Rivera has organized a political party y-clept the 'Patriotic Union' to which in due time is to be entrusted the task of carrying forward under 'a restored régime of constitutional normality' the programme of the Military Directory. Some months ago the Marqués took the people into his confidence and with charming ingenuousness admitted that the progress made to date was far from correspondent to his first hopes. But I incline to think that he understated his achievement. Despite the increased expense of the Moroccan War, he has reduced the budget deficit by 40 per cent, and with the end of the Moroccan business the budget should be balanced; the syndicalists and their brethren of like appeal have ceased from troubling; there is little unemployment. The great achievement of the Directory, to my mind, is the Municipal Statute, which restores those Communal Councils anciently so rich in promise. This is to be followed by a Provincial Statute of analogous intention — that is, decentralization according to a programme indicated by geography, history, and the manifest genius of the Spanish people. At the best, Catalonia will furnish a difficult problem for many years to come, but it is a problem certainly solvable by enlightened and patient statesmanship. The caciques have been run to cover.

But still the programme is far, far from realization. Primo de Rivera is entirely vague as to the date of transfer of his task to the Patriotic Union. 'The road of purification stretches far ahead.' There's the rub. Sure provision must be made against return of the caciques. Now what does Primo de Rivera mean by a 'restored régime of constitutional normality'? Does he mean restoration of the old parliamentary system, or

anything like it? That system, a preposterous travesty of English parliamentarism, has been discredited, as a like travesty has been discredited in Italy. With restoration of that absurd system, the Augean stables which the Dictator has been at such pains to clean would soon be in a hideous mess again. Does he contemplate for his Patriotic Union a function like that of the Fascist Party in Italy? He has in the *Somaten* (a revival and nation-wide extension of a provincial organization) an instrument not so unlike the Fascist militia.

We shall watch developments in Spain with eager interest. The reported activity of the Communal Councils may be earnest of a Spanish renaissance, or it may be that the Spanish people are too sunk in torpor to thrill even to a Cid.

VI

An ancient Chinese poem begins thus in translation: ‘At this low ebb, at this low ebb.’ That would have been consonant to the mood of Fascismo a year ago; and joyous, lilting ‘Giovinezza’ must then have rasped. The Matteotti murder had given an opening to the Opposition which they were quick to seize. They gave loud publicity, with suitable garnishment, to sundry acts of Fascist zeal untempered by decency, and the Fascists were reduced to the humiliating necessity of explanations, of admissions, of promises to purge out or effectively discipline intransigent elements which discredited the holy cause. Fascismo was in the doleful dumps, and the Duce himself fell desperately ill.

But the Opposition went too far. The personal charges against Mussolini could not be made good. People reminded themselves of the Red Terror to which Fascismo had been the answer. The Fascists recovered confidence. Certain acts they wisely forbore to defend,

instead repudiating the perpetrators; others they assigned to the category of ‘sacred violence.’ For it seems that when a Fascist knocks a Communist on the pate, the violence may be ‘sacred’; but not so t’other way around. On March 22 the sixth anniversary of Fascismo was celebrated with incredible enthusiasm throughout Italy. Addressing a vast concourse in Rome, Mussolini, recovered of his illness, shouted: ‘This meeting marks for me and for you resumption of Fascist action against all our enemies.’ (Pause, that ‘spak sic things.’) ‘Will you follow me?’

Well, rather. And ever since Fascismo has been going it strong. In October, Fascismo definitely arrived at its ‘constructive phase.’ The great Fascist Council passed certain resolutions which are to be presented to Parliament for enactment, and of course it may not be doubted that Parliament will enact them. They contemplate the political and economic reorganization of Italy very largely on an occupational basis — an adaptation of Guild Socialism. Not less important, they provide for immense enhancement of the power of the Premier, who is to be vested with effective control of the new system of corporations and syndicates. A happy balance will be maintained between the power of the workers and the power of the employers, all disputes incapable of simple adjustment to be referred to Labor courts. It is of first significance that magistrates to preside over these courts are to be appointed by the Central Government and to be backed by the necessary force. The constitution of the Camera is not to be changed, but the Senate, much enlarged, is to be reorganized, four fifths of its members to be elected on an occupational basis, one fifth to be appointees of the King; the rôle of the Camera to become insignificant. Considering Mussolini’s

declared contempt for shams, one may expect the Camera to be relegated to Lethe's wharf in the near future.

The proposals as drafted are rather foggy, but no doubt they will be given clarity and precision in the process of enactment. If a really genuine experiment in Guild Socialism adapted to modern conditions should be forthcoming, the world would be immensely indebted to Mussolini therefor; but the magnitude of the powers proposed for the Premier provokes a certain dubiety. It is proper, however, to suspend judgment.

On the whole, Fascismo has been justified of its works, and on the whole Mussolini's Dictatorship has been beneficent. He has balanced the budget, improved trade, greatly reduced unemployment, immensely enhanced efficiency in all the services, and raised the international prestige of his country; and now apparently he proposes to scrap the constitution. The Italian parliamentary system, like that of Spain, was a preposterous travesty of British parliamentarism, and it behooved to scrap it. It remains to see whether Mussolini will, by providing a satisfactory substitute, approve himself a constructive statesman of the first order.

Mussolini has told us repeatedly of late that Julius Cæsar is his model. He could choose no better one. May one be bold to suggest that an even closer imitation of that model would not be amiss? There is for Dictators a great deal of importance in style, and the style of Mussolini increasingly mislikes me. Cæsar did never threaten, nor boast, nor exult. He never posed. He had a proper sense of limitations; he halted at the Rhine and the Thames. His most distinctive quality was a humorous equanimity. If one may presume to advise: Study your model, good Benito, and keep cool.

VII

Ghazi Mustapha Kemal continues his salutary task of abolishment of shams and of consolidation of the New Turkey on a Nationalist basis. But I am not so sure that he is so well advised in his 'habilitory endeavors'; 't is, methinks, a work of supererogation. I suspect the Ghazi has been reading *Sartor Resartus* in a Turkish translation, and has missed something. The fez, to be sure, is preposterous; but is it any more so than the sundry models proposed to us by Messieurs Dunlap and Knox? And look you, Sir, do not the Turkish breeches afford more ample accommodation than do our unmentionables, for the Purse? If you would assimilate Turkey to the West, remember, remember: The Purse is the Thing. In divorcing his wife, no doubt the Father of New Turkey had in mind to pay us the flattery of imitation and so win our Senate to ratification of the Turkish Treaty; and to encourage in Turkey a practice which has contributed so much of wholesome and picturesque to our social life.

The inevitable reaction in Turkey was nipped i' the bud with the suppression of the Kurdish insurrection and the 'pendulous illaqueation' of its leaders.

VIII

It is quite out of the question to explain in a paragraph or two the developments of the past year in China. One should not forget that China (the 18 Provinces and Manchuria) is of about the same area and the same population as Europe exclusive of Russia; that she is now undergoing a transformation, social, economic, and political, the most stupendous and profound yet seen in the world; that our sources of information are meagre, and the more important processes are obscured.

The growth of Chinese Nationalism is one of the most important phenomena of recent times. It arose out of resentment of the utterly selfish and damnable encroachments by the Powers. It developed a determination to recover all that had been lost by those encroachments. After its first blind and ferocious expression, in the Boxer uprising, it was until recently chargeable with very little antforeign violence.

The major credit for that astonishing increase of Nationalism belongs to ‘Young China’—that is, the considerable and ever-growing body of Chinese who have received some tincture of education along Western lines. The majority, including the best, of the leaders of Young China have not countenanced antforeign violence. They have hoped to recover Chinese rights by the Confucian methods of reason and persuasion, supplemented, if necessary, by the boycott, that Chinese invention. But always there was the danger that the extremist leaders, the intransigents of the Left wing of the Kuo Min-tang or Radical Party, would seize some opportunity to provoke a violent and vicious explosion of antforeign feeling. Those gentry found an opportunity in the industrial disputes of the midyear in the foreign-owned mills. Observe, however, that gradually, except for Canton, — which is differentiated from the rest of China much as Barcelona is differentiated from the rest of Spain, — the more sensible and Confucian-minded leaders regained the ascendant.

But the wave of Nationalist feeling is still at height. ‘Unhand me,’ says China; and the Powers, however reluctantly and ungraciously, are proceeding to comply. It were, perhaps, better for China, as well as for the Powers, that the process of restoration of the sovereign rights filched from her should be gradual; but, if developments have made it necessary to speed up the process, the Powers have no ground of complaint. China’s resentment for the wrongs and humiliations inflicted on her, resentment so just and so deep, may not be trifled with.

The politico-military situation of China is of the usual fantasticality. There are three grand groups of Tutchuns: the group which backs the Provisional Peking Government, whereof Chang Tso-lin, that hard-shelled old Tory and ex-bandit, is chief; the group headed by Feng Yu-hsiang, the ‘Christian General’ and traitor; and the group of Yangtse Tutchuns headed by Wu Pei-fu, who has ‘come back’ strong. Feng is playing around with Moscow, while Chang is regarded by Japan with benevolent eye. I think Japan is sincerely desirous to keep out of Chinese complications, but she will not allow her position in Manchuria to be compromised and surely would not permit open intervention by Russia in China. As for Wu Pei-fu, I consider him China’s best hope, quite probably a genuine disinterested patriot. Almost anything of weird or fantastic might develop out of that triangle. I am an optimist concerning China, but only on a long view.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY SECRET SIN

IF I were to venture to say, in casual conversation with my colleagues in business, what I here state in cold print, it might endanger such reputation as I may have gained in my particular commercial field. I may speak in print, however, because the business man accepts with flaccid acquiescence anything in type which does not conflict with his chronic hero-worship of the business man. I write what I dare not say.

And so I state defiantly, — for I have bottled it up too long, — so I proclaim that I love trees and flowers and growing grass; that there is a beauty in the November frost, hung upon the tracery of the fading goldenrod; that wild columbine, to me, has a distinctly feminine flavor, as of a rarely tinted virgin too fragile even for romance; that even a bourgeois sunflower on a city dump is worthy of a glance.

There — I have confessed! I have uttered 'Beauty' — that word forbidden to Business.

There is much more. It has piled up with the years, clamoring for an audience. Bear with me. I need a safety valve for the steam which has long been gaining head behind the boiler plate of Business, where men sweat, tongue-tied, lest they be suspected of a tender susceptibility.

Once my mother took me into the yard and showed me blue starry flowers upon spikes of grass. I pick them still. From them I sometimes catch, even to-day, a reflection of the radiance and simplicity of childhood.

In June the tips of the whitewood

trees are fringed with tulips — orange, green, and white, painted in a pattern apparently artificial, like that of an Oriental rug or a bit of bizarre upholstery. Whitewood trees are hard to climb. I climb them still, when no one is looking. I value my liberty, and the judge would not understand.

And what, indeed, would a judge, or my neighbor the coal man, or the steel-file man in the next office, say if he knew that there is such a thing as climbing a tree for the sheer joy of it? I state authoritatively, from twenty-five years' practice, that poplar boughs snap easily, that hickory crotches catch the ankles, that wild-apple branches tear the very clothes from one's back, and that birches will bend to the ground without breaking. There is an odd sense of power and of freedom which comes with the attainment of a tree top. I know of no surer way of cleansing one's mind, for the moment, from the irksomeness of earning a living.

Possibly five botany authorities, three fellow eccentrics, and myself know where arbutus may be found in our neighborhood. I once brought some to my office. I shall not do so again. I bring arbutus into our household discreetly concealed in newspapers, so that the neighbors will think it is spinach or something.

Now that the lid is off, may I confess that it has even been a diversion of mine to accord to each kind of tree its own personality. Poplars are so greedy — oaks so conservative. The pepperidge, old maid of the forest, turns scarlet a week before the first frost — a chronic croaker, gnarled,

tough-grained, just waiting for a hard freeze so she can say, 'I told you so.' Walnuts and butternuts are cowards, dropping their leaves at the first cold wind and leaving their seeds exposed to the first man with a club. (I am generally that man.) The soft maples cannot stand prosperity, for they grow so lush that they break of their own weight. Conifers have a passion for symmetry, and elms for phrasing of design; whereas willows bulge shamelessly along the river banks, like overfed women in a warm climate. The witch-hazel, impractical optimist, blossoms in November, leader of the extreme Left of the floral parliament — while the poison elder blooms almost before the snow is gone, bears fruit in June, and, like most precocious children, is eclipsed and forgotten with the maturity of summer.

Some trees are so human in their inanities. The sycamore does not know spring has come until the very advent of summer. At last, reluctantly, it leaves. The season passes. Frosts arrive. Sensible trees have shed their foliage weeks before, but the sycamore, ignorant as ever, goes blundering on, putting out new leaves in the very teeth of the early snows, until a hard frost crisps and withers its later efforts. It actually seems as if this tree forgets from year to year, and has to learn all over again, by experience. I like the sycamore for that.

There is a tree called the Hercules Club which goes through the summer like a man at a banquet, in a full dress suit. Quite pretentious is this fellow in July, with great triply-compound leaves three feet long, drooping in calculated elegance. But Jack Frost strikes the hour, the party is over, and our fancy friend is left stark naked, a thick ugly stick with nothing on but a score of knobs and a few thorns.

There are patterns which recurrent

seasons have so impressed upon the fabric of my mind that they may be visualized at will — patterns which sometimes I call upon to save a wavering sense of proportion, a sense which Business has painfully contorted. Yellow violets and wild phlox weave a carpet for Titania. Russet beech and scarlet maple leaves, floating on a clear October brook, spread a page for the 'Ode to the West Wind.'

I grow bold with the years. I have planted ironweed and goldenrod in my front yard. I do not raise geraniums, salvias, or cannas. The goldenrod and ironweed, with a few raspberries, asters, and a bit of boneset which were native there, in fall growth protect hepaticas, spring beauties, white violets, adder's-tongues, mandrakes, pepper-and-salt, lily-leaved liparis, wild geraniums, trilliums, bluebells — my neighbors ask me why I do not clean up my weed bed.

Yearly, during the last week in May, I make a pilgrimage to a certain clay hillside where five or six yellow lady-slippers grow. Native orchids, as you know. (Or did n't you?) It would be sacrilege to pick them.

Suppose One in Business were to accost me on the following morning: —

'Where 'd ja go yesterday?'

'Oh — out in the country.'

'Golf?'

'No — just looking up some flowers.'

'Flowers!'

'Yes — I did n't pick any. Too precious. Just looked them over and went away again. Drove seventeen miles, walked three, and climbed a hundred-foot shale bank for a single glance.'

Don't worry. I never speak the truth. One must live. But — why this self-conscious, shamefaced embarrassment at a word suggestive of beauty? To do business respectably must a man display the æsthetic qualities of a hog and the conversational frankness of Rodin's Thinker?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE *Atlantic* greatly regrets to report the loss of an old, most trustworthy contributor, Hans Coudenhove. A nobleman and an intimate of Viennese society, Mr. Coudenhove, at the age of thirty-six, sailed for Africa, where, beyond the farthest frontier, he spent the last twenty-eight years of his life, devoting himself to a study of the animal kingdom, and occasionally sending to us delightful accounts of this study. His essays, *My African Neighbors*, have been published this autumn by Little, Brown, and Company (an Atlantic Monthly Press Publication). In a recent letter to the author's brother, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, there appeared this touching description of the burial: —

He left fixed over his bed a paper expressing a wish to be buried many miles away at Chicala, at the place where he had buried Rikki-Tikki, the mongoose on whom he had lavished so much affection. As he had often spoken to us of this and we knew how strongly he felt about it, the authorities carried out his wish. The spot was found and he was finally laid to rest about dusk on September 12, Father Delawney making the service.

I motored to Chicala to visit his grave next day.

After a climb of over a mile up the steep mountain-side, the grave is found under an enormous boulder of rock in the side of a deep gorge, shut in by great trees; it is a solitary and wild spot, where, it is probable, no other white man has ever been except himself and those who took him there to lay him in his grave. I think when he lived in Chicala he must have chosen the spot to sit in the shade and watch the habits of the baboons. He liked the calm and absolute solitude.

André Maurois, whose witty and discerning *Ariel* has made young Shelley live again, now finds in the young Goethe a susceptible figure for another dramatization. It is apt to recall Thackeray's lyrical version of Werther's sorrowful romance: —

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

But here is what really happened, told in prose as deft as Thackeray's verse. Charles D. Stewart, of Hartford, Wisconsin, — speculative philosopher and good friend, — tells us, among other timely facts, that we are all four years older than we believe. ¶It is with gratification that we print this letter from Bernard M. Baruch, with its interesting reference to his gift of \$250,000 wherewith to found a lectureship at the Page School of International Relations.

NEW YORK, September 21, 1925

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It may interest you to know that an article appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Mr. Sisley Huddleston, entitled 'An American Plan For Peace,' really spurred me on to this further effort. What I had in mind was to crystallize public thought on what those associated with me on the War Industries Board know to be a fact; and that is, if the organization which was functioning at the end of the war could be put into effect at the beginning of a war, no one would make as much profit in war as in peace. I think we have undoubtedly arrived at the point where we never will permit our young men to be sent to fight while others remain at home and profit unfairly during their absence.

¶In his *Passage to India*, E. M. Forster set about making the Indian understandable to the Englishman. Now he has thought fit to return the compliment with some characteristic notes on John Bull. ¶With drag-net, diving-suit, and binoculars, with a friendliness toward animalculæ that passeth understanding, William Beebe has explored a sea-land on which no Friday ever set foot. ¶It is fitting that a vigorous and modern American poet, Archibald MacLeish, should pay such poignant tribute to the memory of Amy Lowell, whose following verses are happily representative of her art. ¶From San Diego, California, Lyman Bryson has sent what one of our editors has described as a Dresden-china Barrie.

* * *

The essay of A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, has a direct

bearing on the mechanics of education which concerns us all alike — teachers, parents, pupils. ¶No one in this country — or in the world, for that matter — has studied womankind to more practical purpose than has **Edward W. Bok**. He has learned — to use a vulgarism of our countryside — to put a flea in a lady's ear. ¶In the company of **Lucien Price**, lovers of *Jean-Christophe* will celebrate in this number the anniversary of **Romain Rolland**. ¶Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, **Edwin G. Boring** has detected in psychic research a paradox which, as in the **Margery** case, is the cause of personal bickering and extrinsic controversy. ¶In contrast to our exorbitant New Year's Eve is **Nora Waln's** pretty account of the chaste Chinese ceremony.

* * *

William Z. Ripley, Professor of Economics at Harvard University, has devoted serious study to the most significant movement in modern industry, the divorce of ownership from control. The responsibility for the management, both of public-utility and of private industrial corporations, is fast being removed from the owners and lodged in the hands of intermediaries beyond the control both of shareholders and of governmental supervision. The effect of this assumption of power on labor problems may not be inconsiderable.

We commend this paper of Professor Ripley's to stockholders the country over. To every man who has a stake in industry, it is worth an hour's time. Take, for instance, one company in which the editor happens to own shares. In June 1924, the capital stock of the Northern States Power Company of Delaware included \$6,170,000 in common shares of \$100 par value, and \$36,450,000 in preferred shares, also of \$100 par value. With the control of this stock went the control of the company. On July 1, however, of the same year a new stock was issued of no par value, entitled Class B Stock, to the tune of 500,000 shares at \$10 a share. This stock carried voting privileges, and its ownership ensured control. On the last day of this same year, 1924, it is interesting to observe that of this issue 499,913 shares were in the possession of the parent company of the Northern States Power Company, the Standard Gas and Electric

Company. A fairly complete transaction!

But to delve a little further into the Eleusinian mysteries of modern finance. This same parent company, the Standard Gas and Electric Company, realizing that the wide sale of its securities was spreading the control as well as the ownership of its stock, issued 1,000,000 shares of voting stock at \$1 per share. These peculiarly priced shares, carrying absolute control of the company, were taken over bodily by the company's promoters, **H. M. Byllesby and Company**. Thus, after realizing the market value of the shares of the Standard Gas and Electric Company and its subsidiary corporations, the original promoters purchased its continuing control at a nominal price.

They have eaten their cake, and they have it still, so it seems to a layman.

* * *

Rear Admiral William S. Sims is well qualified to discuss the recent series of accidents which have made the Navy Department and the public legitimately uneasy. **Christian A. Herter**, who has served in the State Department and as an assistant to Secretary Hoover, is now one of the editor-owners of the *Independent*. ¶Through his long service in the Massachusetts Legislature, **Robert M. Washburn**, of Boston, distinguished himself as a witty and individual speaker. Political student and writer as well, Mr. Washburn is the author of a biography of President Coolidge. ¶Late Colonel in the United States Army, always a close student of international affairs, **Henry W. Bunn** has reviewed judgmatically the chief scenes and characters of the past twelvemonth.

* * *

We are glad to publish the following letter. Our readers, however, should understand that the sentence to which Mr. Houdini objects is merely a statement of facts. A number of observers did think that Mr. Houdini's judgment, whether confirmed by subsequent investigation or not, was too summarily rendered.

NEW YORK CITY

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
DEAR SIR:—

Permit me to congratulate you upon your courage in publishing 'Science and the Medium,' and to thank you for that article, which is an

echo, fundamentally, of my own report of the origin of Margery's 'phenomena.'

There is, however, in your note preceding Mr. Hoagland's report, a reference to me which you would not have circulated had you been properly informed: You say, 'Mr. Houdini, on what seemed to *many people* inadequate ground, charged deliberate fraud.'

May I ask in fairness to myself who the 'many people' were who insinuated dishonesty on my part? If they were normal, honest investigators at the séances, they are, no doubt, ready to apologize by now; if they were Margery's accomplices, persons at large unfamiliar with the Margery case except through propaganda, or one-hundred-per-cent spiritualists, — who are mentally incapable of unbiased judgment, — you need not reply: their opinions are automatically discredited by fair men.

'Many people,' too, denounced me as being incapable of 'scientific investigation.' This was to befog the issue with the intention of damaging the effect of my report. It is true that I am not a scientist, nor a metaphysician. I do not speak in technical or esoteric terms. My business in the séance-room is not with the soul and spiritual reactions, autosuggestion and results, nor with mental aberrations — it is with the muscles of the human body; it is to detect muscular movements. When I applied thirty-five years' experience to Margery's manifestations, it took me the same number of minutes, almost, to discover what it took Mr. Hoagland, Mr. Damon, and so forth, months to rediscover.

HOUDINI

* * *

Further impressions of the Moon, in a reminiscent manner.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The enclosed was just written by an eight-year-old little girl, spontaneously and in all seriousness.

Does it suggest a humorous take-off on any poet of your acquaintance?

Yours in laughter,

JOHN D. WRIGHT

THE MOON

The moon is bright
Tonight
Where are the stars
In the wars
The skies are blue
The cows dont moo
The winds doth roar
What more
I dont know
I know
Come come
Hum hum

Why Barnum was Right.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'The Unconscious Humor of the Movies' Agnes Repplier makes challenging observations concerning 'Grass,' a film record of a migration of the Baktyari, a production which I edited for the screen. Miss Repplier's specific complaint is about the advertising 'in terms which are reminiscent of Barnum in the forties.' Since that advertising was in spirit a reflection of the editorial treatment of the picture, it is relevant for me to consider her criticisms.

This same Barnuming which Miss Repplier holds 'to insult our intelligence' did, none the less, favorably affect her judgment. A familiarity with film products does not permit me to agree with her that 'Grass' is 'the most remarkable performance ever achieved by the camera.' She has been Barnumed into that estimate. Further she asserts: 'It tells a tale of sober truth as adventurous as an epic.' The fact is that the Baktyari are shown merely driving their cows over a mountain to pasture. They do it twice a year. It is a chore, not an epic, even if I did utter considerable typographical excitement on the screen about it. Miss Repplier also admits enjoying the 'wealth of beautiful detail.' She may have enjoyed it, but she did not see it. It was not in the pictorial negative. That beautiful detail was Barnumed into words calculated to speed the spectator past the camera's omissions.

Since Miss Repplier is one of those relatively rare persons whose visual imagination is swiftly responsive to words, she has been led to believe she saw in 'Grass' things that she inferred from the captions.

Discussing motion pictures in general, Miss Repplier remarks, 'Even the captions seem written for the blackboard of a child's school rather than for the "people's university."' And, she continues, 'If, as *Current History* tells us, "the movies are peculiarly fitted to the age in which we live," what is the intellectual status of our day?'

Now in very truth motion-picture captions are written to the level of 'the blackboard of a child's school.' They have to be. That fact is not indictment of the intellectual status of our day, compared to other days, as Miss Repplier appears to fear. In discovering the motion pictures she has discovered what may be to her a new public. We have always had that public. It is one which never has had, does not want, and never will have anything more to do with the art of reading and writing and the printed word than can be avoided.

There is an amazing tendency among such intelligent persons as Miss Repplier to tremen-

dously overestimate the literacy of the American population. The Federal statistics of illiteracy tell us nothing about it in a practical sense. The market for books and magazines of commonplace level is all likely within five to eight millions of our people. If to this Miss Repplier will total the gross circulations of the discriminating publications, she will have an interesting figure to compare with the fifty millions of the motion pictures' circulation.

Until some evolution of motion-picture distribution makes it possible to serve the intelligent minorities at a profit it will be necessary to make films for the big majority with standards based on the great common denominator of understanding. Meanwhile it will be necessary to continue to write blackboard titles.

Sincerely,

TERRY RAMSAYE

* * *

Professor Brandon's little essay has provoked wide comment upon the 'business' of teaching. Here is a suggestive letter from a distinguished engineer.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR EDITOR:—

My own belief and preaching for many years has been, and still is, that Industrial and Moral Value increases faster than Cost, that the wise impresario would rather pay \$5000 a night to a Caruso than to pay \$500 to a lesser light. This is one of the Universal Laws of Civilization and applies equally to Materials, to Equipment, and to Personnel.

Nevertheless, I dissent from Mr. Brandon's argument presented in his essay, 'Good Business,' in the November *Atlantic*.

My father was a university professor on small salary. I was a state university professor at the age of twenty-three, having had fourteen years of special preparation, and after six years of intense work was receiving a small annual stipend of \$1800. Then, leaving the university, I was promoted, but not easily, into a life that seemed to me of wider utility, and certainly bringing greater remuneration.

I helped settle the great West, I took an industrial part (not gold-seeking) in the opening of Alaska. I took up the great field of industrial wastes. At the age of seventy I went back to teaching, and am now directing, in many cases with personal contact, several thousand students. My life seems to me larger and more useful and accomplishing than it was fifty years ago.

When I left the university I considered what Franklin said: 'There are two ways: either diminish one's wants, or increase one's means.' I realized that it would be as hard to live on eighteen hundred dollars as to earn eighteen

thousand, so I chose the latter, and, with fluctuations, I made good.

The butler or the chauffeur, paid more than the teacher, is at the top of his class, few butlers, few chauffeurs, earning as much. The young teacher is usually taking a postgraduate course, fitting himself for position in honor and in emoluments which the butler and chauffeur could never attain. Is it fair to compare the highest of the butler class (I have known butlers who conscientiously prepared during twenty years for the best positions) with the lieutenants in teaching? How rapidly are Army and Navy men promoted? How fast are civil servants and officials promoted?

During the last twenty years I have had to employ several hundred assistants and I did not find that university teachers were the best candidates. Five other qualities are needed besides ideals and competence.

My next dissent is from the proposition that the successful banker is under moral obligation to augment the stipend of the underpaid teacher. The worker should command his price, not beg for it as a charity. The banker is under no obligation to dispense with the butler or chauffeur in order to add to the teachers' fund.

I am glad that Duke leaves eighty millions to found an institute of learning, yet better uses might have been made of the money. Mental training is only one of the seven moralities and perhaps of all of them the one most overemphasized at the present time.

I remember hearing a famous mathematician state that the higher mathematics had been developed at least a thousand years beyond any practical need or use. What we want, of course, is good teachers, but also good butlers, good chauffeurs, and good bankers. Let the best man win!

Yours truly,

HARRINGTON EMERSON

* * *

From veterans, parents, and grandparents have come scores of letters attesting the fidelity and courage of Miss Boylston's Diary.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

DEAR MISS BOYLSTON,—

Why did you do it? Do you want to make us all more homesick than ever, remembering again? And yet there must be some painful things we hold tight to us, for I read every word and can hardly wait for the next. So often were your experiences and reactions the same as my own that at times I felt I was the girl writing the diary. I am glad you found time for one. I did n't, though I started one; and later it seemed one could not even begin to preserve those days in print. But you've done it, and thank you!

Since the war, however, I've written — verse, stories, and fairy tales. Anything. You see I tried to work something out of the days that were gone, the days when we lived, if ever young people lived!

Yes, the memory of the old hills! I was in a Flying Field near the Front. I was Red Cross, but without training, so I was only Canteen. But after one has had tea or lunch and danced with all sorts of people, from Foch to Pershing and a bootblack, after one has fed a long line of patient boys, after one has seen suffering and bravery in hospitals and out, it's hard to find exactly the same interest in bridge and clothes and table linen.

Perhaps you've found your way out. I have two children and a veteran husband, who feels as I do. And in a sense we're happy. We are camping now, and I have nothing but my typewriter — no ink. So you'll forgive this method of writing. For I felt I must write.

I envy you for being able to be a nurse. You gave real service.

Sincerely and gratefully,

H. M. T.

MEDIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My wife, who is reading an old *Atlantic*, has been giggling and now her eyes are filled with tears, so I know Pat is dead.

Are we not to have more of Nurse 'Troub'? Her Diary is a relief to one when harassed and tired.

Yours truly,

WARD A. BATCHELOR

CAPE MAY, N. J.

MY DEAR MISS BOYLSTON: —

My only excuse for writing this letter is that I am old and have seven grandchildren, which will, I think, acquit me of the charge of freshness.

When I read the first installment of your Diary in the September *Atlantic* I felt an almost irresistible impulse to tell you how much I enjoyed it. When I read the second installment yesterday — and had reread it three times in order to extract from its pages every bit of its subtle wit, philosophy, and literary sparkle — the impulse held in leash for a month became absolutely dictatorial, and here I am.

I want you to know that at least one of the *Atlantic's* regular readers (and I believe that thousands of them will agree with me) considers 'Coming of Age' by all odds the finest thing the magazine has printed in recent years along the line of human documents. Both its thought and

its language are so human, so delightfully personal, so clean, and so intriguing that I cannot imagine anyone reading it without wanting to look you in the eye and tell you how good it is.

Admiringly yours,

ALFRED COOPER

* * *

From a Reading reader in foreign parts comes this tale of how to beat the Dutch.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'Born an' raised among the Dutch,' as we say in Pennsylvania's Lancaster County (my people 'came over' very early in the seventeen-hundreds from Switzerland), I enjoyed both Frances LeFevre's 'The Victor — Who?' and reading J. E. H.'s letter about it. But I have two objections to make to the latter.

In the first place, if — as I've no doubt — J. E. H. really did hear one of our lads say of a passing freight-train that 'when the little red car goes by it's all,' then that boy must have been the great-grandson of the first youngster to say it, for I've heard the story told throughout the State during all the forty-odd years of my life. With one exception! Your true Pennsylvania-Dutchman would never say 'when the little red car goes by' — he'd unfailingly say: 'When the little red car goes past' — and he'd flatten his *a*.

I wonder if your readers know another old Reading story, dated from the happy days when Volstead was still in Norway. A 'drummer' from Boston was entertained by a local merchant. The former marveled at the latter's beer 'combasity.' Said the merchant: 'That's nothing. — Jim!' One of the hotel's hangers-on appeared. 'Jim,' continued the merchant, 'I'm going to make a bet with my friend from Boston that you can drink a bucket of beer without taking the bucket from your lips — can drink it in one swallow.' Jim hesitated: 'Will you jes' wait a minute yet?' He went out. Presently he reappeared and acknowledged himself ready for the test — and passed it successfully. As the Bostonian handed over the lost money, he inquired: 'Jim, I'd just like to know one thing. Why did you tell us to wait a minute — why did you go out before making the attempt?' Jim was candid: 'Well,' said he, 'your frien' here 's a frien' of mine, an', as I'd been drinkin' considerable a'ready to-day, I did n't want to lose him his money yet. So I jes' went out to the bar an' had 'em fill me a first bucket o' beer, to see ef I could really trink it. Then, seein' I could, I comed back an' had the ozzer.'

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN